ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

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A Study of Mediævalism

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"Greater, perhaps, even than his grasp of the singular entirety of mediæval civilization, is Mr. Adams's power of merging himself in a long dead time, of thinking and feeling with the men and women thereof, and so breathing on the dead bones of antiquity that again they clothe themselves with flesh and vesture, call back their severed souls, and live again, not only to the consciousness of the reader, but before his very eyes. And it is not a thin simulacrum he raises by some doubtful alchemy: it is no phantasm of the past that shines dimly before us in these magical pages; it is the very time itself in which we are merged. . . . Seven centuries dissolve and vanish away, being as they were not, and the thirteenth century lives less for us than we live in it and are a part of its gaiety and lightheartedness, its youthful ardour and abounding action, its childlike simplicity and frankness, its normal and healthy and all-embracing devotion."

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

Illustrated.

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HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

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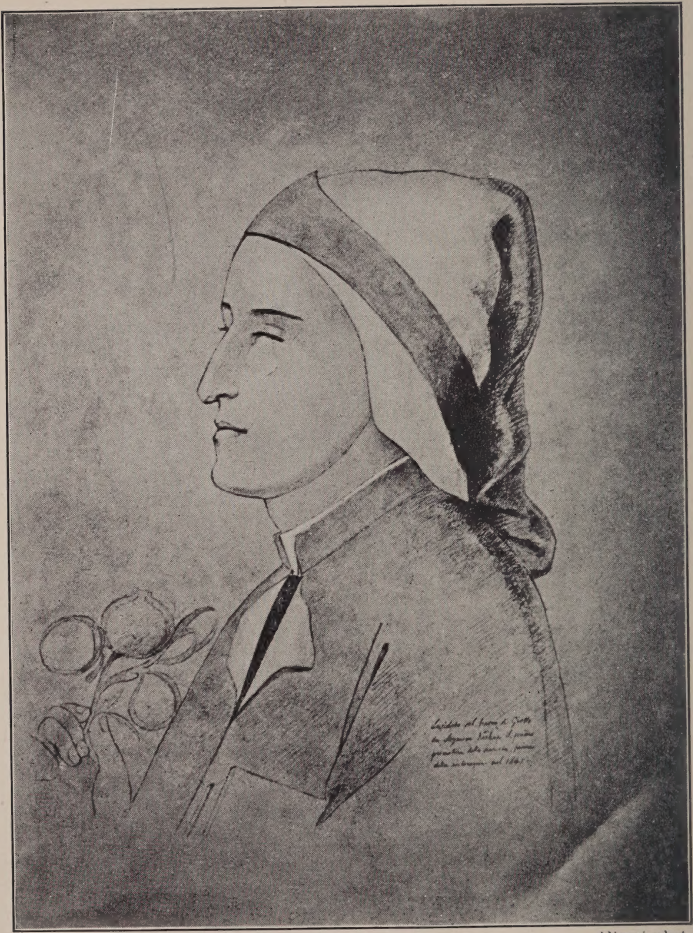

Alinari, phot.

YOUNG DANTE
Bargello, Florence

ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

BY

HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

With Illustrations

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

TOVT
BIEN OV
RIEN

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TO

S. M. S.

Voi credete
forse che siamo esperti d'esto loco;
ma noi siam peregrin, come voi siete.
DANTE: *Purgatorio*, II, 61–63

PREFACE

The thirteenth century has always held its head high among its fellows. Ernest Renan calls it "le plus grand siècle du moyen âge," and John Fiske "the glorious century." Its predecessors, the eleventh and twelfth, have their devotees and rightly, for one is the morning twilight, the other the dawn, of our modern civilization; but in the thirteenth the sun is high in heaven, Europe resounds with happy animation, the day's work has begun. Each country contributes to the riches of the century: England brings Magna Charta, the beginnings of Parliament, Bishop Grosseteste, Roger Bacon, and Simon of Montfort; France, the cathedrals of Paris, Rheims, and Amiens, her university, her literature, her gentlemen adventurers, and St. Louis; the Iberian Peninsula adds the culture of Moor and Jew at Cordova and Seville, Alphonso the Wise of Castile, James of Aragon the Conqueror, and St. Dominic; Germany, her victories over the heathen of the East, the Hanseatic towns, Walther von der Vogelweide, Albertus Magnus, Rudolph of Habsburg. But Italy shows more energy, more productive power, more many-sided genius than any of them; no other country can produce a list of men to match Innocent III, Frederick II, St. Francis, Ezzelino da Romano, Thomas Aquinas, Niccola Pisano, Giotto, and Dante, nor matters of such world-wide concern as the Papacy, the Holy Roman Empire, or the Franciscan movement.

The history of Italy in this century is so crowded with affairs of moment, and with memorable men, original documents are so abundant, histories, biographies, monographs are so numerous, that it is difficult to present in mere outline a true picture of men and events. Lack of agreement among scholars aggravates this difficulty; controversies are thick as blackberries, and prickly as their thorns. In a book such as this is, I have been obliged to state many doubtful facts as if they were free from doubt, and to omit many things of interest.

The reason that there is little uniformity as to grammar and spelling in the Italian poetry that I quote is that the editors of different poets have adopted different systems, and I take the verses as I find them in print without going on a laborious quest of the original manuscripts; in such original manuscripts I should probably find still less uniformity. And as an excuse for the apparent patchwork of the book, I plead the variety of matters that I have put together, politics, secular and ecclesiastical, religion, literature, painting, sculpture, trade guilds and other subjects not of a piece. I may add, that I have introduced, so far as I could, the personages of the *Divina Commedia* in order that the book may serve after a fashion as an historical introduction to Dante; that I have laid stress on those matters that seem to me most interesting; that where scholars are at odds I follow those whom I judge most learned or wisest; and that I have tried to write without bias.

HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK.

NEW YORK, March 13, 1912.

CONTENTS

VOLUME I

I. An Introductory Chapter 1
II. Innocent III, the Priest (1160?–1216) 12
III. Innocent, the Preacher 24
IV. Joachim, the Prophet (1132?–1202) 36
V. Papal Jurisprudence 43
VI. Innocent, Dominus Dominantium (1198–1216) . . 60
VII. St. Francis (1182–1226) 74
VIII. The First Disciples (1209–1226) 86
IX. The Emperor Frederick II (1194–1250) 97
X. Gregory IX and Frederick II (1227–1230) . . 109
XI. Provençal Poetry in Italy 131
XII. The Sicilian School of Poetry (1225–1266) . . 144
XIII. The Lombard Communes 162
XIV. Bologna 182
XV. The Constitution of Bologna 194
XVI. The University of Bologna 210
XVII. On Some University Professors 227
XVIII. The Nobles of the North (1230–1243) 245
XIX. Early Art 268
XX. Painting and Mosaic (1200–1250) 278
XXI. The Decorative Arts (1200–1250) 289
XXII. Innocent IV (1243–1245). 302
XXIII. The End of Frederick's Life (1245–1250) . . . 315
XXIV. Gothic Architecture in Italy 338

XXV. The Progress of the Franciscan Order (1226–1247) . . . 359
XXVI. The Disciples of Joachim (1247–1257) . . . 371
XXVII. Manfred (1250–1260) . . . 387
XXVIII. Tuscany (1200–1260) . . . 408
XXIX. Florence . . . 426

VOLUME II

I. The Intermediate Poets 1
II. Venice 23
III. The French Conquest (1261–1266) 37
IV. Charles the Conqueror (1266–1272) 60
V. From Gregory X to Nicholas III (1272–1280) . 81
VI. Thomas Aquinas (1225–1274) 103
VII. Saint Bonaventura (1221–1274) 117
VIII. From Nicholas III to Boniface VIII (1280–1295) 130
IX. Lombardy, Romagna, and Piedmont (1260–1300) 149
X. Tuscany (1260–1290) 171
XI. Manners and Customs 190
XII. Sculpture 219
XIII. Niccola's Pupils 231
XIV. Painting in the Latter Part of the Century . 246
XV. The Frescoes at Assisi 262
XVI. Il Dolce Stil Nuovo 276
XVII. Latin Literature 297
XVIII. Pope Boniface VIII 320
XIX. The Outrage at Anagni 333
XX. Epilogue 347

Appendix

Chronology 355
Bibliography 365
Index 379

ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME I

Young Dante *Bargello, Florence* . *Frontispiece*

Innocent III *Sacro Speco, Subiaco* 12

Gregory IX *Sacro Speco, Subiaco* 110

St. Francis *Sacro Speco, Subiaco* 282

Lady Hawking *Perugia* Giovanni Pisano . . 414

VOLUME II

Charles of Anjou *Rome* Arnolfo di Cambio . 44

The Serf *Perugia* Giovanni Pisano . . 190

St. Francis Preaching *Assisi* Giotto (?) 274

Map of Italy 396

ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER I

AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

> "Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere."
>
> *Henry IV.*

The history of Italy in the thirteenth century is, for us of European descent, the main current of the world's history and full of matters of great moment that barely allow themselves to be sketched in a short book, much less to be defined in a few opening sentences; but for convenience' sake a sort of finger post may be set up to show where our way leads. We shall find at the opening of the century a strong tendency in society to become ecclesiastical, to cause church polity to take precedence of civil polity, to shape conduct and interpret human experience in accordance with a religious view of life; and then, that this tendency, embodied in two very different forms, the ecclesiastical organization and the mendicant orders, abruptly reaching the summit of its course, begins to weaken and fall away. We shall also see the opposition to that sacerdotal tendency; both conscious, as it was on the part of the secular order, and unconscious, as it was on the part of new interests and new ideas. And, looking at the prospect from another point of vision, we shall see the lusty boyhood of our modern civilization, the early stirrings of new powers, the fresh leaven of new life at work, and all the young efforts of a newer order to throw off the hindrances and restraints imposed by an older order.

Ecclesiastically, it is the story of the imperial polity of the Roman Church confronted by new religious thought. Politically, it is the story of the downfall of the mediæval Empire. Economically, it is the story of the struggles of agriculture, manufacture, and trade to overcome the feudal system and such political conceptions and institutions of the ancient world as had survived the feudal system. In art and in literature, it is a tale of the birth of Italian genius, of its christening, as it were, amid blessings showered by Nature and the Spirit of the Roman Past, its fairy godmothers. Taken all in all, it is a tale of youth, hot and bold, overthrowing crabbed age. The old order and the new measured strength in England, France, and Germany, as well as in Italy; but in Italy the issue was presented most sharply, and there the new ideas bore themselves most brilliantly and won the greatest success.

At this time Italy was merely a name for the Italian peninsula. There was no political unity; even the great bond of language was imperfect, as Italian had emerged irregularly from dog Latin, and every province, almost every town, spoke its own dialect. In the valley of the river Po and its tributaries, a succession of truculent, independent cities — Pavia, Milan, Cremona, Piacenza, Bologna, and their sisters — followed one another, with no bond except their common profession of allegiance to the Empire and such treaties as they themselves chose to make with one another. In the highlands and foothills all along under the Alps, feudal barons maintained their old dominion. The province of Tuscany was wholly dismembered: Florence, Siena, Lucca, Pistoia, Pisa, had become self-governing communes, each with its patch of subject country roundabout. In the middle of Italy were situate the provinces claimed by the Church: a strip of territory along the Mediterranean near Rome (known as St. Peter's Patrimony), the duchy of Spoleto, now the province of Umbria, and the region on the Adriatic from Ravenna to Ancona. St. Peter's Patrimony was held by title immemorial, and the other states had been bestowed on the Church by Charlemagne, by his father Pippin, and by Louis the Pious, at least so the traditions of the papal chancery said. To the south lay the Norman kingdom of southern Italy and Sicily. That kingdom acknowledged the suzerainty of the Papacy, but no imperial authority whatever; whereas the cities, as well as the feudal barons, of Tuscany and of the North fully acknowledged in theory their allegiance to the Holy Roman Empire, and even the Papal States admitted a vague shadow of imperial authority.

The Holy Roman Empire was a most singular political system. A German king, elected by German princes and prelates, acquired by such election the right to be crowned Emperor of the Roman Empire, Romanorum Imperator, semper Augustus, Mundi totius Dominus. Germany, Burgundy, and all Italy, excepting the Norman kingdom, acknowledged him as monarch; Denmark, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, recognized him as suzerain; even the King of England acknowledged his precedence. This amazing situation was the result of the tradition of the Roman Empire working upon the imagination of the young forces of mediæval Europe.

At the end of the twelfth century the memory of ancient Rome still bestrode the world like a Colossus. Across the blackness of the dark ages men discerned a vast outline of peace and order. Dimly seen and vaguely apprehended, Imperial Rome loomed up in superhuman majesty. Matched with the ranged arches of Roman government the makeshifts of feudalism were as lath and plaster. Roman law shone with the light of a golden age. Latin literature looked the work of heroic beings; Cicero's rhetoric was revered as the embodiment of human wisdom, and Virgil's verses were credited with a deeper meaning than met the ear. In short, the civilization of the ancient world was like the memory of day to sailors sailing in a starless sea. This great tradition was the bond that held the Empire together, it was the principle of life that animated and maintained the cumbersome and ill-joined members in one body politic. Nobody considered the question of expediency. The Roman Empire continued to be, as the Alps continued to lift their tops skyward or the Po to seek peace with its confluents in the Adriatic. Germany derived no benefit from her military forays across the Alps, none from her precarious sovereignty in the peninsula; Italy derived none from the spasmodic efforts of the Emperors to establish their authority; but the great Roman tradition had united them for better or worse, and no man could entertain the idea of putting them asunder.

The Holy Roman Empire, however, was not the only claimant to the traditions of ancient Rome. Church and State were not then recognized as separate entities. There was no definite division of society into lay and religious; archbishops and bishops were both civil and military personages, abbots were soldiers. The Church performed great civil functions. Christendom was a unity, not by virtue of civil society, but because the new life of Christianity had been poured into the old body of the Roman Empire. The ecclesiastical constitution of society was better contrived, and closer knit, than the lay constitution. The organization of the Holy Roman Empire could not compare with the organization of the Holy Roman Church. Germany, Italy, and Burgundy recognized the Emperor as their sovereign lord, but they and all Latin Europe to boot bowed to the Pope as the head of Christendom. It was the Christian religion, not civil interdependence, that held Europe together. It is no wonder that the ecclesiastical tendency, in a society still raw and undeveloped, became strong and high aspiring.

The Roman Church was of divine origin; there was nobody to dispute that. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; . . . and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." "Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis; et conculabis leonem et draconem. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." And Peter, thus chosen to found and maintain God's Church, had founded it, not without divine direction, in Rome. There lay his sacred bones and there stood the venerable basilica that marked their resting-place. All Christendom knew that history. If the Roman conquest of the world had been so marvellous that no man could doubt that the Roman eagles had flown under divine guidance, another fact in history was no less marvellous, the conversion of the heathen Empire to Christ. Had not the military glory been a mere indirect means to this end? Was not the universal Empire but a carefully prepared chrysalis for the universal Church? And when the wild barbarians were shouting in triumph over the prostrate remnants of the Roman Empire, had not the Roman Church achieved a nobler conquest over them? To the more devout Italians there was no doubt on these matters; and their beliefs were confirmed by the few dim facts of history that raised themselves above the flood of forgotten things. When Pope Silvester cured the Emperor Constantine of leprosy and baptized him in the great porphyry font that stood in the baptistery of St. John Lateran, Constantine in pious gratitude had bestowed upon Silvester and his successors "the city of Rome, and all the provinces, places, and cities of Italy and the western regions"; as might be seen (so men said) in the charter preserved in the Papal Chancery. The Emperor Theodosius had bowed before the rebuke of St. Ambrose, in token of the duty of monarchs to bow to the commands of the clergy. The Emperor Charlemagne had received the insignia of office, yes, the imperial office itself, from Pope Leo. And Charlemagne, as well as his father, Pippin, had granted the middle provinces of Italy to the Holy See. But the devout Italian at the end of the twelfth century did not rest his arguments on human documents, even when those were charters granted by the greatest Emperors, for all that is human is susceptible of quibbling interpretation; in the nature of things, the head of the Church is the highest authority on earth, he is God's vicegerent and his commands are the utterance of God's will.

The Papacy and the Empire were rival heirs to the mighty tradition of universal empire; they could not lie down side by side in peace. The theory of the gentle-minded, that the two powers, secular and ecclesiastic, should walk hand in hand and do God's will together, could not succeed. One empire could not brook the double reign of pope and emperor. The eleventh century witnessed the cruel struggle of Hildebrand with Henry IV, rendered dramatically memorable at Canossa; the twelfth, that between Alexander III and Frederick Barbarossa. Those who were present at the meeting between Barbarossa and Pope Alexander, under the glorious portal of St. Mark's basilica in Venice, might perhaps have supposed that the struggle between the Empire and the Papacy had been settled, and that the treaty which adjusted the matters in dispute — rights of the Empire, rights of the Papacy, rights of the Lombard cities, rights of the Norman Kingdom — would end all rivalries and animosities between the two, at least as far as Italy was concerned; but they would have been mistaken.

Frederick Barbarossa loyally obeyed the treaty he had agreed to, but he was not a man to submit lightly to defeat. He looked ahead and hoped to gain more for the Empire by diplomacy than he had lost by the sword. At that time the King of Sicily and southern Italy, The Kingdom as I shall call it following the Italian custom, was William the Good, who was childless. His aunt, Constance, the last legitimate member of the conquering Norman house, was next in succession. The Emperor proposed that his son and heir, Henry, should marry Constance. Their marriage would be of the greatest political consequence. It would not only deprive the Papacy of its strongest ally, but also by the union of The Kingdom and the Empire would enclose the Papacy within a ring of Hohenstaufen dominion, reduce it to its proper place of subordination to the Empire, and render it, as it had been in the good old days of Frederick's predecessors, a subservient bishopric. By means of a subservient Papacy the Empire would force the rebellious Lombard cities to their knees, and then it might look forward to swelling up to the fulness of Charlemagne's boundaries, or even reach out to Constantinople and beyond. King William had been an enemy to the Empire, but he consented; he probably thought that this Hohenstaufen marriage was the best if not the only way to keep the crown in his family. Had the sturdy Pope, Alexander III, who for twenty years maintained the contest against Barbarossa, been living, he would not have sat quietly by while a project fraught with such danger to the Papacy was being arranged; but Alexander's immediate successors were not competent to cope with the situation. The marriage took place, and a death grapple with the House of Hohenstaufen was the result.

In 1189 Prince Henry succeeded to the throne of Sicily and southern Italy by right of his wife, Constance, and in the following year to the imperial dignity. He was then twenty-five years old. Of all the brilliant house of Hohenstaufen, Henry VI possessed the greatest political capacity. He lacked the nobility and magnanimity of his father, and he lacked the versatility and breadth of mind that characterized his famous son, Frederick II; but had he lived to the age that either of them did, he would have left a greater empire and a greater name than they. Cruel, thorough, inflexible in the pursuit of his ends, he united the qualities of a practical politician, a far-sighted statesman, and a competent if not a remarkable soldier. He saw with greater clearness than his father the possibilities that lay in the Sicilian marriage, and went to work patiently and skilfully to make them real.

In Germany by mingling policy and force he brought to terms the rebellious Guelfs, the great rivals of the House of Hohenstaufen. Peace in Germany left his hands free to deal with his southern kingdom, where his title was disputed. The nobles, whose Norman blood and Italian prejudices resented a German master, had raised Tancred, a royal bastard, to the throne. Three campaigns were necessary to establish Henry's authority. After crushing the last outbreak, he erected a wall of fear round his throne. His cruelty was hideous. Some of the rebels were blinded, some hanged, some flayed alive, some roasted over a slow fire. Henry accomplished his purpose; he was in no danger of another revolt.

Securely seated on his Sicilian throne he asserted his imperial authority to the north in total disregard of papal claims. He created one of his followers Duke of Spoleto, another Duke of Romagna and the Marches; he enfeoffed his brother, Philip Hohenstaufen, with the marquisate of Tuscany. By these measures all Italy south of the valley of the Po was reduced to obedience; and the Lombard cities might safely be left to undo by internal dissensions all that their confederate efforts had achieved against Barbarossa. The Pope had neither spirit nor ability to stir up opposition. The time was therefore ripe for Henry to give rein to his ambitious plans for conquest of the Greek Empire. Munitions of all sorts — soldiers, sailors, transports, galleys of war — were collected in the ports of Apulia and Sicily. Henry's design was not devoid of pretexts. As King of Sicily he had inherited an enmity of long standing with the Greek Empire. For a hundred years the Normans of Italy had been fighting the Greeks. They had driven the Greeks out of Apulia and

Calabria, and Robert Guiscard had even set a precedent by crossing the Adriatic and invading Albania. As Emperor, Henry had additional causes for quarrel; the Greek Emperor had joined the Italian league against his father; and also at the time of the crusades the Greeks had dealt treacherously with the German crusaders. Pretexts, however, were of little consequence; vaulting ambition justified itself. His plans were well laid, his hopes good. Had he lived he would no doubt have achieved his goal; but a sudden fever cut short his life in the full vigour of early manhood. He died at the age of thirty-two, on September 28, 1197, leaving his widow, Constance, and his son Frederick, not yet three years old.

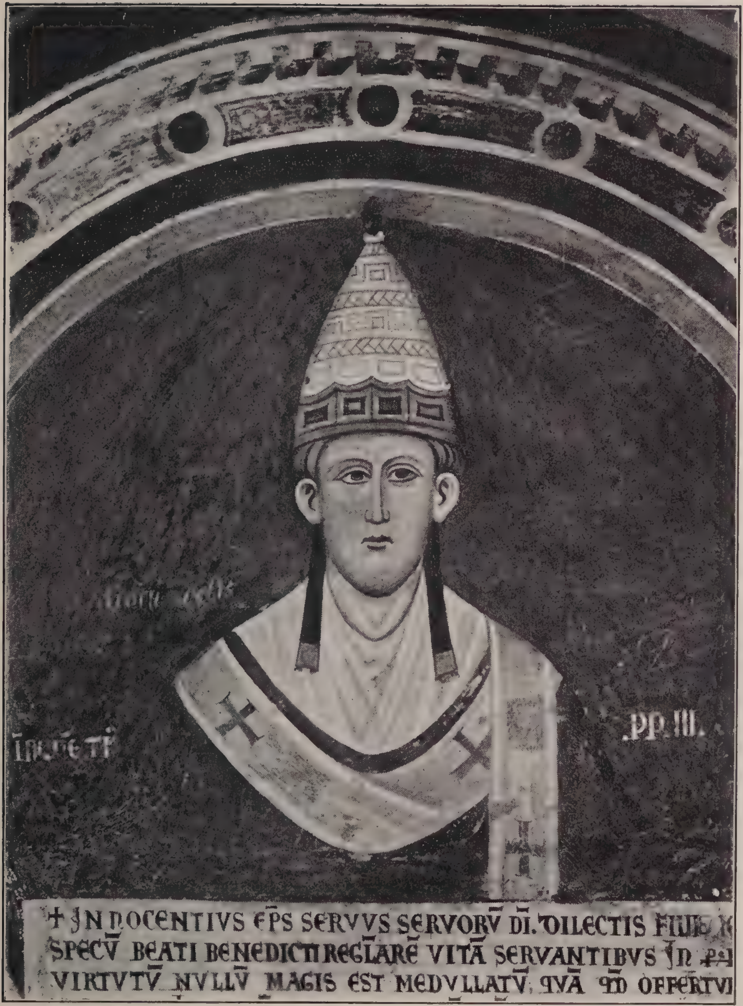
CHAPTER II

INNOCENT III, THE PRIEST (1160?–1216)

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." — Matt. xvi, 18.

It is at this point that the first great figure of the thirteenth century comes on the stage; on January 8, 1198, within four months from the death of Henry VI, Cardinal Lothair was elected pope and given the name Innocent III. Under him the Papacy attained the full meridian of its greatness. The ideal of the Church ruling an obedient world was never, either before or after, so nearly attained. Society appeared, at least superficially, to have received an ecclesiastical character; Latin Christendom became a kind of ecclesiastical monarchy. The good of such a system was at its best under a high-minded pope like Innocent; and its evils were at their least, because the Church was better educated, better organized, better administered, and more concerned for the good of its subjects than the secular governments.

Lothair came of a baronial family which possessed estates at or near Segni and Anagni. These little towns, separated by a narrow valley, lie opposite each other on the rugged slopes of the mountains of Latium, about forty miles to the southeast of Rome. Lothair's father was of Lombard descent; his mother belonged to a Roman family of distinction. If we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Alinari, phot.

INNOCENT III
Sacro Speco, Subiaco

may speculate concerning the gifts of inheritance, the son received from his father a high-spirited, imperious temper, and from his mother those traits of political sagacity and dogged determination that characterized the great Romans of classical times. There are two rude portraits of him, done as seems likely in his lifetime, that bring out these two distinct inheritances. One, a mosaic, now in the villa Catena, near Poli, depicts a fierce, keen-eyed, hawk-nosed, impetuous face, such as would befit a robber noble; the tiara and pallium produce the effect of helmet and hauberk. One fancies that one sees in this effigy a long line of fighting Lombards, whose sole recreation was war and whose only art was sculpture of savage beasts. The other portrait is a fresco in one of the churches of the Sacro Speco at Subiaco. This portrait, painted in an archaic, rather Byzantine manner, presents the visage of a deep-revolving, circumspect Roman, tenacious of purpose, secret in counsel, used to attaining his ends by far-reaching contrivance. And yet there is a certain resemblance between the two pictures; both have a round, smooth, almost childish, outline for the curve of cheeks and chin, and a downward bend to the corners of the mouth. One imagines that the two artists were severally attracted by the two aspects of Innocent's character, and only agreed as to certain contours of the face.

His biographer, a contemporary, describes him thus: "Pope Innocent III was a man of keen intellect and tenacious memory, learned in theology and in literature, eloquent with tongue and with pen, skilled in singing and psalmody, of medium height and handsome face, of a character midway between niggardliness and prodigality, very generous in almsgiving and hospitality, but in other respects very close unless there was need of spending. He was stern with rebels and the impenitent, but kind to the lowly and the pious, strong and steadfast, high-minded and subtle, a defender of the Faith, a foe to heretics, stiff-necked in justice but Christian in mercy, meek in prosperity, patient in adversity; of a nature somewhat quick-tempered, but also quick to forgive." And another contemporary, King James of Aragon, says: "That Apostolic Pope Innocent was the best of popes. For a hundred years before the time that I am writing this book there had not been so good a pope in all the Church of Rome, for he was a good clerk in that sound learning that a pope should have; he had a good natural sense, and great knowledge of the things of this world." Even Aimeric de Pegulhan, the troubadour of Toulouse, although he was driven from his native land by the Albigensian crusades, calls him "lo bos pap' Innocens — the good Pope Innocent."

Destined for the Church, Lothair received the best education in law and theology that Christian Europe could give. He went to school in Rome, and then attended the universities of Paris and Bologna. On his return he was soon recognized to be a master of canon law, and aided by powerful friends at the papal court took a leading part in important ecclesiastical causes, and was made cardinal. In spite of a temporary eclipse, during which he devoted himself to literature, Lothair proved himself the most able man in the Roman Curia, and on the death of Celestine III his election was a foregone conclusion.

Innocent was above all things theocratic. He believed to the full in the political doctrines which the great Hildebrand, or some one connected with the Papal Chancery, had formulated a hundred years before and which the Roman Curia had accepted as logical inferences from the books of revealed religion and the facts of history: The Church of Rome was founded by God alone. The Roman pontiff alone is of right called the universal pontiff. All princes shall kiss his feet. No synod shall be deemed general without his sanction. He has the right to install a priest in any parish whatever. He has authority, if need be, to transfer bishops from one see to another. He alone has authority to depose bishops and to reinstate them. His decree may be annulled by none, but he of himself may annul the decrees of all. He may be judged by no man. The more important causes concerning any church whatever shall be referred to the Apostolic See. No man shall dare condemn any one who appeals to it. The Roman pontiff has authority to depose emperors. He has authority to release the subjects of the wicked from their allegiance. The Roman Church has never erred, and according to Holy Writ never will err. No man shall be deemed a Catholic who is not in accord with the Roman Church.

In Innocent's time such ideas were not without justification. The organization of all Europe as one civil state was an idle fancy; the clumsy imperial union of Germany, Burgundy, and Italy was hardly more than a name; nothing but the mighty Roman tradition could give a decent plausibility to its bald pretense of being the continuation of the Cæsarian Empire. Whatever power it had beyond the magic of a name was due to the support given by the feudal system which had sprung up on the ruins of the Carlovingian Empire, and the feudal system had long since outlived its usefulness. In Italy at its best it had been capable of but very feeble social efficiency, and now that the trading cities had grown strong and wealth had multiplied, it had degenerated into a mere network of baronial privileges that hampered merchants, artisans, and farmers. On the other hand, the spirit of nationality was in its infancy; the authority of kings depended far more on their personal abilities and resources than on national sentiment or national wealth. Patriotism, — the sentiment of affection, loyalty, and dependence, towards something greater than oneself, — where it existed, was for a town, a family, an order, or a liege lord. Between the decrepit feudal system and the new order of independent nations yet to come, the Church found her opportunity. Ecclesiastical patriotism, fostered by the celibacy of the clergy, by the pride, the privileges, the wealth of the sacerdotal order, was at the flood. The Papacy stood erect on the foundations laid by Hildebrand and the reformers of Cluny; it had been strengthened by St. Bernard and Alexander III, by martyrs and missionaries; it was buttressed by the monastic orders of Chartreuse and Cîteaux. It had indeed, during the pontificate of weak popes, been brought low by the energy and vigour of Henry VI; for in that unstable and confused period of society a strong individuality obtained its fullest effectiveness. Now, however, the imperial office was vacant, the succession was disputed, and on the papal throne sat a man of political genius and tireless activity, who was determined to establish, so far as might be possible, an ecclesiastical monarchy over Christendom.

Innocent recognized no dividing line between religion and theology, nor between theology and ecclesiastical affairs, and none between the Church and secular politics. Religion entered into and permeated all life as wine mingles with water. The priest, the scholar, the canon lawyer were not to be set apart from the ordinary concerns of men; rather, it belonged to them to be in the midst of affairs and to guide. The ecclesiastical organization of society was a necessary deduction from the very fact that God had created the world, and man in His own image. The conception of the State apart from the Church was unthought of and unthinkable. The Church was a divinely appointed means to accomplish God's will on earth; the Bible was the revelation of God's will, not merely for a certain class of men, nor for certain seasons and places, but for all men at all times. God's will, however, was not legible to all who could read. The words of the Bible could not always be literally accepted, they were fraught with inner meanings, often they were mere symbols; and those symbols and inner meanings were to be interpreted by theologians and canonists. It was obvious that if God's will was to be done, secular rulers, military and civil, must be guided and governed by the interpreters. Parts of the Bible, indeed, needed no interpretation, they were written large for all the world to read. Christ had established the Church; He had set Peter at the head of it to be His representative on earth, and He gave to Peter certain tremendous powers. The popes were Peter's successors, charged with his duties and armed with his prerogatives. The duty and responsibility of the Church were absolute: "Peter, feed my sheep"; and so the power of the Church must be absolute. All this was obvious; no man could plead ignorance as excuse for disobedience.

Such and similar ideas rendered the theory that the priesthood should guide and govern well-nigh axiomatic, at least for persons favourably disposed toward the priesthood; more particularly as the theory was confirmed by the fact that the upper priesthood was far better educated than the common run of barons. And these ideas marked the course to be taken by the Roman pontiff and members of the Curia. As head of the ecclesiastical monarchy, Innocent, both in matters of administration and of jurisprudence, was to follow the imperial principles laid down by Hildebrand; and in the exercise of his other function, as teacher, it was incumbent upon him to expound the fundamental constitution of the Church (which indeed was rather a political than a religious matter), and also to justify and render easy of comprehension all that the Church was and all that she did; for example, her liturgy and ritual. By seeing what Innocent did we shall learn the political character of the Church, and by giving heed to what Innocent said we shall better understand what the Church, as a sacerdotal institution, meant; for he summed up in himself the master qualities of the Church. He might almost say, "L'Église, c'est moi, — I am the Church of Rome," so thoroughly had he absorbed its spirit, so admirably did he understand and feel its aims, ambitions, and beliefs. For him, as much as for Hildebrand or for Thomas Becket, the head of the Church was the guide of conduct, the expounder of revealed truth, the guardian of ritual, the rightful director of the conscience of Europe and, through the conscience, of the actions of Europe, a lord of lords, a king of kings.

We must not hope to find in the official exposition of a mighty corporate body the zeal and heat of youth; on the contrary, we shall see the delineation of ideas and practices that had become cold and formal. Innocent does not describe growth and high strivings, but a constitution, a mechanism, that is metallic and fixed. During the preceding hundred years the religious spirit of the Church had dwindled. The enthusiasm that carried Godfrey of Bouillon in triumph to the Holy Sepulchre had ebbed away; the passion of Cluny and St. Bernard had lost its fire; the pulse of religious idealism beat all too temperately. The Church had drifted from her high ideal state, had let her soul starve, and was little more than an ecclesiastical organism, animated, unconsciously, instinctively, by a vast ambition to sacerdotalize the whole fabric, social and political, of European civilization.

In his treatise, *De Contemptu Mundi*, Innocent sets forth the old ascetic ideas which the Church, in the teeth of her ambition and her worldliness, continued to profess. He dwells upon the wretched condition of man at birth, the vile clay of which he is compounded, the baseness of our physical functions, the weariness of old age, the burden of labour, the worries of both rich and poor, the pitiful state of celibates and married men, and so on through the list of evils that old men mumbled in decadent monasteries. "The poor," he says, "are oppressed by want, tormented by hunger, thirst, cold, and nakedness; they degenerate, their bodily powers fail, they are scorned and confounded! Oh, wretched plight of the beggar! If he seeks help, he is overcome by shame, if he does not, he wastes away in want, and in the end need forces him to beg. He cries out that God is unjust and has not made a fair division, he complains of his neighbour because he does not fill all his wants. He is angry, he grumbles, he curses. Hear what the Wise Man says: 'It is better to die than to be in want' (Eccles. XL, 29), and 'The poor is hated even of his own neighbour' (Prov. XIV, 20)." Yet Innocent had hardly uttered these monastic platitudes, when a young man of Assisi discovered in Lady Poverty a glorious vision of delight, and was on his knees to her, exultantly singing songs in her honour, for she, he said, taketh her lover by the hand and leadeth him near unto God. In the same treatise there are chapters on Hell, which are little more than an exposition of pains and penalties in a penal code; no one would dream that from such conceptions — from this rock of criminal jurisprudence, smitten by the rod of genius — the poetry of the *Inferno* would gush forth. But between Innocent's dry, legal chapters, and the immortal cantos of Dante, the whole spiritual life of the thirteenth century intervenes.

Innocent also wrote a treatise on *The Sacred Mystery of the Altar*, the special purpose of which was to explain how ecclesiastical ritual is an allegorical presentation of facts and doctrines contained in the Bible. The first book concerns itself with vestments and ornaments, and their meanings; the other books deal with the respective duties of officiating priests, of deacons and subdeacons, and with the several observances prescribed for the celebration of the mass. It is hard for us to appreciate how completely churchmen regarded the Bible as the rock on which all matters ecclesiastical were founded, and therefore I shall quote certain passages from this treatise; for example, those that concern the reading of the epistle and the gospel. Without the help of Innocent's explanations most of us would discover little in the rubrics for the ordinary and canon of the mass, except a pagan or a Hebraic heritage of pontifical and religious ritual.

In the celebration of the mass the epistle (which includes readings from the Old Testament) is read before the gospel. The explanation is that the epistle represents the law, which Moses gave to the Jews, and so precedes the gospel of Christ. When it is time for the gospel, the deacon carrying the gospel goes to the reading-desk followed by the subdeacon.

The deacon goes first because he is the teacher; the subdeacon follows for the singular reason that the Lord commanded, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." The deacon proceeds in silence because, when the Lord sent his disciples to teach, He commanded, "Ye shall salute no man"; and then he mounts the reading-desk by one stairway whereas the subdeacon goes up by the other stairway, in order to mark the difference in their ways of profiting by the reading, for the deacon increases in knowledge by teaching and the subdeacon by learning. But on the return from the reading-desk they both go down by the same stairway, this time the subdeacon preceding and carrying the gospel; by his patient listening the subdeacon has deserved this reward, because, as the Lord says, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." Or, another interpretation may be held: the deacon is the teacher, and the subdeacon is the doer, of good works, and as teaching is not sufficient without works, a joining of the two is necessary, and therefore both go down by the stairway that the doer of works went up. Or, another explanation of the reason why the deacon goes up one way and goes down another may be held: he takes first one way and then a different way, because the apostles preached first to the Jews and afterwards to the Gentiles.

In like manner the movements of the officiating priest, his sitting down and his standing up, his shifting his position at the altar, are explained as a sort of interpretation by dumb show of certain great facts and teachings in the Bible. All this, both ceremony and interpretation, is remote from most of us, but we cannot understand the history of this time unless we realize that for those men the Bible was the encyclopædia of truth. Texts that we lightly pass by are for them like axioms in Euclid. Start from any one of them and follow the gleam of orthodox interpretation and the Christian will travel from truth to truth. To Peter Bell the yellow primrose by the river brim is nothing more than a yellow primrose, but to the eye of the poet the yellow primrose is radiant with the divine presence.

CHAPTER III

INNOCENT, THE PREACHER

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."—John xxi, 17.

In the way set forth in the foregoing chapter all the forms in the celebration of the mass are surveyed, explained, and justified. It is obvious that the writer finds an established practice and seeks to justify it, not because there has been attack and dissent, but for the greater edification of the congregation and for the general solidification of the ecclesiastical fabric. Even for the sympathetic reader it is hard to see the close application of the texts cited; but one must remember that those generations accepted the doctrine of an allegorical interpretation of the words of God as set forth in the Vulgate, and believed that every text was packed with spiritual meanings. The significance of it all for us lies in the spirit of freedom that pervades this doctrinal exegesis. Interpretation was free, as Innocent's treatise shows; its freedom was secure because there were four kinds of interpretation, and of the four kinds not one had been fettered or cramped by authority. Innocent explains them in his treatise *On the Four Kinds of Marriage:* "Holy Writ teaches us that there are four kinds of marriage according to the four theological interpretations — historical, allegorical, tropological, and anagogical. The first kind is that between a man and his wife, the second between Christ and Holy Church, the third between God and the just soul, and the fourth between the Word and human nature. Of the first marriage Protoplasmus (Adam) said, ‘Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh.’ Of the second marriage the angel of the Apocalypse said to John, ‘Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb’s wife’ (Rev. XXI, 9). Of the third the Lord says by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah, ‘I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness and in mercies’ (Hosea II, 19). Of the fourth marriage the Spouse says in the song of Solomon, ‘Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals’ (Song of Sol. III, 11).”

These passages suffice to show how even the sacerdotal mind, trained in canonical exegesis, could start pilgrim-like from any random text in the Bible, and, taking a staff tipped with imagination and sandals winged with poetry, could follow what path of reasoning it pleased. The pilgrim’s road, to be sure, in the explanation of the rites of the mass, was straight because the pilgrim knew exactly the point he wished to arrive at. But the individual mind, with these four winged steeds, history, allegory, trope, and anagoge, hitched to its car, could soar aloft in the empyrean or roll over the solid earth, as it chose. It was not till rebellion frightened the ecclesiastical hierarchy with the prospect of obedience refused, reverence denied, churches abandoned, offerings neglected, and taxes unpaid, that rigidity of belief closed in like a contracting cage upon the faithful.

Innocent's attitude towards the Bible is not so exalted as that of the earlier generations of Cluny, when men accepted Holy Writ emotionally and felt a divine thrill from contact with God's revealed self, and indeed his interpretations of the holy texts are rather dry; but even in his day the Church let fancy loose (as we shall see in the case of Abbot Joachim of the Flower), and every man, so long as he did not infringe the accepted doctrine of the Trinity or the canonical interpretation of the creed, might take any text and discover therein the light that would illumine all the world for him. Imagination was not banished, poetry was not forbidden, individuality of understanding and of need was not denied and disowned; in fact, the Bible, as a sort of divine constitution, could be interpreted to meet the criticism of every new accession of knowledge and the needs of every new generation. The Church had become sacerdotal, political, worldly, but in this respect she still encouraged the liberty of the soul to interpret truth for itself.

Nevertheless, in spite of this liberty, the inevitable result of the Church's policy to sacerdotalize the social fabric of Europe was to secularize the Church, to cause the Church to do as the world does, and therefore to stir up to unfriendliness and hostility those devout souls for whom the Church must stand in opposition to the world or forfeit their loyalty.

But it would be unfair to assume that the Church, though worldly-minded, was indifferent to conduct. The Church was conscious that she was the guardian of morals and was not unmindful of her task; but her solicitude for right conduct has been thrown into the shade by the more brilliant success of her political ambitions. The sermons that Innocent has left show how little time and effort he could spare to foster personal righteousness. "I am not suffered," he says, "to contemplate, nor even to stop to take breath; I am so given over to others, that I am almost taken away from myself. But that I may not, through solicitude for things temporal which in the exigency of these evil times weigh heavily upon me, altogether neglect the care of things spiritual (which is the more incumbent upon me owing to my duty of apostolic service), I have prepared certain sermons for the clergy and the people . . ."

These sermons, to the modern reader, are dry as remainder biscuit, barren collections of texts strung on fantastic threads of sacerdotal doctrine; the preacher weaves the Biblical passages together, like a devout man nobly striving to make ropes of sand.

His preaching shows how scholastic influences had turned the Bible from a book of emotional and ethical truth into a book of scientific truth, and how a vast and minute ecclesiastical polity was hardening and drying the living tissue of the great religious organism. But, perhaps, Innocent selected for preservation those sermons that seemed to him most creditable, that bore the fullest testimony to his skill in gleaning difficult texts and threshing their meaning out. Other discourses of his would have shown, no doubt, the same good sense in ethics that marks his political actions and his judicial decisions, and perhaps a more evangelical christianity. Of his hortatory manner there are some specimens in the small collection of sermons that has come down to us.

On a Good Friday he preached upon the text, "Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?" ". . . Now, dear friends, why do I discuss Pilate's question and the Jews' answer with such great interest? For this reason, that I wish to put a question like that question; for *that* question was put to the Jews in order that *my* question should be put to Christians. But as there are among Christians both good and bad, in this sermon I do not put the question to the good, but rather to those who are not good, whom the Psalmist calls the sons of men. Therefore before them do I exhibit two things, Sin and Christ. Say, therefore, ye sons of men, which of the twain do ye choose that I shall release unto you, Sin or Christ, Good or Evil? . . . O ye sons of men, why do ye hesitate, why do ye not make haste to answer? Why, indeed, except that ye are sons of men. Are ye not those of whom it is written: 'O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame? How long will ye love vanity and seek after leasing?'" And then the preacher goes on, in the very plainest language to attack the sins of the flesh.

And, again, at the service of the dedication of an altar, Innocent preached upon the text, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" (1 Cor. vi, 19). "If ye desire really to take part in this solemnity to which ye have come, ye must exert yourselves so that whatever rites are performed in the consecration of this temple shall find their fulfilment in us. 'For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are' (1 Cor. III, 17). . . . Let us therefore dedicate the temple of our body in abstinence, that it may be purified from base appetites; let it be dedicated in continence, let it be cleansed from sins of the flesh. . . . Give heed, oh, my brethren, my children, how grievous a sin it is to violate the temple of the Holy Ghost."

In like manner here and there in random places he lets the glint of his spirit shine through the bushel under which it is hid. "Alleluia (Praise ye Jehovah)," he says, "signifies the ineffable joy of angels and men rejoicing in eternal bliss. That bliss is to praise God forever. We, poor creatures of this present life, in no wise deserve to have this unspeakable joy; but tasting it beforehand in hope, we hunger and thirst for what we have tasted until hope shall be changed into substance and faith into vision. Wherefore the Hebrew word remains not translated, so that a foreign word, a kind of pilgrim word, may suggest rather than express that this joy does not belong to this life, but passes through it like a pilgrim."

And again, in a description of the house of grace, he says: "In the house of grace faith is the foundation, charity the roof, obedience the door, humility the floor, justice, fortitude, prudence, and temperance are the four walls, and the windows are good cheer, joy, compassion, and generosity. This is the house of which God speaks: 'If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.'"

Except for such random escapes here and there, Innocent's tenderer side has been hidden by history; and there is no trace, I believe, of any woman's influence in his life, of such a friend as might have been to this solitary, sacerdotal spirit what Monica was to Augustine, what Scholastica was to Benedict, or Clare to Francis. The only demonstration of a need of feminine sympathy is a hymn to the Virgin; and one is left to conjecture whether this demonstration is real or conventional. Many and many a lonely priest and monk cherished in his heart of hearts a passionate devotion for this ideal of maid and mother; and Innocent, too, very likely, felt the great emotional impulse of her worship. Into the monk's cell and into the prelate's palace she shed her light like the full-orbed moon, "pale for too much shining"; she, the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of God, cold with the frosty radiance of maidenhood and yet tender with more than a mother's tenderness and compassionate with more than a mother's compassion. His poor Latin verses, like the syllables of a child, tell perhaps more than they say:

Ave mundi spes Maria,
Ave mitis, ave pia,
Ave charitate plena,
Virgo dulcis et serena.
Sancta parens Jesu Christi,
Electa sola fuisti.
Esse mater sine viro
Et lactare modo miro.
Angelorum imperatrix!

But if the mediæval records have buried under their ashes his tenderer side, they portray his justice, his tolerance, his kindness, and his high purposes. He permitted the Greek schismatics in southern Italy to use their own rites; he decreed that no man should try to convert Jews by force, or lay violent hands on them or their goods without lawful warrant from the podestà of the town; he strove valiantly to reform abuses. His biographer says: "Among all evils he hated venality with a special hatred, and considered deeply how he could eradicate it from the Roman Church. Immediately upon his consecration he issued an edict that none of the officials of the Curia should exact any fee [except the scriveners and copyists, and for them he fixed a tariff], enjoining all to perform their duties for nothing; but that they might accept a gratuity voluntarily offered. He removed the doorkeepers from the notarial chambers, so that access to them should be perfectly free, and he banished the money-changers from the courts of the Lateran Palace." He built the hospital of San Spirito for sick folk and paupers, on the street beside the Tiber on the way to St. Peter's, and richly endowed it; but he entertained no foolish notions of a virtue in indiscriminate charity. He laid down four principles for almsgiving: the motive should be love, the purpose to attain Heaven, the manner cheerful, and the method "according to rules." He was simple in his personal habits, and in order to set a good example gave up his dishes of gold and silver for others of glass and wood, and exchanged his costly furs for sheepskin.

His virtues, however, were not primarily Christian but Roman; he had the resolute courage and the steadfast ambition of the old Roman senators, of whom he was a worthy successor. He, too, would have bought at a high price the field of Cannæ the day after the great defeat, or have sent Regulus back to captivity. And he strove to make the title, a Roman Catholic, as stout a protection as Civis Romanus in the days of Trajan: "I have vowed a vow," he writes, "from which neither life nor death can sever me, to love those who with pure heart, clean conscience, and faith unfeigned, are loyal to the Church, and to defend them against the malignant insolence of the oppressor with the shield of the Apostolic Protection."

If Innocent tainted his religion with sacerdotal and political alloy, he also ennobled his political and sacerdotal views with a religious purpose. His inaugural sermon makes this plain. It was preached upon the text: "Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season?"

"The steward must be faithful and wise — faithful to give the household their portion of meat and wise to give it in due season. The lord of the parable is God, the household is His Church. The Lord Himself established His church on the Apostolic See so that no power, however audacious, could prevail against it. 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' I am the steward. Oh, may I be faithful and wise that I shall give them of the household meat in due season! Three things above all doth God require of me: Faith in my heart, Wisdom in my actions, Meat from my lips. Without faith it is impossible to please God, and unless I am steadfast in the Faith, how can I confirm others in the Faith? That duty pertaineth in especial to my office; the Lord Himself protesteth—'Peter, I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.' Therefore the faith of the Apostolic See has never failed in any troubles, but has remained whole and unshaken. The grant to Peter subsists in its integrity. So much is faith essential to me that although in other sins I have God only for judge, in this one sin against the Faith I may be judged by the Church. I believe, indeed; I most surely believe in the Catholic creed, in confidence that my faith will save me.

"So now you see who is the steward placed over the household, the vicar of Jesus Christ, the successor of Peter, intermediate between God and man, this side of God, but beyond man. This steward judges all men, but is judged of none. From him to whom more is committed, more shall be exacted; and he will have more to make him ashamed than to make him boastful. He shall render an account to God, not only of himself, but of all those that have been committed to his care; and all they that are of the household of the Lord have been committed to his care. . . .

"The steward is placed over the household that he should give them meat in due season. To Peter the Lord said: 'Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep.' The steward is bound to give meat, that is, of example, of the word and of the sacrament, just as if the Lord had said, 'Feed with the example of conduct, with preaching the doctrine, and with the sacrament of the Lord's supper.'

"And now, my brethren and my children, behold the meat of the word from the table of Holy Writ which I have set before you; expecting from you this recompense, that without disputation ye shall lift up pure hands to the Lord and ask in prayer, believing, that even this office of Apostolic service, which is too great a burden for my weak shoulders, I shall be enabled to fill to the glory of His holy name, to the salvation of my own soul, to the advantage of the Church Universal, and to the profit of all Christian people, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, who is God over all things, blessed from everlasting to everlasting."

The doctrines that God Himself had set Peter at the head of the Church, that Peter's successors had inherited his duties and powers, that they stood above all men and must judge all men were ancient tenets of the Church; but like most political doctrines and phrases, whether novel or familiar, they derived their importance from the character and power of the speaker. Innocent passionately desired to fulfil his duty of judging the world; and as a judge is a mere idle show unless he has power to enforce his judgments, he also passionately desired to put the Papacy in such a position that he should be able to execute his judgments. Spiritual means, it is fair to suppose, would have been more attractive to him; and, according to modern ideas, moral suasion and ecclesiastical censures should have been the limit of his endeavours. But he conceived his duty differently. His duty as he saw it was not to coax, to argue, or to threaten, but to compel. And in order to compel the princes of the world to obey his judgments, he must have power; power to enforce spiritual laws, power to keep the Church free from the oppression and meddlings of the world. "Ecclesiastical liberty," he said, "is never better taken care of than when the Roman Church has full power in things temporal as well as in things spiritual."

CHAPTER IV

JOACHIM, THE PROPHET (1132?-1202)

> Lucemi da lato
> il Calabrese abate Gioacchino,
> di spirito profetico dotato.
>
> *Paradiso*, XII, 139-41.
>
> By my side shines
> Abbot Joachim of Calabria
> With prophetic soul endowed.

ORGANIZATION, system, policy are great factors in a body corporate, but they are not everything. The power that enabled Innocent to play so large a part in the affairs of Europe was not merely the organization of the Church, its policy, its jurisprudence, or its administration. The strength of the ecclesiastical system lay in the spirit within. The world was religious-minded; it believed that God the Son, the Virgin Mary, and the saints took an active part in the concerns of men. In the general ignorance of the workings of nature, imagination had free rein; superstition abounded, but apart from the superstitious multitude, men of subtle intellects and high souls sought an explanation of life in religious terms, a bettering of life by religious means; they felt that by searching and endeavour they should find a way to bring all life into harmony with God's will.

It was a period of restlessness and discontent. The very gains of the last hundred and fifty years, the increase of wealth, the growth of knowledge, the addition to security of person and property, the greater solidity of society awakened new appetites. The hopelessness of the dark ages had gone, the glimmer of day shone in the east, and a hunger for better things had grown out of all proportion to the increase in the means of satisfaction. The contrast between what life was and what life might be was more vivid than it ever had been, so great had hope grown. Hope bred discontent, and discontent stirred the spirit of man to speculation and strange dreams. Men took life seriously. If this was God's world, as indubitably it was, then something among men was wrong, for there was much abroad that had no smack of heaven in it. The feudal system was brutal and stupid. The Church had rotten spots; bishops, though decked out with mitre and cope, too often were men of the world, mere soldiers and revellers; priests were too often ignorant, lewd fellows, and monks good-for-nothings. The realities of heaven and hell required something different in the machinery of salvation.

The life of the rich was easy and luxurious. To them the world was fresh and young and existence justified itself. It was not necessary to drag in religion, to explain the meaning of it all. A lovelorn young noble might say to his love, as Aucassin of Provence said to Nicolette: "What should I do in Paradise? I don't want to go there unless I have Nicolette, my sweetest love. To Paradise no one goes but old priests, old cripples, old maimed fellows who go bobbing day and night before altars and in crypts, dressed in ragged old cloaks, all in tatters, naked barefoot, all sores, who die of hunger, thirst, cold, and misery. Those go to Paradise. I have nothing to do with them; but to hell I prefer to go. For to hell go the fine scholar and the gallant knight, the good soldier and the free-born. I want to go with them. There go the lovely, high-bred ladies that have two or three lovers besides their lords; there go gold and silver, ermine and sable, there go harpers and poets and the kings of the world. With those I wish to go, if only I have Nicolette, my sweetest love."

But the burghers and the peasants had no such ideas. Poverty, disease, taxes, feudal exactions, servile obligations, wars, freebooters, rendered such light jesting impossible. The hard lot of common men weighed upon them. Many, indeed, began to seek better things outside the Church; but the Church was still ample enough to offer wide room for thirsty souls, it had not yet become the rigid system of dogmas that the Council of Trent and the stagnant policy of the Vatican have since made it. Many doctrines were still undetermined, many great wastes of theology were still to be explored and mapped. And in this perplexity, in this twilight of dogma, inquiring spirits took themselves to the book of truth. The one source of knowledge, for things human as well as of things divine, knowledge both of the end and of the way, was Holy Writ.

It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the Bible at this time. The leaders of thought pored over its pages; the whole fabric of the Church justified itself by two or three famous texts, the canon law was built upon random verses. The great religious awakening of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was founded on the gospels. All agreed that the Bible was God's Word, but all did not find the light in the same parts. Priests looked to the books of the law and to such verses as supported ecclesiastical pretensions; the lowly looked to the stories about Jesus, to his sayings and his doings; and men of solitary lives and mystical leanings found a special fascination in the Book of Revelation. That weird book, with its wild rhetoric, its mysterious imaginings, and its passionate anger, touched and quickened the hopes and fears of a burdened and superstitious generation. Centuries before, in the midst of the downfall of Roman civilization, St. Augustine had endeavoured to find in the visions of the Hebrew seer an explanation of the evils that surrounded him. Others had followed in Augustine's steps. They read therein how the Apostle John, the best beloved, had foreseen the dreadful happenings of the times in which they were living. In the evils that crowded round them, — war, pestilence, famine, injustice, vice, brutality, — they recognized the fulfilment of his wild words; they felt the presence of the rider on the white horse, of the seven seals, of blazing stars, of locusts, of horned beasts, of a scarlet woman, of Antichrist himself. These apocalyptic visions furnished a fiery drama for the lonely souls who looked out from their monasteries in bewilderment upon the world. One of these lonely souls, in whom hope outweighed fear, and love triumphed over hate, was Joachim, a Cistercian monk of Calabria. From the name of the place where he founded a new monastic order he is called Joachim of the Flower.

This longing, hungry man had undergone in his youth the great religious experience of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Bred to luxury he had begun life as a young man of fashion; he was fastidious about his clothes and dyed his hair, which was naturally black, the yellow colour affected by German dandies. But during his pilgrimage the sight of a plague at Constantinople and the holy memories in Judea wrought powerfully upon his sensitive spirit. He returned to Calabria, renounced the world and became a monk.

The monks of Calabria inherited the Greek monastic traditions of ascetism, and Joachim outdid his fellows. He wore the shabbiest clothes; he paid no heed to what he ate and drank; during Lent he hardly tasted food at all; in fact, he was indifferent to hunger and thirst, heat and cold. And yet he was not a fanatic. He was very hospitable and always treated his guests with distinguished courtesy, especially at table; and when he dined abroad partook of any suitable dish put before him. If a brother was ill, in spite of the rules he bade him eat and drink whatever he had a mind for. He was always kind to the sick and needy. When he was abbot, he used to wash the hospital himself and inspect the food for the patients. He was merciful to his servant, and on a journey, if he saw him tired, would make him ride the mule, turn and turn about. He was very strict in the matter of morals and in enforcing the monastic vow of obedience, as well as in rendering obedience himself. He took a high view of the priestly office. Once in Palermo the Empress Constance sent for him to come to the palace. He found her in the chapel sitting in her usual seat and a little chair beside her set for him. When the Empress said that she wished to confess, he rebuked her: "I," said he, "am now in the place of Christ, and you are in the place of the penitent Magdalene; get down, sit on the floor, and then confess; or I will not hear you." The Empress got down on the floor and there humbly confessed her sins, to the edification of her attendants.

Joachim's one great interest was to study the prophecies; his one great pleasure to celebrate mass. During mass he was in a sort of ecstasy, his face (usually the colour of a dry leaf) became like that of an angel, and sometimes he wept. When he preached, the young monks gazed on his face as if he were an angel presiding over them, and when he knelt in prayer his countenance was aglow as if he looked upon Christ face to face. Even when he spent the whole night writing, he was punctual at vigils, and "I never," says Bishop Lucas, his biographer, then a young monk, "saw him go to sleep during the singing."

Joachim was abbot only for a short time; he resigned his office in order that he might devote himself wholly to studying the Scriptures. He applied himself principally to the Book of Revelation. Like St. Augustine in his time, Joachim was intensely conscious of the evil in the world. He had lived through the strife between Frederick Barbarossa and

Pope Alexander III, and through the cruel war between Henry VI and the Norman claimants to the Sicilian throne; he had seen the triumph of Saladin and the fall of Jerusalem; he had witnessed the heresy that raged in southern France and was fast spreading in Italy. He had wondered in terror at malignant diseases that came no one knew how and swept away families and towns. In the midst of these ills he looked for comfort to the consecrated servants of God, and found worldliness, simony, vulgarity. The professed followers of Christ had failed: "We," he said, "who call ourselves Christians and are not." These awful perturbations in nature must have some mighty significance, the world must be approaching some tremendous crisis. The sacred book would show; and Joachim laboured day after day, night after night, in search of a hypothesis that should reveal the truth. One can imagine this strange, sensitive man, who lived more in a world of fantastic imagination than on the earth, rapt in transcendental thoughts and wrestling with the mystery of evil in prayer, in contemplation, in fasts and vigils, or seeking an explanation of this unintelligible world in the wild ravings of the Hebrew seer.

Two texts gave him his clue; and he followed it patiently, laboriously, in the light of St. Paul's saying: "The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life." One text was: "I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever"; the other was: "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel." This clue led him to the following hypothesis.

The three persons of the Trinity were equal, co-essential, consubstantial, co-eternal, and co-omnipotent. That was a fundamental doctrine of the Christian religion. From this truth it followed logically that the Holy Ghost must exercise as great a share of divine and directing providence in the affairs of men as the Father or the Son. Both of them had had their dispensations. The Father had had His Gospel, the Old Testament; the prophets and patriarchs had been His ministers. The Son had had His Gospel, the New Testament; the priests were His ministers. Therefore the Holy Ghost, also, must have His dispensation, His gospel, and His ministers. Surely the "everlasting gospel" that St. John had seen in the hands of the angel — not a tangible book of parchment, but a spiritual emanation from the Old and New Testaments (as the Holy Ghost emanated from the Father and the Son) — was the Gospel of the Holy Ghost, and monks, holy men living far from the world in psalmody and prayer, must be His ministers. By assiduous study, by comparing text with text, by hammering, twisting, and rending the reluctant letter, Joachim broke through bark and resisting integument, and got at the spirit within. This ascetic visionary studied his facts with minute and loving care; and as his hypothesis developed, it grew clearer and clearer, until texts clustered about it with the very fulness of proof and conviction. Parallels between the Old and New Testaments, concord between remote passages, allusions plain as day when once the veil was rent, texts of all kinds, shed a flood of light on the hidden truth, and at last the three dispensations of the three Godheads stood fully revealed.

In the first the Father reigned; He was God of law and of punishment; men were afraid before Him like slaves before their master; old age was the type of the indwelling spirit; the light of His reign was dim like that of the stars, and there was old December bareness everywhere. In the second the Son reigned; He was the God of wisdom and knowledge, in whom severity was tempered by grace; men were no longer slaves but sons; and youth was the type of the spirit therein; the light of His reign was like the light of dawn, and signs of spring were abroad. In the third the Holy Ghost was to reign; He was God of love, of grace in its plenitude; His service was perfect freedom; love imbued everything; little children were the type of the spirit; the light therein was like that of high noon, and summer splendour reigned; it was the time of harvest, the season of lilies; holy men were aglow with divine fire, untouched by the grossness of earth they floated in mystic contemplation like birds in air; and all men were absorbed in love, in prayer, and psalmody.

To Joachim's mystic spirit this monastic period of love, peace, and purity was almost at hand; and the letter of Scripture — beaten, tortured, racked into confession — revealed, though not perhaps with final certainty, the time of its coming. The key to this question of time lay in the equality between the Persons of the Godhead. The temporal duration of the reign of the Father must by virtue of their equal majesty find a parallel in the reign of the Son. The length of the first period was known. There were sixty-three generations from Adam to Christ; there must therefore be sixty-three generations from the beginning of Christ's reign to the beginning of the reign of the Holy Ghost. But when did Christ's reign begin? Various reasons showed that it could not be calculated from the date of His birth. The problem was very difficult. It was necessary to subject the letter that killeth to further torture — *peine forte et dure* — in order to get at the truth. The second period began, not with the life of Christ on earth, which was rather a fulfilment, a season of harvest as it were, than a commencement, but with Uzziah, King of Judea, who (as was proved by sundry analogies of more or less cogency) represented the beginning, the sowing of seed. As King Uzziah preceded Christ by twenty-one generations, the second period had still forty-two more generations to run after the Nativity, that is, reckoning thirty years to a generation, it would end in 1260 A.D.

It is wrong to render Joachim's passionate interpretation of a moral crisis in this bald arithmetical manner. The high-strung, emotional Calabrian flew at the sacred text like Michelangelo at a block of marble, hacking, cutting, chiselling, shaping, until he forced the cold material to set free the imprisoned truth within. He cared little or nothing about dates and times; his soul was swept along on the whirl of St. John's tremendous vision; he saw again the pale horse ridden by Death with hell following after, he saw the fearful beasts and the stars of heaven falling to earth as the fig tree casts her fruit; he felt the mighty, mystic import of the end of one era and the beginning of another, and his soul flushed with expectation and passion.

Joachim lived, while he was finishing his books, in a remote place, Pietralata, in the southern part of Calabria; but his reputation as a holy man, as a great scholar, as a mystic, spread far and wide. This lonely, austere, loving soul was thought to have read the book of fate. Men attributed supernatural powers to him. Disciples flocked around, and he was constrained to remove to a still more remote spot, Fiore, in Sila, a mountainous part of Calabria, and there he built a monastery. This stood high above the plain, with mountain-tops for neighbours, in perfect quiet, except for the winds in the hills and the noise of running waters rising from the valleys. By reason of his fame the monastery flourished, and became the parent of new houses; but the cares of management, even in a monastery of his own creation, were an irksome restraint. They shut out the free air of the spirit. So he renounced Fiore and went back to his little hermitage at Pietralata, where he died (1202).

Some of Joachim's doctrines were doubtless very near heresy, and indeed some of his remarks on the Trinity were condemned by the Fourth Lateran Council; but the condemnation went no further, and seems to have been due less to his errors than to the anger of the monastic bodies which he denounced for their irreligious practices. In spite of this condemnation Joachim's fame grew and grew; he became prophet, saint, worker of miracles, and his books were read far and wide. Soon all sorts of spurious prophecies and denunciations were foisted upon him. Stories circulated among pious monks how Joachim had foretold evil of the Hohenstaufens, and when the great struggle between the Church and Frederick grew fiercer and fiercer, men remembered his anticipations of Antichrist and looked forward with a wild surmise to the fatal year 1260.

CHAPTER V

PAPAL JURISPRUDENCE

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.
Æneid, VI, 852–54.

These arts, mark thou, Roman, shall be thine;
To rule the nations with thy ordered law,
To impose the usages of peace, the conquered spare,
And overthrow the proud.

Abbot Joachim represents the rebellious spirit of the anchorite, indignant with the compromises that the soul makes with the body, that the Church makes with the world. But however far he is from the typical churchman, however little he may seem to count in the Church's doings, nevertheless he is in the Church and of the Church; in the crypt of her holy edifice he and his followers ceaselessly chant their litanies, and in moments of trial or penitence she listens to them. And we must not forget the strain of those litanies — Miserere Domine — while we consider the political part of the Church, her legal structure, and the methods and procedure of her supreme pontiff.

It might seem, as indeed it has seemed to opponents of the Papacy who approach the question either from the standpoint of the gospels or of a purely civil state, that Innocent exercised a usurped, unjustifiable, and irregular dominion over Europe, that his government was autocratic, the assertion of his personal will. On the contrary, the principles of his authority are nearly or quite as clear and well defined as the equitable jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor. Their multiform character gives them an autocratic appearance. Where Innocent had political rights he acted like any feudal lord; where he had ecclesiastical rights he acted according to canon law and the practice of the papal chancery. The political rights of the Papacy extended, in different manners and in different degrees, to the papal provinces of central Italy, to the dependent kingdom of Sicily, and to the component parts of the Holy Roman Empire; the ecclesiastical rights of the Papacy extended throughout Christendom, and if they appear strange and exaggerated to our modern eyes, we must always remember that at this time civil and ecclesiastical conceptions of society were confusedly struggling with one another for the mastery.

These ecclesiastical rights or pretensions extended to the sphere of diplomacy and politics as well as of law; and naturally were less explicit in diplomacy and politics than they were in law. In law the jurisdiction claimed by the Church was perfectly definite, although it was by no means always admitted by secular governments; so definite that we are wont to think of it as we think of civil jurisdiction, as the creature of positive law, as a body of enactments by œcumenical councils and other ecclesiastical authorities. But this way of thinking is misleading. The legal jurisdiction of the Church was, of course, laid down and defined by venerable authorities, by councils, synods, Fathers, and popes; but these authorities were mere interpreters of Holy Writ. All the canons, directly or by logical inference, depend upon the Bible; and we shall not understand ecclesiastical pretensions, whether in law or diplomacy, unless we regard them, as the great churchmen did, as corollaries from the very words of God.

The Church's legal jurisdiction may be broadly divided into two branches, one where ecclesiastical persons are concerned, the other where the subject-matter is ecclesiastical or religious; but it will be easier for us to understand the policy and actions of the Papacy, as well as more germane to our purpose, if we do not limit ourselves to a strictly legal point of view, but give to the term, ecclesiastical jurisdiction, a significance wide enough to include matters that range beyond courts of law and concern diplomacy and politics, and classify the heads of that jurisdiction as a papal legate might propound them to a foreign court.

(1) *Unity of the Church:* The texts that speak of a single fold with a single shepherd, and of the seamless garment of Christ, are clear. They leave no doubt upon the right to take all measures that may be necessary to maintain the unity of the Church. Heresy must be put down. No sovereign can admit the right of rebellion; no union can permit secession; no government can allow anarchy. The existence of the Holy Catholic Church depended on this principle.

(2) *Defence of the Faith:* A very wide jurisdiction; including the right to set on foot a crusade to the Holy Land, to legislate for Jews and Saracens, to exterminate heretics, etc.

(3) *The Clergy:* The Church had sole criminal jurisdiction of all persons in orders, jurisdiction of their appointment or election, of their rights and duties, and of church property, excepting feuds, and even feuds when held of the Church or in frankalmoin, and also of tithes and ecclesiastical dues.

The mere announcement of an intention to take orders was enough to confer jurisdiction. For instance, the case of Pier Bernadone may be cited. He summoned his son before a civil tribunal, the consuls of Assisi, but Francis asserted that he was a servant of God, whereupon the consuls refused to entertain the cause and the father was obliged to betake himself to the bishop's court.

(4) *Investiture:* Complete authority over the clergy necessarily involves the right of installing prelates in ecclesiastical offices. This right of investiture was the particular point at which the Church and the civil power had clashed under Hildebrand and Henry IV. The struggle had ended in the compromise of the Concordat of Worms (1122). A similar settlement was made in England under Henry I. The election of a prelate belonged to the clergy according to the canons of the Church, and the investiture to the sacred office must be made by ecclesiastical hands; but the civil power had the right to be represented at the election and also to confer upon the newly elected prelate the temporalities pertaining to his office, and those temporalities remained subject to civil obligations.

(5) *Matrimony, Divorce, etc.:* In modern times marriage is looked upon as a contract *sui generis*

to which the State is a party; in the Middle Ages it was regarded as a contract to which God is a party. God joins a man and his wife (Gen. II, 24). Marriage was a sacrament, and so within the special care of the Church, and the Church unhesitatingly asserted her jurisdiction. The most famous matrimonial cause during Innocent's pontificate was the divorce between Philip Augustus, King of France, and Ingelberg, his Danish queen. He had married her for considerations of policy; but immediately or almost immediately after the ceremony, he took a violent dislike to her and repudiated her. At his bidding a provincial council granted a divorce, but the poor queen in her broken French appealed to the Pope — "Mala Francia, Mala Francia, Roma, Roma!" — and the Pope entertained her appeal, reversed the judgment, and enforced it by the ban of the Church. As a corollary, all questions concerning promises to marry, right of dower, and similar matters came within ecclesiastical jurisdiction. For example, King John withheld the dower due to Queen Berengaria, widow of King Richard. She applied to the Pope for aid; he assumed cognizance of the matter, and in the end John was obliged to give way.

(6) *Wills, Intestacy, Legitimacy:* As a consequence of the jurisdiction over marriage, ecclesiastical tribunals judged questions concerning legitimacy as well as wills and rights of succession to chattels. Jurisdiction of wills began in the duty to see that the testator's bequests for the good of his soul were carried out, and of intestacy perhaps in the idea

that the omission to have made such bequests was a sin. The Bible afforded ample justification for this jurisdiction (Num. XXVII, 6–11).

(7) *Widows and Orphans:* These were specially under God's protection: "He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and the widow" (Deut. x, 18). "Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child" (Ex. XXII, 22). "A father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows is God in His holy habitation" (Ps. LXVIII, 5).

(8) *Vows, Oaths, Pledges:* A vow was calling upon God to witness. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain (Ex. xx, 7). . . . When thou shalt vow a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not slack to pay it; for the Lord thy God will surely require it of thee; and it would be sin in thee. . . . That which is gone out of thy lips thou shalt keep and perform" (Deut. XXIII, 21, 23; Num. XXX, 2, etc.). This was the main ground for the Church's claim to guide and control crusades as well as individual crusaders, and also the ground for her claims of jurisdiction over contracts.

(9) *Criminal Jurisdiction over Ecclesiastical and Moral Offences:* This included offences against faith, morality, or the Church, such as simony, blasphemy, sacrilege, adultery, perjury, heresy, slander, libel, usury, and offences committed against the clergy. For simony Peter's dealing with Simon the sorcerer was ample warrant (Acts VIII); and for usury there were many texts, "Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again" (Luke VI, 35; Ezek. XVIII, 17; Lev. XXV, 36, etc.). The presence of sin always con-

ferred jurisdiction, very much as fraud confers jurisdiction on a court of chancery.

(10) *Universities:* The Pope exercised jurisdiction over universities because they were managed by clerks and because theology was taught there. For instance, Innocent confirmed the rules and regulations of the University of Paris, and threatened to remove the University from Bologna.

(11) *A General Jurisdiction for the Common Welfare:* This was a sort of general jurisdiction, based upon the public weal, over such matters as highways and tolls, perhaps for the sake of pilgrims coming to Rome, coinage, weights and measures, and other things, such as offences against persons under the protection of the Church. This general papal jurisdiction was perhaps a development of the early episcopal jurisdiction, which had been conferred on bishops by the Emperors when the latter pursued their policy of raising up the bishops as a counterpoise to the disobedient barons. But the papal jurisdiction reached out far beyond the warrant of its origin. Innocent says in his inaugural sermon: "All they that are of the household of the Lord have been committed to my care." The text, "Peter, feed my sheep," was always on the tip of the ecclesiastical tongue.

(12) *International Peace:* This is part of the general jurisdiction of the Pope as the executive charged to administer the precepts of the Bible, "Seek peace and pursue it" (Ps. XXXIV, 14). "And into whatsoever house ye enter first say, Peace be to this house" (Luke x, 5). "My peace I give unto you"

(John XIV, 27). The Pope had the right to impose peace in the interest of a crusade or simply in order to prevent the evils and wickedness of war.

(13) *Conscience:* The Papacy asserted a sort of chancery jurisdiction over all matters that touched the conscience. The Pontiff of Christendom, as the Vicar of Christ, must see that men do the things that conscience and fair dealing prescribe. This generous warrant for interposition ekes out the minor departments of his jurisdiction, and is the real base for the ecclesiastical claim to control the civil power. As Innocent wrote to the King of France, the jurisdiction of the Church embraced "all that pertains to the salvation or damnation of the soul." Such authority flowed from the power of the Keys.

(14) *Appellate Jurisdiction:* The principle of unity required that all Christendom should regard Rome as the source of ecclesiastical authority. As Rome could not, owing to the size of Christendom and the nature of hierarchical organization, give direct commands to all her flock, the most efficient means to attain unity of law, of authority, of policy, of administration, was to secure as large an appellate jurisdiction for the Roman See as possible. Innocent was extremely jealous of this right of appeal, and fostered the practice of turning to Rome for redress in all possible cases. He looked on Papal Rome as the successor to Imperial Rome, believing that to him, as the spiritual heir of the Cæsars, the *Appello ad Cæsarem* was addressed.

The most famous case concerns the election to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury and was the cause of the great quarrel between the Pope and King John. The case involved the respective rights of the monks of Canterbury, the suffragan bishops of the province, and the King, in the election of an archbishop. On the death of Archbishop Hubert in 1205 the monks, in great haste and secrecy and without notice to the King, elected to the vacant see one of themselves, Reginald, the sub-prior. Apprehensive of the consequences of what they had done, they swore the archbishop-elect not to divulge his election until it should be confirmed by the Pope, and sent him with a small company of monks post-haste to Rome. Hardly had he crossed the English Channel when he began boasting that he was the Archbishop of Canterbury. His brethren at home, provoked at his breach of secrecy and fearful of the King's anger, promptly asked permission of the King to elect another archbishop. The King suggested the Bishop of Norwich, one of his familiars. The monks were glad to obey; they immediately elected and installed the bishop, and the King put him in possession of the temporal properties of the see. Meanwhile the suffragan bishops had sent envoys to Rome to deny the validity of an election without their concurrence, claiming a right to participate, and yet acquiescing in the election of the Bishop of Norwich. The King also sent a committee of monks to Rome, and openly pledged himself to accept whomsoever they should elect, but he had exacted an oath from them to elect no one but the Bishop of Norwich. There were therefore two candidates before the Pope: Reginald, who rested his claim on the first election by the monks, and the Bishop of Norwich, who, supported by the King and the suffragan bishops, claimed that the first election was invalid as it had been held without the King's presence or permission.

The Pope, in order to have full power to make an end of the whole matter and perhaps foreseeing his decision, bade the monks of Canterbury delegate their powers of election to a committee, and send that committee to Rome. He then heard the evidence and the arguments. He decided, first, that the election lay with the monks and that the suffragan bishops had no right to take part; next, that both elections by the monks, that of Reginald and that of the Bishop of Norwich, were irregular and invalid. He therefore quashed what had been done, and bade the plenipotentiary committee proceed to a new election. Probably at his suggestion, or perhaps upon his insistence, the committee elected Cardinal Langton.

Stephen Langton was an Englishman of noble birth and high character, learned, wise, able, resolute, and fearless; in fact he was admirably fitted for the position, but the King regarded him as an enemy and his election as an infringement upon his royal rights, and refused to accept him. A bitter quarrel arose. The King drove the monks from England; the Pope laid England under an interdict. The King persecuted the Pope's partisans; the Pope excommunicated the King. The King still resisted; the Pope released the English from their allegiance, declared the throne of England vacant, and charged the King of France to execute his decree. The combination of enemies, Pope, rebellious barons, and foreign invaders, forced John to yield; he knelt before the papal legate, surrendered his crown and received it back as liegeman to the Pope. Next to the episode at Canossa, this royal humiliation is the most spectacular triumph of the sacerdotal order throughout the whole history of Europe.

The authority of the Church was enforced by interdict, excommunication absolute or temporary, by penance, by degradation, by deprivation of church property, by boycott, by confiscation, by imprisonment, by whipping, by recourse to the secular arm, by "the bread of tribulation and the water of anguish," and various other ecclesiastical penalties; and in the case of offending monarchs, even by deposition, as in the cases of King John, of Count Raymond of Toulouse, and of the Emperor Otto.

This vast ecclesiastical jurisprudence, though it traced its origin to the revealed word of God, depended upon the organization of the Church. Without that organization any claim to a universal jurisdiction would have been as idle as a beggar's dreams. Christendom was divided into archiepiscopal provinces, each province into dioceses, each diocese into parishes; archbishops, bishops, priests, and deacons rose in an ordered hierarchy; codes of law, rules of procedure, regulated all affairs; meetings, synods, councils knit the great system together, member to member; and over all the Pope, from the throne of Peter, held up the shield of apostolic protection and the power of the two swords, spiritual and temporal, the first to be wielded by him, the second at his bidding. It was this system, this imperial order, this arrangement for the due dispatch of business, this copy of ancient Roman government, that gave reason and justification to those ecclesiastical claims. And the policy that animated and shaped this vast ecclesiastical jurisprudence was to oblige every person in orders to render absolute obedience to his superiors in office; to make every member of the Church feel that he was the object of a paternal solicitude; to encourage high and low to carry their grievances, their questions of rights and duties, of law and conduct, to the Papal See; to render the appeal to Rome as potent as in the days of Paul and Festus; and to make the Pope as universal a monarch as ever were the Cæsars.

CHAPTER VI

INNOCENT, DOMINUS DOMINANTIUM (1198–1216)

> "I have set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant." — Jer. I, 10.

THE task of bringing the whole household of faith to obedience was not easy. Far and near, from the threshold of the Lateran to the Hebrides, from the Hellespont to the Pillars of Hercules, the Church's authority was flouted, her precepts disobeyed, her priests pushed aside, her property withheld. The city of Rome was in the hands of republicans and imperialists, the Roman Campagna was divided among the Roman barons, the provinces of the Church were fiefs of German soldiers, the marquisate of Tuscany was in the hands of Philip Hohenstaufen, the late Emperor's brother, The Kingdom was usurped by German rebels. In the Empire there was a disputed succession, in France Philip Augustus was flatly contumacious, Richard of England was not as pious as he should be, the kings of Navarre, Castile, and Leon were refractory, in Constantinople the schismatic Greeks rent the seamless garment of Christ, and in Provence the little foxes of heresy gnawed the tender vines of Holy Church. Nothing disheartened, Innocent girded himself for the task.

The political task fell under several heads: first, control of the city of Rome; second, sovereignty in the papal provinces; third, expulsion of the German freebooters from The Kingdom; fourth, selection of an Emperor not inimical to the Papacy; fifth, the imposition on all western Christendom of the will of the Church. And in each several matter, as I have said, Innocent did not act arbitrarily, but either in accordance with a fixed, well-established, legal claim, or under definite principles of ecclesiastical jurisprudence that may almost be termed international law.

Rome was a little shrunken city. Some thirty or forty thousand people were housed within the wide circuit of the Aurelian walls. With scanty commerce and no industries beyond those of the money-lenders, the artisans, and tradesfolk, it possessed little except its sacred basilicas and its mighty ruins. Its importance was due to being the seat of the Papacy and the home of the ancient Empire. Abandoned by Pope and Emperor it would have become a mere cockpit for quarrelling nobles and a lawless mob. Like other Italian cities it claimed the right to municipal self-government, and owing to the discord between Pope and Emperor often succeeded in enforcing the claim. At the time of Innocent's accession, Rome was under the rule of a senator chosen by the city and of a prefect appointed by the Emperor; all papal authority was suspended. The city, however, was turbulent, tenure of office was highly insecure, those out of power were always ready to revolt, and the Papacy lay watching its opportunity to enforce its claims to dominion. Innocent himself has stated the ground of those claims: "Constantine, the famous Emperor, after a divine revelation, was cleansed from leprosy by St. Silvester in baptism. He handed over to Silvester the city of Rome and the Senate, together with the people and dignities and all the kingdom of the West; he withdrew to Byzantium and retained for himself the kingdom of the East. Constantine, indeed, wished to confer on Silvester the crown from his own head, but Silvester, out of respect for the priestly crown or rather out of humility, was unwilling to accept. Instead of the royal diadem the Pope wears the gold embroidered circlet. By his pontifical authority the Pope appoints patriarchs, primates, metropolitans, and prelates; by his royal authority he appoints senators, prefects, judges, and notaries."

More effective to enforce papal dominion than Constantine's charter was papal gold, great prop of the political power of the Papacy. The private estates of the Church, her feudal dependencies, the contributions of the clergy, the offerings of the faithful, redemptions of penance, Peter's pence, and various ecclesiastical taxes levied throughout Latin Christendom, maintained the papal purse; and where its enemies used force, the Papacy made no scruple to defend itself with gold. In a short time Innocent succeeded in making both senator and prefect acknowledge his authority, and so, but not peacefully or durably until after years of riot and disorder, re-established the papal dominion in Rome.

In the papal provinces — Spoleto (Umbria), Romagna, and the March of Ancona — Innocent adopted another method. It was one thing to buy over the feudal nobles of Rome and of the Roman Campagna, and another thing to buy back whole provinces from foreign usurpers. The tradition of the Roman Curia, however, to rely on gold was strong, and at first Innocent was willing to bargain; but he soon laid hold of a nobler weapon. Up to that time the notion of Italy as a country for Italians had not arisen in men's minds; for centuries she had been a downtrodden partner in the strange partnership of the Holy Roman Empire, and now, split into pieces, Italy was a mere name for the peninsula. Unity was undreamt of; but there had gradually been growing, in different ways, that complexity of individual peculiarities which constitute a national type. The speech of Italians had ceased to be dog Latin and was fashioning itself into the Italian language, and a national sentiment against foreigners had sprung up. "I will act," cried Innocent, "*ad profectum Italiæ*," for the good of Italy; and when he smote this patriotic chord, an Italian revolt against the German tyrants answered him, and the intruders were driven out of Tuscany and the papal provinces with a rush.

In The Kingdom a hard fight was needed. Innocent acted under a double right: he was lord suzerain, and by the appointment of the Empress Constance he had become on her death guardian of Frederick II. The Germans were strongly set in town and castle, and a desperate struggle was maintained for years. One of these Teuton freebooters, when he was bidden to obey the papal general, said that "if the Apostle Peter, sent by Christ himself, should bid him do so, he would not obey, even were he to be damned in hell for it." In the end Innocent prevailed and seated his ward upon the throne.

In Germany there were two claimants: Philip Hohenstaufen, the late Emperor's brother, and Otto of Brunswick, nephew of Richard Cœur de Lion, and head of the House of Guelf. Young Frederick had been elected heir to the Empire in his father's lifetime, but both Guelfs and Hohenstaufens set him aside, fearing the dangers involved in a long minority. Civil war broke out between the two claimants; England supported Otto, and France, out of enmity for England, supported Philip. Both sides sought the Pope's help. But this appeal of both parties was not, according to settled doctrines of the papal chancery, in the least necessary in order to give Innocent a right to interfere.

In Rome and in the provinces included in the Carlovingian charters, the Pope had political rights and acted as a feudal lord. In The Kingdom he was both suzerain and guardian of the sovereign. In the Empire, according to the papal theory, he had political rights of a sovereign character. According to this theory, the Papacy was, in certain respects at least, the controlling power in the Empire, and especially during an interregnum. The reasons for this were plain. The Papacy had created the Holy Roman Empire, for it had taken the imperial office from the Greek line at Constantinople and transferred it to Charlemagne and his successors. And before a German king could become Emperor, it was necessary that the Pope should anoint him and crown him, as Samuel had anointed Saul and David. The power to anoint included the power to choose. Innocent said: "As God the creator of all things has set two great lights in the firmament of the heavens, the greater to rule the day and the lesser to rule the night, so in the firmament of the Church Universal God hath set two great dignitaries, the greater to rule souls, the lesser to rule bodies. These are the papal and imperial powers. Moreover, as the moon derives its light from the sun, and in truth is less than the sun in quantity and quality as well as in place and effect, so the imperial power derives the splendour of its dignity from papal authority; the closer it clings to that the more it shines, the further it recedes the paler it becomes." There were many texts from the Old Testament, as well as from the New, to support this doctrine; one alone was sufficient. It was to Peter and his successors that God had said: "I have set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build and to plant."

Therefore, when Innocent hesitated after his help was asked both by the Hohenstaufens and by the Guelfs, it was not from any doubt as to his right to interfere. The policy of Rome was to proceed judicially, to assume a deliberative attitude, to enter into no rash partisanship. In such cases motives are usually of a mixed character. Innocent, as lawyer, as statesman, as head of Christendom, did not wish to decide wrong, either according to the principles of ecclesiastico-political jurisprudence or according to the interests of the Church. Hostile German poets, like Walther von der Vogelweide, or overtaxed English monks, like Matthew Paris, would have said that he was waiting to see which way the cat would jump. However that may be, he waited for three years and then announced his judgment.

It must be remembered that the course of royal and imperial procedure was this: upon election by the great German nobles, the successful candidate was crowned at Aachen by the Archbishop of Cologne, and so became "King of the Romans, always Augustus"; he then received the iron crown of Lombardy from the Archbishop of Milan at Monza; and last, the imperial crown at Rome from the hands of the Pope in St. Peter's basilica.

Here is Innocent's judgment: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. It is the duty of the Apostolic See diligently and wisely to take counsel as to how she shall provide for the Roman Empire, since, as is well known, the Empire depends upon the Apostolic See for its very origin and for its final authority: for its very origin because *by her means* and *for her sake* the Empire was transferred from Greece, *by her means* because she was the power which effected the transference, *for her sake* in order that the Empire might the better defend her; for final authority, because the Emperor receives the final or ultimate laying on of hands for his promotion from the Chief Pontiff, when he is by him blessed, crowned, and invested with the Empire. . . . There are now three who have been elected king, the boy [Frederick], Philip, and Otto; and there are three matters to be considered concerning each candidate: what is lawful, what is right, and what is expedient. . . ." Innocent first enumerates the arguments in favour of little Frederick, including the oaths of allegiance to him taken by the great nobles; he then proceeds to the reasons that make it lawful, right, and expedient to oppose Frederick's election. "It is right because those oaths were wrong and his election improper; for the nobles elected a person unfit, not only for the Empire but for any office, a boy scarce two years old and not yet regenerate by the water of Holy Baptism. Such oaths could not be kept without grave hurt to the Church and detriment to Christendom; the nobles had in mind that he should reign when he came to man's estate, not when he was a baby; they expected his father to reign during his minority. As that expectation failed, the oath fails too. He is too young to reign either in person or by attorney. And as the Church must not and will not do without an Emperor, it is plain that it is *lawful* to seek elsewhere for an Emperor. It is equally obvious that it is *right* to look elsewhere, for how can a baby, who needs a guardian himself, rule over an Empire? 'Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child' (Eccles. x). That it is not *expedient* to have Frederick Emperor is plain *because by this the kingdom of Sicily would be united with the Empire and by that union the Church would be confounded.*"

Innocent then takes up the arguments against Philip. A Hohenstaufen election would convert the Empire from its inherent character of an *elective* empire into an *hereditary* empire. Philip had been excommunicated and his absolution had been irregularly conferred; Philip had sworn allegiance to his nephew, Frederick, and having broken that oath was a perjured man; Philip belonged to a family which persecuted the Church, witness Henry, his brother, and Frederick Barbarossa, his father; and he himself, as Lord of Tuscany, had despoiled the Church and arrogated to himself a claim of dominion up to the very gates of Rome. "If he did so in the dry, what would he not do in the green? If up to now, dry and sapless, or rather as one whose harvest is in the blade, he persecuted us and the Roman Church, what would he not do — God forbid it — if he should become Emperor?"

Frederick and Philip thus disqualified, Otto was taken next into consideration. The arguments in his favour were, that he was devoted to the Church and was a scion of two families both devoted to the Church, that of Saxony and of England, and grandson to the good and pious Emperor Lothair, also devoted to the Church. Innocent's conclusion needed little exposition. Otto was manifestly the candidate to be elected (March, 1201).

Otto, however, did not receive Innocent's support for nothing. On his part he renounced imperial jurisdiction, and acknowledged papal sovereignty, over the ecclesiastical states of central Italy; he swore to preserve The Kingdom under the suzerainty of the Church, and to do the Pope's bidding with regard to the Lombard and Tuscan leagues.

Despite the efforts of the Guelfs and the Papacy, Philip's party prevailed. More and more adherents attached themselves to him, and his ultimate triumph rose clearer and clearer into view. Innocent prepared to make the best of a bad situation, and was bargaining to obtain such concessions as he could from Philip, when, in the nick of time, almost as if by divine interposition, Philip was murdered (1208). Otto was then accepted by all, and Innocent triumphantly crowned him with the imperial crown (1209).

No sooner, however, was Otto crowned than, Guelf though he was, the imperial office forced him to play the renegade. As candidate he had lavished courtesy on Innocent, and, at the Pope's demand, had reduced the imperial rights in Italy almost to a shadow; but as Emperor it was his duty to maintain all imperial rights in their full integrity. He could not follow two mutually inconsistent policies. He clave to the Empire, broke his oaths to Innocent, laid hands on the papal provinces, and even invaded The Kingdom. Innocent promptly excommunicated him (1210). Encouraged by this, the Hohenstaufen party in Germany rose in revolt, declared Otto deposed, and chose young Frederick for Emperor. England remained faithful to the Guelf cause; but France and the Church carried victory to the Hohenstaufens. Otto's cause was crushed on the field of Bouvines, and with the papal benediction young Frederick received the German crown at Aachen. For the second time the cause that Innocent cursed had fallen and the cause that he blessed had prospered.

Outside the limits of the Empire, Innocent obtained a spectacular if not a solid success. The King of England became a tributary vassal. The King of Aragon travelled to Rome and accepted his kingdom as a papal fief. The King of France bowed his head, and at least pretended to obey the Pope's command. The kings of Portugal, Castile, and Leon were rated like schoolboys. The kings of Norway, Hungary, and Armenia were admonished and advised. In Languedoc and Provence the army, blessed by the Church, trampled down heresy. In Constantinople the schismatic Greeks professed obedience to the Roman See. The clerks in the Roman chancery might well believe that the Church had conquered the world, that the reign of God's saints on earth had begun. No doubt this splendid ecclesiastical dominion was far from stable. Kings and princes obeyed less from wish to please the Pope than for fear of partisan ambitions, domestic rebellion, and foreign invasion; their submission was time-serving and specious. But in those days all obedience was tribute paid to force, and kings were less obeyed than Innocent. He stands out as the greatest political figure in Europe since Charlemagne, the steward of the Lord triumphantly ruling over the household of Faith.

The Fourth Lateran Council furnished a fitting climax to Innocent's great career. At his summons the Church militant assembled. Patriarchs, ambassadors from emperors and kings, envoys from cities and princes, scores of archbishops, hundreds of bishops and abbots, thronged to do him honour. All the notables of Christendom, near three thousand men, in solemn council assembled, approved and ratified all he had done. One thing, however, was lacking.

The Holy Land was in the hands of the infidels; and with that thought ever uppermost, Innocent could not be at peace. Throughout his pontificate he had hoped to chase the infidels from those blessed acres. The crusade of Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur de Lion (1190-92) had been fruitless. The crusade of the French and the Venetians (1204) had been worse than fruitless, for they had turned aside from their goal to conquer and divide the feeble remnant of the Greek Empire. Innocent had urged, pleaded, and threatened in vain. Now, feeling that his life could not last long, he made his last appeal. On St. Martin's Day he preached in the Lateran: "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer" (Luke xxii, 15).

"I shall not refuse, if God so disposes, to drink the cup of passion when it shall be handed to me, whether for the defence of the Catholic Faith, for the deliverance of the Holy Land, or for the liberty of the Church; but I do desire to remain in the flesh until the work begun shall be finished. The desires of men are of two sorts, spiritual and earthly; and I call on God to witness that I have desired to eat this passover with you, not for the good things of life, not for earthly glory, but for the good of the Church Universal, and most of all for the deliverance of the Holy Land. . . . Passover has two meanings: in Hebrew it meaneth a passing over, in Greek it meaneth to suffer, because we must pass through suffering to glory; for if we are to reign joint heirs with Christ we must suffer with him. In this sense I have desired to eat the passover with you.

"Would that in this the eighteenth year of our pontificate the Temple of the Lord, our Holy Church, should be restored, and that this solemn council should be the celebration of a passover, a passing from wrongdoing to righteousness! The passover I desire to celebrate with you is of three kinds, a bodily, a spiritual, and an eternal. A corporeal passover that shall be a passing over to deliverance of miserable Jerusalem; a spiritual passover that shall be a passing over from one condition to a better for the Church Universal; an eternal passover so that there may be a passing over from life to life in order to obtain heavenly glory.

"Concerning the corporeal passover, Jerusalem cries out to us in her misery with the lamentations of Jeremiah: 'All ye that pass by, behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow. She that was great among the nations and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!' The holy places are dishonoured, the glorious sepulchre of the Lord has lost its glory. There where men used to worship Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, men now worship Mohammed, the son of Perdition. Oh, what disgrace, what shame, what a confounding, that the children of the handmaid, vile Ishmaelites, should hold our mother in bondage! What shall we do? Behold, dear brethren, I put myself wholly in your hands, I open my heart, ready, if ye in council shall deem it expedient to undertake this labour myself, to go to kings, peoples, nations, yea, I would do more, if by mighty clamour I might arouse them to get up and fight God's battle, that they may avenge the insult to the Crucified, who for our sins has been cast out of His land, His home, which He redeemed with His blood, and where He wrought the act of our salvation.

"Whatever others may do, let us, priests of the Lord, specially undertake this business, with ourselves and our possessions coming up to serve the needs of the Holy Land; so that there shall not be one but shall bear his part in this great work and shall have his share in the great reward."

The council said "amen," the date was fixed, the places of assemblage were chosen; but the ebb tide of mediæval Christianity had already set in, there was hesitation and delay, and before preparations could be made, the great Pope died (July 16, 1216).

In spite of his glorious pontificate Innocent's death showed (at least to Jacques de Vitry, a pious pilgrim who came from afar to attend the papal court) "how brief and vain is the deceitful glory of the world"; for in Perugia, where he died, his body being left in the church unwatched, as was the custom, thieves got in by night, stripped off the rich garments in which it had been wrapped, and left it "almost naked and stinking." So base an outrage committed at the very moment that the Pope's strong hand was still, reveals a fatal weakness in the papal government.

CHAPTER VII

ST. FRANCIS (1182–1226)

If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, . . . and come and follow me. — Matt. xix, 21.

In his lightness
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue
To nourish some far desert.

Shelley.

Even with the spoken words of God as the great blocks for the base of the ecclesiastical fabric, even with the strong cement of Roman organization that bound the stones of it each to each, the vast edifice of the Universal Church, under its ill-poised roof flung heavenward by ascetic visionaries, would have fallen of its own excessive weight (as it appeared to fall in Innocent's prophetic dream), had there been nothing more than organization and the Vulgate to bear it up. The cement would have been rent asunder, the stones would have fallen in a ruined mass, had not the builders of that greatest of Gothic structures, the mediæval Church, found a new system of vaulting; and the new vaults lightly carried the noble edifice for further centuries.

This new support came none too soon. Religious movements were stirring everywhere. Interest in life expressed itself in all sorts of religious speculation. The northern parts of Italy were honeycombed with new doctrines. Strange beliefs came down from

France, across the Alps, along the coast, and over the sea. In Lombardy, in Tuscany, in Umbria, men and women, especially the poor, turned against the Church and her ways. Some of the more eager, of untrained mind and ardent temperament, ignorant and superstitious, seized upon wild doctrines that came from afar no one knew how. Eastern thought murmured its weird conceits; and the poor peasants of Languedoc and Lombardy heard and believed. The very strangeness of the teachings drew them like a magnet. The more fantastic the ideas, the more they appeared true and august.

According to these ideas, the world is a battlefield of two contending powers, Good and Evil; spirit, emanating from God, struggles with matter, the soul fights against the flesh. Jehovah of the Old Testament is no other than Satan, and the Christ of the gospel is a mere phantom spirit. There is neither hell nor purgatory; priesthood and sacraments are useless; the souls of men progress through many incarnations back to God. Matter is bad, flesh is bad, marriage is bad; the Devil enters into all propagated life. No man should beget children, nor eat meat, eggs, milk, nor anything derived from animal life. Thus these strange, austere, obstinate puritans wandered far from the path of common sense; and their evil-thinking neighbours, suspicious of what they did not understand, whispered foul stories of their doings.

A second current of religious sentiment expressed itself in an evangelical movement. Once more the Bible showed its power. Men read in the gospels how Jesus and his disciples lived together in brother-hood and poverty; how, by example more than by precept, they taught men to love one another and to pray to God in simple words with pure hearts; then, lifting their eyes from the sacred pages, they beheld a great political and administrative empire that called itself Christ's Church, with a monarch at the head, with great feudal lords, who called themselves bishops and archbishops, with priests, deacons, archdeacons, subdeacons, acolytes, doorkeepers, exorcists, and choristers, with mighty temples, with liturgy, ritual, and ceremonies, with unintelligible, muttered formulas that sounded far more like magical incantations than like the Lord's Prayer. These men did not wish to leave the Church, still less to attack her, they wished to return to primitive Christianity and to bring the Church with them. Their leader, Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of Lyons, read the counsel of perfection, sold his goods, distributed the money among the poor, and went about preaching the gospel. His disciples followed his example and meant at first to do no more, but they could not stop there. As they were not for the Church, they were obliged to be against her. They adopted religious usages of their own, they read the New Testament in the vernacular, they preached and they prayed, all in a very simple, evangelical fashion. They rejected the worship of saints, the doctrine of transubstantiation, the ordination of priests, and the whole hierarchy. So they became heretics. They had originally little in common with the fanatical puritans; but, pressed together by the persecution of the Church, the two bodies mingled in sects that differed on minor points from one another, and blended their doctrines in various heterogeneous creeds. The Church made no distinction between Cathari, Patarini, Speronists, Leonists, Arnaldists, Circumcised, or Vaudois; she branded them all as secessionists, rebels, traitors, heretics.

Rage as the Church might, hers was the fault. She had not offered food meet for hungry sheep. She had neglected her duties, and worse. Her bishops were worldlings, they extorted money for performing their sacred functions, they abandoned their dioceses. Mere absentee landlords, they followed their ambitions and their pleasures far from the lands that paid them rents. Priests toadied to the rich and were arrogant to the poor; many of them were illiterate, bad in manners and worse in morals; sometimes priests refused to bury a man unless he had bequeathed to them a third of his goods. A familiar expression of disgust at a bad action was, "I'd rather be a priest than do that"; and no less severe than the common tongue were high-minded prelates, like Innocent, who said himself that "the corruption of the people has its chief source in the clergy," and in a noble sermon spoke out in bold rebuke: "The lust of the flesh pertaineth to voluptuousness, the lust of the eyes to riches, the pride of life to honours; and by these three bonds are we clergy especially bound. The rope of voluptuousness holds us so that we do not blush to harbour openly dishonourable women in our houses, of whom lately some were arrested, taken out by force, and severely flogged, to the infamy of the clergy and the great shame of the Church. To us the prophet spoke: 'Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.' Foul to speak of, most foul to do; but it is right to speak out, that appetite to do may be cut off: there are some who worship the son of Venus by night in the bedchamber and in the morning offer up the Son of the Virgin on the altar. . . . And also the rope of avarice holds us so tight that many of us do not blush to buy and sell and practise usury; from the prophet even unto the priest they are given to covetousness, and from the least of them even to the greatest of them, every one dealeth falsely. . . . And thirdly, the rope of pride holds us so fast that we had rather appear proud than humble, and we walk head high, with eyes uplifted and neck erect; we make broad our phylacteries and enlarge the borders of our garments, and we love the highest places at the feasts and the chief seats in the synagogues. We dress so showily that we seem rather bridegrooms than clergymen, . . . and we are far from imitating Him who said, 'Learn of me for I am meek and lowly in spirit.'" Innocent speaks without mincing words, but he does not exaggerate.

Other motives besides evangelical longings or aversion to the faults of the clergy were at work as well: a moral restlessness, a love of novelty, an impatience with the actual, an appetite for the strange and the mysterious, a superstitious inclination towards self-sacrifice, a distrust of nature. No doubt, too, local oppression by priest and prelate produced its effect. From good motives and bad, from hope and from folly, men abandoned the Church in great numbers.

In all northern Italy heresy flourished. It found its opportunity in communal independence, in communal jealousy, and in the constant antagonism between the Papacy and the Empire. Verona, Rimini, Faenza, Modena, Piacenza, Treviso, Ferrara, Florence, Prato, Orvieto, Viterbo, and Assisi swarmed with nonconformists and strange sectarians. Milan, the great city of Lombardy, was a very den of dissent. If some pious soul ventured to expostulate with these disbelievers, he was mocked at in the streets.

The danger to the Church was great. She had prestige, power, an organized hierarchy, feudal rights, political influence; but this was not enough. She had more; on the whole she stood for common sense, for a sane view of life, in contrast with the wild, oriental ideas of the fanatical nonconformists. But even though the Church possessed these advantages, so long as the heretics had the enthusiasm born of the gospel on their side, they were too strong to be overcome. The ecclesiastical warriors from the north, who had trampled down revolt in Languedoc and Provence, or other pious folk of the same kind, might, indeed, be invited down; but such allies did not always act in the interest of religion, they had their own axes to grind; and as regards the situation in the valley of the Po, it was very different from what it had been in the valley of the Rhone. The Church did not wish a crusading army to destroy the Lombard cities, for they constituted her main bulwark against the Emperors. Their subjection to crusaders from the north would mean her undoing. So she could not coerce the heretics by violence. Her hands were tied.

This falling away from the Church and the difficulties that hedged her about weighed heavily upon Innocent. According to the legend, he beheld in a dream the Lateran Church, the Mother Church of Christendom, tottering to a fall, and a man of mean aspect propping it up with his shoulder. There is much truth in the legend. This man of mean aspect, St. Francis, put the gospels to the service of the Church, and cut the ground from under the heretics. He was not aware of being a partisan in the struggle. The doctrines of Peter Waldo from the north and of Abbot Joachim from the south — return to primitive Christianity, the renunciation of riches, the distrust of learning — were spread over Italy, and Francis, like other men, breathed them in; but he did not criticise the Church. He had no rebellious spirit in his blood; he was humble-minded and devoutly believed that Christ had created her. His way was not to attack evil with denunciation and invective, but to plant good seed and foster it, to cause the light of the gospels to shine everywhere.

The Church was not to him what she appeared to the heretics. She had come to Umbria as a giver of freedom. Her power had liberated Assisi from the German men-at-arms who had been wont to swagger down from the Rocca on the hill and make free with the women in the market-place. She did not appear as a rich and arrogant corporation; she was poor; her churches were neglected, her chapels dilapidated, the cathedral of St. Rufinus was stern and simple, and the bishop was neither an absentee nor arrogant. The evangelical ideas that had blazed hot and impatient beyond the Alps had lost their heat and impatience and had become temperate and gentle with the temperate gentleness of Umbria by the time Francis's father, Bernadone the merchant, had brought them back with his French wares from foreign trafficking. Or, if it was his mother that instilled into him his evangelical ideas, she, true to her Provençal origin, taught him gospel stories, French songs, and tales of Roland and Oliver, in all gentleness.

Whatever the cause, evangelical religion came to Francis not as the creed of a sect, not as a criticism upon the Church, but as a great enthusiasm, in whose light the wickedness of the world seemed matter for compassion and not for punishment. He was no slave to the word of the gospel; he was filled with its spirit. To him it was still full of youth, the Testament was a *New* Testament, Christianity was a *new* order; his hope, his faith, were young. He loved with the passion of youth, and the world looked young and beautiful. The presence of God shone roundabout him, and he longed to bring all men into the radiant fellowship of love. His was a passionate idealism, a love for Christ that made Christ's words, Christ's least actions, ineffably dear; and so he passed into a passionate literalism, to a complete obedience, to imitation to the uttermost, to a perfect self-abnegation. After Francis's death, legend shaped and coloured his life so that it should seem a repetition of Christ's life, or even as if in Francis Christ had lived again; and in doing so legend merely interpreted Francis's will, for, as Dante says, *fu tutto serafico* *in ardore*, he burned with seraphic ardour to walk close to Christ.

Being a lover, Francis believed that the one remedy for all evil is love. If men would only look upon Christ, they would love him too; but in most men the power of attention is untrained, it flutters helplessly towards the bits of glass and glittering sand that strew the paths of life. He must set their attention free and turn it there where their souls might hang "like fruit"; he must take from them the coloured glass and the shining mica. Men were but children, their possessions toys. So Francis preached his doctrine of poverty, not for all men, but for those able and willing to forsake the world and dedicate themselves to God. Poverty is beautiful because she sets men free from tawdriness and tinsel; she is lovable because she puts them face to face with truth; she is holy because she brings them near to God.

Not being a great intellectual genius, not having a philosophical mind, Francis taught no new ideas, he founded no new school, no new system of life; but his radiant love so warmed the frosty earth that, as Dante says, he should rightly be called a sun. He held the cup of life to the lips of the thirsty, and many found peace for their souls. Uneducated, unacquainted with the studies that busied the lawyers of Bologna or the clerks of Paris, ignorant of Aristotle, of the Fathers, of comment and gloss on the New Testament, he was untramelled in his love. He believed in the creed and doctrines of the Church; if one may call his profound indifference to creed and doctrine, belief. He lived his life of worship and service, not from hope of reward, but for the joy of doing something for the Beloved. His delight was to commune with the Beloved, to sing His praise, to minister to lepers in remembrance of Him, to give to the needy, and to gather together loving souls like himself. His power lay in his transparent love. He was eloquent because he unpacked the dearest of his heart; and he founded a great order simply because he drew crowds of men to him. Everybody felt in him the breath of a new spring, the dawn of a beautiful day, the coming of peace and happiness, of a time when men should love one another, when birds and beasts and men should recognize one another as fellow creatures and friends, when poetry and music should be the familiar means of expressing familiar thoughts; in short, Francis was the harbinger of that Kingdom of God, in which

> Love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security.

Ernest Renan says that he did not really understand the story of Jesus until he went to Palestine and saw the places hallowed by His memory, the stark mountains of Judea, the flowery fields of Galilee; so it is necessary to wander about in Umbria in order to understand Francis, for the simple, innocent beauty of the country there is the symbol in landscape of his soul. Behind Assisi, Mount Subasio descends in steep, stern slopes to the plain; the olive groves glitter and shimmer when the wind blows down from the Apennines on its way to the purple horizon; the little rivers, the Topino and the

Chiascio, flow through green fields (in Francis's time covered with forests) down to the tawny Tiber; gentle, well-mannered peasants, with sad eyes and soft voices, drive glorious silvery oxen from furrow to furrow. And all things, in lowland and upland, on earth and in the sky, the glory of the morning, the beauty of the sunset, the bells of the churches, the larks, the swallows, and the wayside flowers, unite in an unwritten melody of good will toward men.

Francis began life as a jolly careless boy, singing Provençal songs in the piazza and playing with his comrades, the gayest of the gay. The world likes to believe that its best-beloved saints had the charm of naughtiness as well as the comeliness of virtue, and Francis's biographers say that he trod the primrose path of dalliance, as others do; but one cannot believe that he smirched his white spirit. His most intimate friends, Brothers Leo, Angelo, and Rufino, say in their life of him: "He was naturally high-bred in behaviour and in speech, and by the instincts of his heart never spoke a rude or coarse word to any one; even when he was a jocund and riotous young man he made a resolve not to answer people who said coarse things"; and they delight to speak of him as "the Knight of Christ."

Whatever his boyhood may have been, when he reached adolescence, that period when gifted young men seek peace for their restlessness in poetry, in melancholy, in visions, various influences wrought upon him: illness, captivity (for Assisi and Perugia were at war for a time and he was taken prisoner), and perhaps his mother's evangelical ideas. He became solitary and moody. His friends bantered him: "Are you thinking of getting married, Francis?" He replied: "You have guessed aright, for I am thinking of taking a wife nobler, richer, and more beautiful than you have ever seen." And they jeered at him, but he spoke the truth, not of himself, but under the inspiration of God, for the bride he chose was true Religion, nobler, richer, and more beautiful in her poverty than all the rest. He renounced his family, lived by himself, and worked with his own hands at restoring dilapidated chapels, and, groping, gradually found his way to his life's task of calling simple souls to forsake the world of pleasure and of vanity and to minister to the world of sorrow, illness, and sin.

His doctrine of absolute poverty does not commend itself to the world now, nor did it then, for the world has never had faith or love. It is only the lover who rejoices in the noble freedom of poverty; and, even in this, Francis was no fanatic. The Bishop of Assisi said to him: "Your life seems to me hard and rough — to possess nothing at all in this world." Francis replied: "My lord, if we had any possessions we should need weapons for our defence. For from possessions come contention and law-suits, and by that in many ways the love of God and of one's neighbour is hindered; so we do not wish to own anything at all in this world."

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST DISCIPLES (1209–1226)

Kant sains Fransois fut si esperis
De l' amor dou saint esperis,
Ces cuers aloit en paradis
Per disirier et par amour;
Aimons sains Fransois.

When St. Francis was so rapt
By the love of the Holy Ghost,
His heart went into Paradise
By desire and through love;
Let us love St. Francis.

ONE can best understand the burning fire of Francis's spirit by the illumination it cast on the countenances of his companions. These men lived in bliss, in a world of adoration, worshipping Christ in His servant Francis. A story told of Brother Giles in the *Fioretti*, shows the feelings of the first disciples.

St. Louis, King of France, was on a pilgrimage to visit sanctuaries through the world, and hearing the very great fame of the holiness of Brother Giles, who had been among the first companions of St. Francis, got it into his heart at all cost to visit him personally. And therefore he went to Perugia, where Brother Giles was then living, and coming to the door of the Brother's abode with a few companions, like a poor unknown pilgrim, asked for Brother Giles with great insistence, not saying anything to the porter as to who it was that asked for him. The porter then went and said to Brother Giles that there was a pilgrim at the door who asked for him; and it was revealed to Giles's spirit by God that it was the King of France. At that on a sudden with great fervour Giles left his cell and ran to the door; and without asking anything, although they had never seen one another before, with very great devoutness down on their knees, they embraced and kissed each other with as much familiarity as if for a long time they had had a great friendship between them. And for all this neither spake a word to the other, but they stayed so in one another's arms with those marks of loving affection in silence. And after they had stayed for a long space in that way without saying a word together, they parted from one another, and St. Louis went away on his travels and Brother Giles went back to his cell. When the King was gone, a brother asked one of his fellows who it was that had been so enclasped with Brother Giles, and the other answered that it was King Louis of France, who had come to see Brother Giles. When he repeated this to the other brothers, they were much cast down that Brother Giles had not said a word to the King, and they complained to him and said: "Brother Giles, why were you so rude that, to such a King, who came from France in order to see you and to hear a good word from you, you did not say a single thing?" Brother Giles answered: "Dear brothers, do not marvel at this, that neither I to him, nor he to me, could utter a word, because as soon as we clasped one another in our arms the light of divine wisdom revealed and made manifest his heart to me and my heart to him, and so, looking into one another's hearts by this divine working, we knew what I wished to say to him and what he wished to say to me much better than if we had spoken to one another with our lips, and with much greater comfort; and if we had wished to express by voice what we felt in our hearts, owing to the defect of human speech, which cannot clearly express the mysterious secrets of God, it would rather have been a discomfort than a comfort; and so, know for sure that the King went away wonderfully comforted."

After Francis had heard the divine call to live in and yet not of the world, and had gathered his little band about him, — Bernard, Peter, Giles, Sabbatinus, John, Philip, Angelo, and others, — he felt that the time had come to receive ecclesiastical approbation. There were so many irregular movements abroad that he and his friends might well be uneasy lest they fall under a suspicion of indifference to the Church, or worse. Therefore they journeyed to Rome and asked for approval of their vows of poverty and their purpose to preach. The Bishop of Assisi introduced them to a cardinal, and the cardinal undertook to speak on their behalf to the Pope. "I have found," said he, "a most perfect man who wishes to live according to the Holy Gospel and to observe evangelical perfection in all things; I believe that by him the Lord purposes to reform the Holy Church throughout all the world." Innocent hesitated. His predecessors had approved Peter Waldo's vow of poverty; but they had refused a license for preaching, and evidently they had done well.

They had approved the order founded by Joachim, but Joachim, though a good man, a great Biblical scholar and perhaps a prophet, had not turned out very orthodox. Innocent himself had given a rule to the "Humble Men" which sanctioned poverty and preaching, and likewise a similar rule to the "Poor Catholics," for he saw that the Church must make use of weapons like those that had been so successfully used against her. But this was dangerous ground, wariness was very necessary. He tried to compromise, and suggested that Francis should join some order already established, but Francis affirmed that he had received a mission from Christ for this particular life and not for another. The Pope proceeded cautiously; an idealist himself, he saw the spiritual power in the insignificant-looking man before him and he wished to secure that power for the Church, but he also wished to run no risks. Perhaps a nobler motive governed him: "Go," he said to Francis, "and pray God to reveal to you if what you ask proceeds from His will, so that we may know the Lord's will and grant your request." It was then, according to the story, that Innocent dreamed his dream of Francis propping up the falling church. By the dream, by the friendly cardinal, or more likely by Francis's spirit, he was persuaded. "Go, Brethren," he said; "God be with you; preach repentance to all as He shall see fit to inspire you. And when Almighty God shall make you multiply in numbers and in grace, come back to us and we will entrust you with greater things." Nevertheless, the wind of the spirit could not be allowed to blow where it listed, its business was to belly out the sails of St. Peter's bark; the tonsure was imposed on the friars as a badge of ecclesiastical obedience, and a protector at the Roman Curia was assigned to them who should see that they did not stray from the strait path (1210).

In this way the Franciscan Order began, with its founder as the first minister general. From this beginning the Order rapidly spread and multiplied. Women, too, impelled by the same spirit, cut off their hair, put on the religious dress untouched by the dyer's hands, bade the world farewell, and followed the lead of St. Clare. Others still — fathers, mothers, breadwinners, high and low, whose duties kept them in the world — were swept along by the rushing enthusiasm, and banded together in the third branch of the holy Order. Not content with preaching in the cities and villages of Italy, the friars swarmed to foreign lands. Some went to France, Germany, England, Hungary, and others oversea to convert the infidels in Spain and Syria. Francis's passion inspired all the brethren. "Let us all with all our hearts, with all our souls, with all our thoughts, with all our strength, with all our mind, with all our vigour, with all our power, with all our affection, with all our bowels, with all our desires, with all our wills, love the Lord God, who has given us all His body, all His soul, all His life, and gives them still to us all every day. Let us desire nothing else, wish for nothing else, let nothing else please us or have any attraction for us, except the Creator, the Redeemer, the Saviour, the one and true God."

Success, however, brought the seeds of evil with it. It could not be otherwise. While the band was small, the brethren warmed themselves at the fire of their master's love; they were content to beg day by day their daily bread, and let to-morrow take heed for to-morrow's needs; they were free and independent. When they became numerous, when their members were reckoned by hundreds and thousands, their monasteries by scores, when they had parcelled Europe into provinces, the Order necessarily became so changed in degree as to be different in kind. The first disciples were all zeal, enthusiasm, and devotion, all imbued with their founder's spirit; but afterwards men of all kinds flocked in — shallow men moved by the crackle of their own passing emotions, worldlings and ambitious men self-forgetful for the moment only, insignificant men swept up on the great wave of hope. These later comers were ennobled during a month, two months, or perhaps three; for the moment a hush came over their trivial lives, and they breathed the air of the mountain-tops, but then the feeble zeal died down, and they became once more their common selves, frocked, tonsured and girt with cords, but with the old appetites in their bellies and their souls again set on the things of this world. Francis might have anticipated this danger, he might have seen that his rule was for a chosen few, not for the many; but, being a lover, he hoped all things and believed all things.

After Francis's death the inner history of the Order is the struggle between the enthusiasts and the worldly-minded, or, if you will, between the fanatics and the practical men. The Church did not hold her hands off. She had her traditions, she had her own long worked at and hard achieved stability, she had outlived many passionate outbursts of renunciation, she was skeptical of dreams, and looked upon the doctrine of absolute poverty as moonshine. In almost all things she had learned to temporize with the world; and, at the same time, she fully believed in herself and she was conscious of her own high aims. She saw that the Franciscan movement was a great spiritual force; and she proposed to make it serve her, for she had great need of service. Little by little she assumed control. Even in Francis's lifetime the changes in the Order began. Obviously a vast monastic order with provincial generals, with missions far and wide, needed at its head a man of administrative ability; a poet, a dreamer, a lover can inspire men with enthusiasm, but he does not know how to govern. Francis perceived this, and appointed, first, Peter of Catania, and next, the celebrated Elias of Cortona, to be acting minister general in his stead.

But a change of minister general, a more methodical administration in the affairs of the Order could not avail against the assaults of the world. The three points of attack were the three human instincts — for privileges, for learning, and for possessions. Francis himself, the Knight of Christ, rushed foremost to the defence. Once some of the brethren expressed a wish for a special privilege from the Pope to preach without episcopal license, for the bishops sometimes refused it or kept the friars idly waiting for days. Francis rebuked them with great indignation: "You, Brothers Minor, do not know the will of God and you do not let me convert the whole world according to God's will; for I wish to convert the bishops by humility towards them, and when they see our holy life and our humility towards them, they will invite you to preach and to convert the people, and they will bid them attend the preaching — better than your privileges that would lead you to vainglory. If you were free from greed, — if you induced the people to render to the Church all her dues, then the prelates would invite you to hear confession of their people — though you need not vex yourselves about that, for if the people were converted they would soon find confessors. For my part, I want this privilege from God, that I never have any privilege from man. My desire is to do reverence to all, and in obedience to our holy rule convert the whole world more by example than by words."

On another occasion, at a meeting of the chapter general at Santa Maria of the Portiuncula, where five thousand brethren were assembled, some of the scholarly and mundane friars went to Cardinal Ugolino and asked him to persuade Francis to take counsel of the learned brothers and to be guided sometimes by them, and they cited the rules of St. Benedict, St. Augustine, and St. Bernard. When the cardinal had repeated all this to Francis as a sort of admonition, Francis took him by the hand and led him to the brethren assembled in chapter, and cried out passionately by the power of the Holy

Ghost: "My brethren, my brethren, the Lord has called me to follow the way of simplicity and humility; verily He points out the way for me and for those who wish to do as I do. And therefore I don't wish you to name to me any other rule, not St. Benedict's, nor St. Augustine's, nor St. Bernard's, nor any way or manner of living except that which God in His mercy has pointed out and given to me. For God said to me that he wished me to be a new covenant in this world; and He did not wish to guide us by any knowledge except by that. But by your learning and your knowledge God will confound you, and I trust in God's ministering devils, that He will punish you by them, so that you shall return to your post in shame, willing or unwilling."

In the matter of property, too, Francis never veered from his earliest purpose. To a questioner he answered: "I tell you, brother, this both was and is my first intention and my final will (if the brethren will hearken to me), that no brother should possess aught except his frock, as the rule allows, with girdle and drawers." As for their habitation, he said: "Let them have little huts out of clay and boards, and little cells in which the brothers can pray or work for the sake of greater propriety and to avoid illness. And they shall have little churches (they must not have large churches made for the sake of preaching to the people or for any other pretext), for so there is greater humility, and it sets a better example to go to other churches to preach. Because if at any time prelates or clergy, religious or secular, come to our abodes, the poor huts, the little cells, and the small churches will preach to them, and they will be more edified by these than by any words."

And in every way Francis (unless indeed it is a negation of reason to follow the divine call to one's own worldly abasement) followed his ideal with reasonableness. Especially was he on his guard against creating a hive of drones. In the solemn clauses of his testament he says: "I used to work with my hands and I wish to continue to do so, and I want all the other brothers to work at some honourable trade. Those who have none should learn one, not for the sake of getting pay for their work, but in order to set a good example and to avoid idleness."

But in spite of his example and his efforts, in spite of his passionate exhortations, Francis saw the glorious vision, once so clear and definite, of a band of pure-hearted, high-souled, self-consecrated men, joyously working together to establish God's kingdom on earth, fade before his eyes; yet even in this he had the holy joy of sharing his master's cup: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

In the course of nature ideal hopes share the fate of transitory beauty that must die, but there is something tragic beyond ordinary measure in this poet's powerlessness to give permanence to his beautiful dream, as in the impotence of a mother to save the life of her only child. Francis yearned over his young ideal dream, but even his passion could not save it. Nevertheless Francis's boyish gayety of spirit never wholly left him; on the very day of his death, as his poor, starved, emaciated body lay on its pallet, he admitted "that he had greatly sinned against brother ass." And then, with great joy of body and mind, as his friends say, he stretched his hands towards God and said, "Welcome, Sister Death," and passed from the shipwreck of this world to God.

His true disciples maintained his cause and fought hard against the rising tide of worldliness; but perhaps they, too, were partly to blame, for they forgot the saying of their master's Master: "My kingdom is not of this world."

CHAPTER IX

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK II (1194-1250)

> Whatever in those climes he found
> Irregular in sight or sound
> Did to his mind impart
> A kindred impulse, seem'd allied
> To his own powers, and justified
> The workings of his heart.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

> Qua entro è lo secondo Federico.
>
> *Inferno*, x, 119.
>
> Here within is the Second Frederick.

In that aspect of society which the preceding chapters dwell upon, the foundation on which society stands is the Bible, and Innocent, Joachim, and Francis, priest, prophet, and saint, represent three constituent parts of it, — the Law, the Apocalypse, the Gospels, — and these three types (if I may speak generally) are severally affected each by its own part only and are blind to the others; but society at large was affected mainly by the Bible as a whole. It offered a common spiritual country, a common patriotism of the soul to all Christian men. It was the one great common possession that united the Christian world. The Bible impressed itself with authority, for it contained the truth; and truth demands not reason, not discussion, not the free play of a mind that goes round and round an hypothesis, not examination and criticism, but obedience. The Bible was the basis of Christianity; and Christianity professed to look upon life as a short stretch of road through a vale of tears with an everlasting heaven or hell at the end of it. The Bible stood over against the world; it was the witness to the divine constitution of the Church, whose sacraments alone could open the door to salvation. To the devoutly orthodox, to hermits on mountain-tops, to elderly monks in comfortable monasteries, to bishops when in the pulpit, the world swarmed with temptations. Pleasure, beauty, charm, gayety, knowledge, riches, and, above all, woman, were so many snares to catch the unwary. In short, a man's duty was to kneel before the Bible, to accept the theological explanation of the universe, to shun worldly pleasures and intellectual curiosity, to honour those by whose hands the sacraments of salvation were administered, and to render obedience to the Church.

Eternally opposed to this Christian theory is what we loosely are wont to call the epicurean or pagan conception of life. The piety of an epicurean pagan is to revel in beauty, to enjoy pleasure, to woo lovely woman, to drink from the vine-wreathed cup, to be fleet of foot, muscular and skilful in body, to pursue the threads of thought as far as the mind can reach, and to be grateful to whatever gods may be. Such paganism regards life as a glorious opportunity for happiness and intellectual adventure. In its eyes human society is not a theological affair, but an organization of mankind on the basis of force and the principles of expediency, with the object of giving the human will-to-live its fullest scope. Paganism has no sacred books; the universe is its bible, and the obedience it exacts is that men shall seek, shall explore, shall inquire. Its creed consists of the current hypotheses of science. During the nine centuries of triumphant Christianity in western Europe since Constantine had proclaimed his conversion, the pagan idea of life had gone out of fashion, it had become soiled, distorted, mutilated; but its spirit still existed, and still upheld the principle of life for life's sake. Nowhere probably did it exist in its plenitude, but here and there in patches and bits it asserted itself, and at one point or another its disciples raised their heads. Poets, bohemians, students praised wine, woman, and song,—*Ave Bacche! Ave Venus! Militemus Veneri! . . . Dum vivimus vivamus!* philosophers asserted the rights of reason; kings and princes struggled to maintain the idea of the civil administration of society. Out of all such pagan protestants, the man who in the thirteenth century most completely embodies their conception of life, is the Emperor Frederick II.

This much-admired and much-hated man made a deep impression upon his contemporaries, and even after he has been dead hundreds of years, scholars take sides for and against him with passions worthy of Guelfs and Ghibellines in their most truculent mood. In the eyes of his admirers he flies before his generation like Lucifer guiding the day; and in the eyes of his enemies he is a self-indulgent Epicurean struggling to shake off all the restraints that Christianity and civilization sought to impose upon him. His character is explained by his birth and education. He inherited the cruelty, the energy, the vigour, and the ambition of his father, Henry VI; but these qualities were neutralized and in many respects overborne by his Italian inheritance. By birth, through his mother Constance, he was a Sicilian, and by temperament he was essentially a Sicilian in the somewhat melodramatic sense which we of English traditions give to that word. He was adroit, dissembling, luxurious, self-indulgent, impetuous, passionate, and false.

At the time of his imperial coronation, 1220, Frederick was twenty-five years old. He was then a man of maturity and experience. Even at seventeen it was said of him that "the fruits of maturity had anticipated the flowers of youth." From babyhood he was bred in the midst of intrigue, treachery, and the alarms of war. From six to fourteen his boyhood was passed under the care of Sicilian prelates or in the custody of German adventurers. From the former he learned that one may be a priest, even an archbishop, and yet be double-dealing; from the latter that bluff and brutal soldiers can be as false as the most slippery priest. From both he must have learned that the usual resources of statecraft are bribery and mendacity. In matters of less moment — grammar, rhetoric, mathematics, astronomy — Frederick probably had lessons from Arabic masters.

Sicily had been for centuries a borderland between different civilizations, different religions, different races. Italians and Greeks, Romans and Carthaginians, Byzantines and Arabs, Christians and Mussulmans, Normans and Saracens, had fought, had compromised, had stamped, one after the other, their marks on the lovely island. The Saracens, during their long dominion, had not been intolerant; and the Norman conquerors coming from afar, finding contrasting opinions, contrasting customs, contrasting creeds, had been tolerant, politic, skeptical. Italians, Greeks, Arabs, and Jews lived cheek by jowl in peace. The Normans were a small military caste who imposed order, levied taxes, directed affairs, and maintained the feudal system. Within these limits they let their subjects follow their own tastes and usages, both in civil matters and religious. Greek, Latin, and Arabic were the official languages; French remained for a time the language spoken at court, while Greek and Arabic continued to be the common speech of the people side by side with the young Italian. Saracens held important civil positions; Saracen workmen were employed in the royal service; Saracen physicians and astrologers frequented the court.

In intellectual development the Arabs were superior to the Latins. They were the great students of Greek philosophy. On their conquering path through Syria and Egypt they found all philosophers deep in Aristotle, and they adopted Aristotle as the source of knowledge. They translated him from Syriac texts. Averroes, who "made the great commentary" on Aristotle, was well known to the scholars in Palermo, and learned Arabs of Cordova and Seville were in familiar intercourse with their brethren at the Norman court. Among these philosophers, discreetly concealed from the Mussulman bigots, there was much skepticism of current religious beliefs.

Some denied the resurrection of the body, some doubted the immortality of the soul, some, anticipating David Hume, maintained that the phenomena of cause and effect are merely sequences. Many thought most meanly of women; some intimated that all religion was the result of imposture. Such were the ideas that circulated among learned men with whom the precocious lad must have been on familiar terms.

The physical aspect of Palermo also played its part in Frederick's education. A sensitive, emotional, intellectual boy could not have been untouched by the prodigal beauty about him. Nature had been bountiful, and the Norman kings, especially Frederick's clever, cultivated grandfather, King Roger, had done their best to make their capital exquisite. On the curving shore, where the beautiful green garden of the Conca d'Oro, encircled by austere hills and guarded by Monte Pellegrino to the north, meets the gaudy blue of the bay, Palermo sat like a coquette, glittering and gracious, tempting all comers to stay. Travellers from Cordova and even from Bagdad, found in her everything good and beautiful to heart's desire. Within the city, castles, palaces, churches, mosques, shops, and houses, gay in oriental colours and shapes, ranged in picturesque succession; each quarter of the town showed an individual comeliness. The streets were spacious, the alleys broad; and the king's palaces, gardens, and parks, strung in long sequence, beautified the city. The decorations within the churches were unrivalled, excepting only by those of St. Mark's in Venice. Santa Maria, a

Greek church, was rich as an emperor's reliquary; its walls were lined with coloured marbles, decorated with gold, and garlanded with foliage of green mosaics. Nevertheless the Royal Chapel strove to outdo it; below and above, floor, walls, arches, vaults, pulpit, and dome, according to their several dignities, were overlaid with mosaics of marble and golden glass, with porphyry and serpentine. All sorts of colours — red, white, cream, buff, black, blue, pink, indigo, cobalt, green, and gray — blended and contrasted in soft, luxurious, loveliness. Hard-by, the cathedral of Palermo raised her noble dimensions; and yet, in spite of her magnificence, she was excelled by her sister at Monreale. Attached to these cathedrals were great monasteries and cloisters where the denizens of paradise might wander and deem themselves at home.

The city itself was all life and bustle, colour and gayety. On a fête day the ladies, cloaked in their elegant mantles of silk enriched with gold embroidery, artfully veiled, odorous with sweet perfumes, their shoes worked in gold, their finger tips rosier and eyebrows blacker than in nature, rendered the inside of the churches still more gorgeous and interesting. Fountains and springs freshened the air and greeted the thirsty. Oranges and lemons scattered their fragrance to the breeze; palm trees shook their murmurous leaves; stone pines contemplated their own solitary shadows; fruit trees and blossoming bushes decked the gardens; and outside the town, beyond the straggling suburbs, wild flowers filled the fields, and here and there bloomed

> Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
> Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
> Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
> If true, here only, and of delicious taste.

On the banks of the brooks and canals Persian cane rustled in the wind, while plump squashes dozed in the sun; and along the river Oreto the lazy mill-wheels turned. The poet said truly that Palermo was "Altera mellifluens paradisus," another Eden flowing with honey.

Frederick was essentially a child of Palermo. Precocious in body and in mind, he learned early to enjoy the grace and delicacy of oriental ways, the refinement and charm of Arabian civilization, while familiarity with Greek dissent and Moslem disbelief taught him religious tolerance and skepticism. Intimacy with a race inferior in strength and social position if superior in delicacy, whose usages concerning women were very different from those approved by the Latin Church, naturally gave him loose notions about morality of sex. The Norman court had always been censured by the austere, both Mohammedans and Christians, but the sinners were powerful and the moralists weak; and though Frederick's ecclesiastical preceptors may have attempted to teach him the professed morality of the Church, they could not change the ideas that prevailed among the fashionable nobles of Palermo. The royal palace instinctively drew back from any ascetic theory. To keep Frederick in the path of virtue they married him at fourteen to a Spanish lady, much older than he, a sister of the King of Aragon.

At seventeen he became a father; he was then already a man, old far beyond his years. By the time of his imperial coronation his experience of life had been wide and hard; he had become quite skeptical of truth, loyalty, or honesty, but he was full of youthful self-reliance, vigour, and resolution.

In person Frederick was of middle height, rather square of figure, comely of face, at least in youth, blond like all the Hohenstaufens, and he had the reddish hair so notable in his grandfather, Barbarossa. With his quick intelligence, his agreeable southern manners, and his rare personal charm, he readily attached friends to him; but, like other clever, skeptical men, he relied too much on his wits and underrated the value of character, and by his perfidy inspired his enemies with such fear, distrust, and hatred that they fought him and his sons and his sons' sons to the death.

A man of this character, independent and self-reliant by nature, bred in the borderland between opposing civilizations, accustomed from earliest boyhood to differing religions, none of which apparently exercised complete control over conduct, when seated on the imperial throne and acknowledged to be titular head over secular Christendom, could not possibly live at peace with an ecclesiastico-political corporation, which was built upon the sacred books of the Jews, and claimed supremacy even in secular affairs. A clash between the two was inevitable. At what time and under what circumstances would be a matter of accident.

When Frederick in 1212 went upon his adventurous expedition across the Alps to oust the Guelf Otto from the throne of Germany, he needed Innocent's help, and promised with alacrity everything that Innocent asked. He avowed that he owed life and land to the Papacy, acknowledged papal suzerainty over the Sicilian kingdom and papal sovereignty over the provinces of central Italy, swore to keep the Empire and his southern kingdom separate, agreed to do the Pope's bidding with regard to the Lombard League, and finally assumed the cross. All his life long he was enmeshed in this web of vows of his own spinning. The immediate cause of the rupture between him and the Papacy was the promised crusade. Throughout the German campaigns Frederick had the full support of the Papacy, and when the war was over and Germany pacified, he received the imperial crown from Honorius, Innocent's successor. The Papacy had paid the consideration, it had amply fulfilled its side of the bargain, and now demanded that Frederick should fulfil his. According to the usages among honest men, the Papacy was clearly within its right. It was irrelevant to the matter in hand whether the Papacy was governed by religious motives or whether it was thinking of the advantages that would accrue from a crusade, or merely calculating that it would be well to let the Emperor spend his money and strength across the seas remote from what might be a dangerous proximity to the papal provinces. A bargain is a bargain.

All the world was agreed that it was Frederick's duty to go on a crusade. The troubadour Elia

Cairel expressed the general sentiment when he wrote: —

Emperaire Frederic, ieu vos man,
que de son dan faire s'es entremes
vassals, quand a a son seignor promes
so, don li faill a la besoigna gran;
per qu'ieu chantan — vos voill pregar e dir
que passetz lai on Ihesus volc morir,
e noill siatz a cest besoing bauzaire.

Emperor Frederick, I tell you,
That a vassal is busy at work on his own harm,
When he has made a promise to his lord
And does not keep it when the need is great;
Wherefore I sing — I wish to beg you and to say
That you cross thither where Jesus willed to die,
And do not prove false to this need.

Frederick first assumed the cross in 1215; other crusaders went, but he did not go. He promised, procrastinated, and postponed, he alleged reasons, pretexts, excuses, — he was making ready, he was nearly prepared, his ships were laying in provisions, his soldiers buckling on their belts and whetting their swords, he was on the brink of starting, — but this, that, and the other thing, to his vexation, consternation, and despair, barred his way, like an abyss. From 1215 to 1220 he busied himself with establishing his authority in Germany; from 1220 to 1227 he was engaged in doing the same thing in Sicily. It was true that the cause of civil government stood in great need of Frederick's presence. In Germany there was the Guelf faction to be put down, malcontents to be appeased, partisans to be rewarded; in Sicily there were Moslem revolts to be crushed, defiant barons to be reduced to obedience, and rebellious cities to be brought under the royal rule. But the fact remained that during all these years Frederick was occupied about his own affairs and neglected the cause of God and the Church.

The gentle Honorius was a man of peace, and contented himself with exhortations, prayers, scoldings, and menaces; to which Frederick continued to reply — *os ingentia loquens* — in his flowery Sicilian fashion: "The sepulchre of Our Lord is in the hands of Infidels! Oh, horrible wickedness, oh, piteous spectacle! Touched to the heart by grief and shame, day and night we think of speedy succour and we are preparing right royally the ships and galleys that the crusade needs." At last, moved by a sense that public opinion was beginning to run against him and by knowledge that the dissensions among the Saracens would smooth his path, he had an interview at San Germano in July, 1225, with ambassadors from the Pope, and, sealing the treaty with his golden seal, pledged himself to sail in August, 1227, under penalty of calling down upon himself and upon his realm the ban of the Church. And as he was now a widower, his first wife having died three years before, in earnest of his bargain he married Iolande, titular queen of Jerusalem, a daughter of the doughty French soldier of fortune, John of Brienne, and assumed the crown and royal title.

CHAPTER X

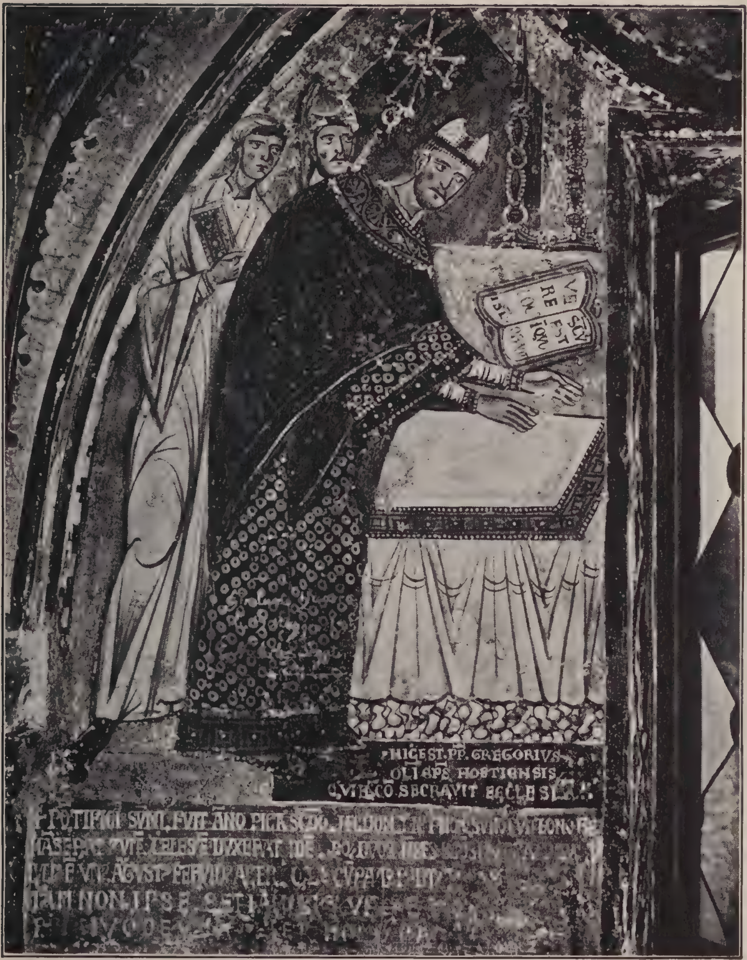
GREGORY IX AND FREDERICK II (1227–1230)

Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. — *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, Sc. 1.

The gentle Honorius died, an infirm old man, in March, 1227. Clouds were rolling up thick on the horizon, and it was evident that St. Peter's bark must take on a new pilot without wasting a moment. The very next day the cardinals elected Ugolino, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, a near relation to Innocent III, and gave him the pontifical title of Gregory IX.

Ugolino had been elevated to the cardinalate by Innocent, and had long held important positions in the Curia. He had conducted delicate diplomatic missions to the German adventurers "of damnable memory" in Apulia, and had won a high reputation for personal bravery. For eighteen years he had been accustomed to Innocent's bold, dictatorial, far-reaching policy; he had been used to see Rome exalt and depose emperors and kings as well as meaner men, and he chafed sorely under the timid, peace-loving gentleness of Honorius. His biographer says that he was a "dignified, handsome man, of keen mind and tenacious memory, learned in the liberal arts as well as in civil and canon law, and endowed with a copious, Ciceronian eloquence, a zealot for the Faith, a school of virtue, a lover of chastity, and an example of holiness." Honorius said of him that he "was set up by God's hand in the Church's garden like a cedar of Lebanon, upright with the height of contemplation, sweet with the fragrance of virtue, sound with the sincerity of honesty, and that he not only held up by his strength the house of God but also beautified its outside by the purity of his good repute." Frederick, also, had paid him compliments in earlier days when he was appointed papal legate in Lombardy: "Let the Roman Church rejoice," he said, "let us rejoice, because a man of honour, true-sighted in religion, pure in life, most eloquent, endowed with virtues and with learning, has been appointed."

Gregory was primarily a statesman, a man of affairs, and though a devout man did not disdain methods purely political. That could not have been otherwise, for the Roman Curia was not the chapter of a rural cathedral; the cardinals were not free to wander in a bird-haunted garden, to listen to the bells calling to matins and vespers, or to discuss the controversy between St. Bernard and Abelard; they had to transact the business of Christendom. Pious people like Jacques of Vitry, who visited the Roman Curia, were scandalized: "he found many things that went against his soul, for the cardinals were occupied with business and the affairs of this world, with kings and kingdoms, with law-suits and quarrels, to such a degree that they scarce suffered anything to be said about spiritual matters." Yet these same cardinals had religious feelings; they had a great respect for men of true religion. Gregory, in a special way,


HIC EST PP. GREGORIVS
OLI EPS HOSTIENSIS
QVI HOC SACRAVIT ECCLESIAM

Alinari, phot.

GREGORY IX
Sacro Speco, Subiaco

reverenced Francis; on the death of Cardinal Colonna, the first protector of the Order, he took the vacant place, and became a very father to the brethren, especially to Francis, who was young enough to be his son. He used to urge Francis to take care of himself: "Brother, you do wrong not to take better care of yourself, for your life and your health are very useful to the brethren, as well as to others and the whole Church. When your brethren are sick you have pity on them, and you are always kind and tender to them, so you ought not to be cruel to yourself in your own great need. I therefore command you to get yourself taken care of and looked after." It was Gregory who canonized Francis and bade Thomas of Celano write his life; and he even thought of entering the Order. For Clare, the first of the Franciscan sisters, he entertained sentiments of tenderness, reverence, and affection. In his troubles he turned to her for comfort: "Such bitterness of heart" (he writes to her), "such tears, such immense sorrow has come upon me that if I could not find the consolation of worship at the feet of Jesus my spirit would fail and my soul melt away." Nevertheless, in spite of his admiration for sanctity and unworldliness, Gregory was at heart a proud prelate; and a long life had not cooled his courage or lowered his pride. His pulse beat as quick, his anger flashed as fierce, as if he had lived all his life in the saddle with harness on his back.

At the opening of his pontificate Gregory found the political situation very unsatisfactory. Under Honorius's feeble management the towering fabric of papal power had weakened and disintegrated. The Emperor, and not the Pope, was now the central figure in European politics, and he was assuming more and more the domineering policy of his father, Henry; more and more he was encroaching on the rights of the Church, more and more ominous were his actions. At every point of contact between the ecclesiastical and imperial systems, the Pope felt a pressure full of menace. The two heirs of Imperial Rome, the two claimants for the primacy over Europe, stood face to face, like two fencers with crossed swords, each feeling the other's guard and trying to divine and anticipate the other's meditated thrust.

The main matter that confronted Gregory on his accession was the crusade. For that Innocent had planned and prayed; for that Honorius had spent years of pious and inefficient labour; for that Gregory himself had preached and exhorted. The crusade now depended wholly on Frederick. The expeditions to Syria and Damietta (1217–1221) had been failures because Frederick had not gone in person; and another attempt without his personal presence would have been madness. Frederick's tongue had robbed the Hybla bees of their sweetest honey, but his actions were extremely suspicious. His delays had put the Church in a worse and worse position, and himself in a better and better. Before his imperial coronation he had delayed for three years and had seated himself firmly on his German throne; after the coronation he had delayed over five years and had made himself absolute monarch in his Sicilian kingdom. From smooth and sugared speech, flowery as the meadows round Palermo, he had changed to a saucy demeanour and acts of insolence. In other matters, too, besides the crusade, he had shown hostility to the Church.

Of these matters one was the investiture of bishops in the kingdom of Sicily. Frederick had sworn to install all bishops canonically elected; but he violated this oath in the case of a half-dozen sees. He had sworn that the clergy should not be taxed; and now he levied taxes or exacted forced loans. He had confirmed the Pope's title to the papal provinces of central Italy, nevertheless, in the duchy of Spoleto he was, to say the least, oblivious of his covenant: he continued to call the German pretender to the duchy by the ducal title, and treated his family with marked consideration. In the march of Ancona he demanded military service; and, finally, in Viterbo, within St. Peter's Patrimony, barely a day's ride from the Lateran Palace, he commanded the commune to furnish knights, equipped and on horseback, to attend him. In these papal territories the Emperor had, perhaps, the imperial right to demand provisions for his troops on the march, but he had no further rights. If he were to continue to extend his exercise of sovereign prerogatives, who could say whether he would stop short of absolute dominion?

Of still more ominous significance was the practical union of the Empire and the kingdom of Sicily. The Papacy felt itself ringed round by levelled spears. Frederick had pledged himself to keep the two separate and apart; he had sworn that on receiving the imperial diadem he would resign the

Sicilian crown to his eldest son, Henry. But upon inauguration to the imperial office he not only did not resign the Sicilian crown, but by vote of the German princes he secured for that son the inheritance to the Empire. When the Pope protested, Frederick replied that the election to the imperial succession had taken place "while we were absent and ignorant of what was going on." He was not, it is true, present at the moment of the election, but he had expressed his wishes beforehand, he had convoked the diet that elected Henry, and he rewarded the princes who voted for Henry. His protestation of ignorance was flimsy to the point of insolence.

One other important matter further strained the relations between the two potentates. The Roman Curia was not an easy gull; on the contrary, it was prone to err on the side of over-ready suspiciousness. It suspected Frederick's ambition. Gregory and the older cardinals well remembered the fears excited by the Emperor Henry thirty years before; and Frederick certainly seemed, at least to suspicious eyes, to be treading in his father's footsteps. He was master in Germany, he was master in Sicily; if he were to be master in Lombardy, too, the Papacy would be lost, and, therefore, the churchmen in Rome were always vigilant to mark any possible menace to Lombardy. At first Frederick had refrained from touching the very delicate matter of the relations of the Lombard cities to the Empire. But immediately after the agreement with Honorius in 1225, in which he had muzzled the Church by his promise that he would start upon the crusade at the end of two years, he published a summons throughout the Empire to attend an imperial diet at Cremona in March, 1226, for the purpose (so it was said) of considering ways and means for the crusade.

This convocation of an imperial diet at Cremona was a clever move. To all outward appearances the Emperor was but doing his bounden duty. The Lombard cities had no right to protest, because Lombardy was indisputably a province of the Empire, and the crusade was a matter of public and universal concern. Nor could the Papacy protest with decency, for the Papacy was continually urging the Emperor to make ready for the crusade. Nor could any one object to the selection of Cremona as the meeting-place, although Cremona was the most passionately imperial city in Lombardy (not even excepting Pavia), because the city was most conveniently situated, midway between Germany and Sicily. Nevertheless, the anti-imperial cities did not hesitate to put themselves nominally in the wrong, because it was clear to the blindest that, underneath this fair show of preparation to carry out his crusading vow, Frederick was stretching out his hands to lay hold of Lombardy. Milan, Piacenza, Brescia, Mantua, Verona, Bologna, and their fellows pledged themselves to mutual defence, and renewed in its essential character the old Lombard League that fifty years before had withstood and vanquished Frederick Barbarossa. The confederate cities adopted a bold and rebellious plan; they seized and fortified the narrow Alpine valleys north of Verona, near the Brenner Pass, through which the high-road to Germany led, and refused to let Prince Henry, the imperial heir, and his attendant German barons and prelates, proceed upon their way to Cremona. This rebellious act prevented Germany, the main member of the imperial union, from taking part in the diet. Some skirmishes followed; acts of wanton violence were committed; and angry passions on both sides seemed to threaten civil war. The Emperor raged, but he could do nothing; he put the rebellious cities under the ban of the Empire, and the maimed and impotent diet broke up.

The League had gained its end; the Emperor had been foiled in his project, he might lay his ban, but he could not enforce it. There was nothing for him to do but go home and plot revenge as best he might. He went home and devised a crafty stroke. He submitted his quarrel with the Lombards to the arbitration of the Pope and cardinals. It was familiar history that Barbarossa's defeat was due to the alliance between the Papacy and the Lombard League, and here Frederick thought he saw a way to start a rift in that alliance. By papal authority (granted indeed merely for use against the malevolent generally, and before the confederate cities had committed any rebellious act), the bishops attendant upon Frederick at the diet had excommunicated the Lombard League. That excommunication necessarily involved a condemnation of their conduct; and, indeed, no one could deny that the League had committed an overt act of rebellion. If the Pope acted as arbitrator, he would be morally obliged to give judgment in Frederick's favour, and thereby endanger his friendly relations with the Lombards; if he refused to act, he abdicated the high office of universal mediator which the popes had always loudly claimed as theirs, and cut himself off from the privilege of intermeddling in international affairs. The craftiness of the offer of arbitration was enhanced because the Lombard League was constrained to accept the Pope as arbitrator; he was the proper international judge, he had always been their friend, and they could not repudiate him now.

The Roman Curia was on its guard, it saw the predicament into which Frederick wished to put it, and rose to the occasion. Honorius refused to act. Frederick was persistent and urged him again. But by that simple move the Pope's position had been materially strengthened. He had refused to act (all men would agree), in order to avoid the possible criticism that he could not be an impartial arbitrator. Now the duty was forced upon him; and Frederick would be estopped by his own act from disputing the justice of the award whatever it might be. Honorius accepted the office, and rendered a decision singularly like that of the arbitrator in La Fontaine's fable, who gave a shell of the disputed oyster to each of the two litigants and swallowed the oyster himself. Both sides should put away all ill-will, grant full pardon, release prisoners and restore captured property; the cities of the League should revoke all laws against the Church or to the detriment of ecclesiastical liberties; they should swear to observe the decrees of the Lateran Council; they should establish and enforce statutes against heretics; and they should, at their own cost, provide and maintain four hundred knights for the Emperor's service upon the coming crusade during a period of two years, but these four hundred knights should be under the protection of the Apostolic See. The full significance of this last phrase appears in the sequel.

Frederick thus came out of his first tentative exercise of imperial authority in Lombardy balked and outwitted. The Lombards had renewed their league and had learned their strength. The Papacy had behaved with propriety; it had authorized the excommunication of the Lombards when they appeared as a hindrance to the crusade (but in so general a way as to give them no ground of offence); and in deciding the quarrel between them and the Emperor it had adjudged everything in its own favour. Frederick had been forced to take the position that his expedition to Lombardy had been solely for the benefit of the crusade; and now that he had the promise of four hundred knights he could not but admit that he had got just what he wanted, and he had no excuse left for not going on the crusade. Everything indicates that at this point Frederick felt that he must go on the crusade or lose authority at home and prestige abroad. Such was the political situation when Gregory ascended St. Peter's chair.

And the political situation was only a part of a greater complexity, in which moral factors made the most dangerous element; behind the inherent incompatibility of Papacy and Empire, behind their respective ambitions, lay the absolute contradiction of the ideas for which the two men stood. Under the most favourable circumstances, a gaunt, ascetic, religious, spiritual-minded priest, like Gregory, and a skeptical, intellectual man of the world, of refined tastes and gross appetites, like Frederick, could not understand one another; and as the two were enthroned as chieftains of opposing conceptions of society and both were covetous of the debatable future, they faced each other as rival warders do on hostile borders. Their respective partisans were as furious as they. The poets and wits at Frederick's court assailed the Church with lampoons and epigrams, they scribbled scurrilous prose and verse against priests and monks, high and low. Pier della Vigna, a judge, a diplomat, and a poet, was not ashamed to write a long jingle of angry denunciation to gratify his royal master: —

Est abominabilis prælatorum vita
quibus est cor felleum linguaque mellita;
dulce canit fistula eorum, et ita
propinant ypomenis, miscent aconita.

The life of holy prelates is abominably funny,
Their hearts are full of venom while their tongues are
dropping honey;
They pipe a pretty melody, and so approach discreetly,
And offer you a cordial, mixed with poison, very sweetly.

The translation is about as good as the original; the only stab that the poet has omitted is to attribute his Latin to the teachings of the clergy. And even in these abominable verses, Pier della Vigna admits that Gregory is a good, holy, apostolic man.

No such concessions to Frederick's character were made by the Church party; between fact and fancy they depict a figure to be shuddered at. Followers of Joachim crossed themselves and prayed to be saved from Antichrist. Part of this Frederick brought upon himself, for he snapped his fingers in the face of respectable Christendom. He kept a harem, "amator amplexorum." Even on his military campaigns a band of pretty women accompanied him in palanquins. They were guarded by eunuchs, and their wardrobes were taken care of by Saracen officials. Other customs, innocent in themselves, but damnable because of their origin, he got from his Arabian education. He had a menagerie of wild beasts, lions, leopards, panthers, and such. He made use of camels and dromedaries as beasts of burden. He possessed an elephant given him by the Soldan of Egypt. Dancing-girls were installed at his court. At an entertainment he gave in honour of the Earl of Cornwall, two young Saracen girls of great beauty, balancing upon large, round globes, rolled them in every direction, clapping their hands and singing the while, taking postures like our ballet dancers, and beating cymbals in a duet, one girl striking the cymbal that the other held, or playing castanets, and whirling about with amazing agility. Here was matter to keep monastic gossip busy for a year. He kept Saracen troops in his pay; he liked them because they were out of reach of excommunication. He had ambassadors from the Soldan to dinner, and invited the Sicilian bishops to meet them. He employed Arabian physicians, and by their advice for long periods of time he would eat only one meal a day, but he ate that meal without regard to Lent or fast days, and he took a bath every day, not excepting Sundays: "From this [the Roman priests said] it is plain that he holds at naught the commands of God and the sacraments of the Church." He used to search the Scriptures for passages such as Psalm XLIX, 12, *Man is like the beasts that perish,* to show that the soul does not survive the body; and he would threaten to bring the Church to a state of apostolic poverty, so that pope and cardinals should be beggars and go on foot.

Worse even than his licentiousness and heathenish ways were his blasphemies: "If the God of the Jews had seen my Sicily he would not have chosen this beggarly Palestine for his kingdom, . . . Only fools believe that the God who created nature and all things was born of a virgin; nobody can be born except by conception preceded by the union of man and woman; . . . no man ought to believe anything except what he can prove by natural reason; . . . There have been three impostors who sought to gain power over their fellows by religion, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed, and one of them was hanged"; and of the viaticum, "When will this tomfoolery stop?" Such stories, whether true or false, had much to give them colour, and in the time of the death grapple with the Church did Frederick more hurt than the defection of ten thousand men.

The second day after his consecration, Gregory wrote to Frederick bidding him, with "a pure heart and faith unfeigned," make ready for the crusade, and a week later wrote a second letter; and again, as the date fixed by Frederick's pledge drew near, he wrote a third time, in a style that showed great familiarity with the Apocalypse, and exhorted him to a life of aspiration and virtue. The Emperor showed every outward mark of obedience. He gathered together ships, provisions, and troops at Brindisi. He took advantage of the papal insistence to include the clergy in a new tax levy, and then went to Brindisi himself. The crusaders, principally Germans, had already assembled. It was a motley company, there was lack of organization, and, in consequence, delay. Owing to great heat, bad air, and ignorance of sanitary measures, disease broke out, and many fell ill and died. At last, however, the army set sail, and a little later, on September 8, the Emperor himself. He had sailed, however, barely fifty miles, when he shifted his course, and put into the harbour of Otranto, and there disembarked.

News of the Emperor's defection spread from Syria to England, carrying dismay. On the Syrian coast most of the crusaders hurried back aboard the ships on which they had just come and sailed for Europe. In England men shook their heads, and reminded one another how, on the night of St. John Baptist's Nativity, the Crucified God had shown himself in the heavens; how they had seen his body stretched upon a shining cross, spattered with blood and marked with the thrust of the lance and the print of the nails. At the time they had judged it a sign that God was propitiated by the devotion of His people, now they perceived it bore witness against the Emperor for the insult he had done to God.

The Pope was at Anagni when the news came.

Fourscore years could not stay his sudden wrath. He waited neither for explanation nor excuse. He was no graven image, like the marble lions of the episcopal chair in the cathedral, that showed their fangs but could not use them; with alert step he mounted the pulpit and cursed Frederick with the curse of the Church. It was a grave moment for Christendom; its two heads, to whom were committed the care of bodies and the care of souls, were avowed enemies. Both sides appealed to Europe, sending letters to kings and princes. Gregory recounted Frederick's repeated promises and his repeated delays, his solemn oath at San Germano and the excommunication which he had invoked on his head in case of the breach of a single item in his promised performance, and then the make-believe start at Brindisi; "How [shrieked the excited priest] — his promises mocked, the ties that bound him broken, the fear of God trodden under foot, the reverence due Jesus Christ despised, ecclesiastical censures flouted, the Christian army abandoned, the devotion of Christendom flung away, the Holy Land thrown back to infidels — to his own shame and the shame of Christianity, he had gone back, lured and charmed, to the wonted delights of his kingdom, trying to palliate, I am told, the abjectness of his heart by frivolous excuses."

Frederick answered by a long defence of his conduct. He went into elaborate explanations of the alleged breach of his San Germano oath; he had kept, he said, his promises at all points; he had started from Brindisi in good faith and had put back into the harbour of Otranto for this reason only, that he was very ill, and his nobles, as well as the pilgrims who had just returned from the East, had advised him, in view of the serious calamity his death would be, not to run the risk. He asserted that he had never abandoned his purpose of going on the crusade, and that he should start in the following May.

Frederick perceived, however, that the narrow issue between him and the Pope, as to whether he had kept his San Germano oath, was badly framed for him. The Pope had chosen the issue on which to make his attack and he had chosen shrewdly. On that issue Frederick was not only on the defensive, but also he was in the wrong on his own showing, as all the world could see. He had not kept the letter of his oath; he stood in the predicament of having invoked the ban of excommunication on his own head. So he boldly dropped the petty question of that particular issue and proclaimed that the real issue between the Pope and him was between secular and ecclesiastical dominion. Was the Church or was she not to be the universal mistress? No sentimental pity concerning the Holy Land, no dissatisfaction over ecclesiastical affairs in Sicily and Apulia, no question of usurped jurisdiction in Romagna or St. Peter's Patrimony, set the two powers at odds (he said), but the fundamental question whether the civilization of Europe should stand on a secular or an ecclesiastical base. If Frederick had kept his temper, he would have done better, for all the sovereigns in Christendom were jealous of the Papal pretensions;

but he fell into a mighty passion, hot-blooded Sicilian that he was, and attacked the Roman Church bitterly. He charged her with greed, usury, simony, and hypocrisy. He said that her speech was smoother than oil, sweeter than honey, but that she was a bloodsucker. The Curia was the root and origin of all evil; the Roman prelates were wolves in sheep's clothing. He bade all kings and princes be on their guard against the avarice and wickedness of the Church. In order, however, to get his case fairly before the public opinion of Europe on the broad issue of civil or ecclesiastical sovereignty, and to escape the narrow issue on which he was sure to be condemned, it was absolutely necessary to go on the crusade. Only by so doing would it be possible to deprive the Papacy of its vantage-ground. He, therefore, sailed for Acre in June, 1228.

Frederick was above all things a politician. All his actions as a crusader were determined by policy. He thought no better of Christianity than of Mohammedanism, if as well; and on the whole preferred the Arab civilization to the Latin. He never had any intention of fighting his way to Jerusalem. A knight-errant like Richard Cœur de Lion, or a saint like Louis IX, might follow mad fantasies if they chose; but Frederick conducted his expedition solely with reference to his fortunes in Europe. He regarded the pilgrims to Jerusalem as fools (the Mohammedans reported that he spoke of them as pigs), and he did not propose to play the fool himself for their sakes. He recognized that the public sentiment in Europe required the head of the Holy Roman

Empire to go on a crusade, and so, under the political exigencies of his situation, he had assumed the cross; but he meant to go at a happy juncture when his affairs at home were in a favourable condition and when affairs in Syria were such that Jerusalem could be won by diplomacy. Frederick did not propose to go to war with his friends for the sake of his enemies.

Some thirty years before, on the death of the great Soldan Saladin, the hero of Walter Scott's *Talisman*, the Saracen Empire had split in pieces, and now, as was to be expected, the states of Cairo, Damascus, and Aleppo were at hostilities. Al Malik al Kámil, the Soldan of Cairo, or, as the Christians called him, the Soldan of Babylon, had marched into Syria and taken possession of Jerusalem, which was a part of the dominions of the Soldan of Damascus. Wishing to strengthen himself, he made overtures to Frederick, and invited him to come to Syria, offering under certain conditions to cede Jerusalem. It was doubtless for some such opportunity that Frederick had been waiting. Now it had come. Diplomacy, as he had hoped, was going to accomplish his ends. Under these circumstances a large army would have been a detriment, as it would have aroused the Soldan's suspicions. So he took but a scanty force with him.

On his arrival in Syria he found the Church party bent on thwarting him. Franciscan friars, the Knights of the Temple, the Knights of St. John, the clergy, and finally the Patriarch of Jerusalem, all opposed him. Frederick, however, kept on excellent terms with the Soldan and the two arranged matters between them. Frederick's shrewdness, his suavity, his care not to offend Mohammedan sensibilities, aided by the pressing political needs of the Soldan, smoothed the way for a treaty of peace. The Soldan was in a situation somewhat analogous to Frederick's; he had to face a bigoted party among the Saracens which was opposed to any treaty with the Christians and especially to the surrender of Jerusalem, a holy city, second only in their eyes to Mecca; and he, too, was denounced and reviled for friendship with infidel dogs. Sailing in the same boat the two came speedily to terms. The Soldan ceded Jerusalem (but with the reservation of free access for Mohammedans to the Temple, known to them as the Mosque of Omar), Nazareth, Bethlehem, and sundry villages along the route from Jerusalem to the sea, for a period of ten years. The Emperor thereupon hastily entered Jerusalem, clapped the crown on his own head, turned round, and hurried back to Italy.

Frederick had accomplished his purpose; and he had done so in the teeth of clerical opposition. The Church had condemned him at every step: she had denounced his going upon a crusade while he was under the ban of excommunication, she had denounced his friendship with the Soldan, she had denounced him for leaving the Temple open to Mohammedans, she had denounced any treaty with the infidels. Nevertheless, he had redeemed his promise, he had delivered Jerusalem, and he had shifted the issue between him and the Papacy from the petty question of an unperformed vow to the broad question of secular or clerical domination.

Meanwhile, in Italy matters were getting far beyond denunciation. Immediately after his excommunication the Emperor vented his anger in revengeful acts. He levied taxes on the clergy of his kingdom. He intrigued with Roman nobles, so that at their instigation the mob insulted the Pope in St. Peter's and drove him out of Rome. He revoked his grants confirming to the Papacy the Italian provinces, which not only he but also Otto IV, Charlemagne, and Pippin had granted, and reclaimed them for the Empire. He appointed the pretender to the duchy of Spoleto his imperial vicar during his absence; and this vicar led an army of invasion into the March of Ancona. The Pope retaliated to the best of his power. He forbade the Sicilian clergy to pay taxes; he excommunicated the imperial invaders; he preached a crusade against the enemies of religion, collected money from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Spain, obtained troops from Lombardy, including, according to Frederick, the four hundred knights adjudged by Honorius to go on the crusade, and sent an army under John of Brienne, the Emperor's father-in-law, across the Neapolitan border.

The Emperor's return arrested at once the tide of papal success. His army of crusaders from the Holy Land, with a Saracen contingent from The Kingdom, easily drove back the papal troops and reconquered the invaded districts. Nevertheless Frederick did not wish to carry the war further. Such a war was certain to find no favour in the eyes of Europe. He was the aggressor, his partisans had invaded papal territory; and though he denied that he had given them authority, appearances were against him. The Pope was a very old man and would not live long, and a new pope could not be more inimical and might well be more friendly. More than all, Frederick knew that before he came to a decisive struggle with the Papacy he must reduce Lombardy to obedience. Lombardy was the key to the situation; whichever side could control the riches and fortunes of Lombardy would conquer. The Pope, too, had good reasons for not continuing the war. Hostilities against a crusader, begun while he was away in Syria for the liberation of Jerusalem, seemed irreconcilable with such a text as, "I say unto you, love your enemies." Besides, the war was horribly expensive; Rome was disloyal; and the Emperor's army was better than his. So peace was made in the summer of 1230. The Pope readmitted Frederick to communion with the Church, and all his men, except such as had invaded papal territory. That was an unpardonable sin. Frederick, on his part, swore to give satisfaction to the Church, to forgive the Lombards, to restore confiscated property, to recall banished prelates, to levy no taxes on the clergy, and to let alone ecclesiastical elections. In fact, Frederick practically accepted the Pope's conditions. Such a treaty shows the power of the Church. A pope with the ecclesiastical organization of Europe at his back was a dangerous enemy. He could levy taxes from Rome to Edinburgh, from Lisbon to Prague; he could send out a swarm of friars to dissolve the ties of allegiance, to bribe friends, to suborn traitors, to stir up old enmities. Few clerks and no monks could be trusted. The lessons of Barbarossa and of Henry IV were not lost on Frederick; he would not enter on a death grapple until he should first be master of Lombardy.

CHAPTER XI

PROVENÇAL POETRY IN ITALY

Quoy qu'on tient belles langagières,
Florentines, Veniciennes,
Assez pour estre messaigières,
Et mesmement les anciennes;
Mais, soient Lombardes, Rommaines,
Genevoises, à mes perilz,
Piemontoises, Savoysiennes,
Il n'est bon bec que de Paris.

François Villon.

Although one speaks fine languages,
Florentine, Venetian,
Enough to be ambassador,
And Latin, too, and Grecian;
But be it Lombard or of Rome,
Genevan (so hold me in derision)
Or Piedmontese or Savoyard,
There 's nothing like Parisian.

Peace with the Pope left Frederick free to busy himself with the civil affairs of his kingdom, and gives us leisure to turn from politics and the alarms of war to our real concern, to the first dawn of that new life of the Italian spirit which in its maturity filled Europe with its glory and still draws all the world to Italy. Frederick's court was the home, or rather the hostelry, of this new spirit, the candlestick on which the night-dispelling candle first was set. While the Roman Curia held that all thought not based upon the Bible was hurtful or superfluous, and St. Francis condemned all learning on the ground that it leads men away from God and salvation, Frederick and his courtiers cultivated the state of mind necessary to catch the intellectual sparks that flew upward at Toledo and Cordova and in the sunny châteaux from Avignon to Carcassonne, as Achates, when the Trojan band was shipwrecked on the Libyan shore, caught in tinder the sparks struck from the flint and fed the nascent flame with leaves and twigs till a camp-fire warmed their wet and weary limbs, —

> Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
> Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.

The intellectual influences that came to Italy — I speak of those that have no direct concern with theology or law — were of two sorts: one, the love of philosophy and science, came from the Moors and Arabs, the other, the love of poetry, from Languedoc and Provence. Up to this time the Arabs had been superior to the Christians in civilization. At Cordova a number of enlightened princes had encouraged astronomy, mathematics, medicine, and philosophy; but orthodoxy among the Mussulmans as well as among the Christians was opposed to freedom of thought, and Averroës was the last of the distinguished scholars of Cordova. He died in the year of Innocent's accession to the Papacy. The fanatics, conscious perhaps of a need of sterner qualities in the struggle of Islam with Christendom, quenched the light. In Egypt, as well, Frederick's friend the Soldan Malik al Kámil, was a patron of learning and poetry; but in Egypt, also, the invasions and menaces of the Christians were ruinous to culture. East and west, storms and darkness lowered.

At this juncture Frederick stepped forward and grasped the torch which the soldans and emirs, spent runners, had carried as far as they could. He, as the Mohammedans perceived, was "a man of acute intelligence, and of learning, fond of philosophy, logic, and medicine, who (so sympathetic did they find him) professed Christianity as a blind." Certainly in his tastes for things intellectual he resembled these Mohammedan princes more than he did Henry III of England or St. Louis of France. He knew Italian, French, German, Latin, Greek, and Arabic; he could write, and he was interested in everything. Even his enemies acknowledged his native wit and rare intellect. Naturally he welcomed scholars, whether Arabs, Moors, or Jews, to his court. He had a special liking for philosophy and metaphysics; and these foreign scholars were the only men with whom free discussion was possible.

A set of questions which he propounded to an Arabic scholar, Ibn Sab'in, has come down to us: "Aristotle states the existence of the world *ab eterno*, what are his arguments? What is the goal of theology; and what preliminary sciences are necessary? Supposing that the soul is immortal, what evidence is there of its immortality?" It appears from a Mohammedan source that Frederick himself accepted the hypothesis, approved by Aristotle, that the world had always existed, that there never had been a creation; and the Christians said that he denied the immortality of the soul. He undoubtedly believed in astrology, and perhaps he took an interest in occult sciences. In those days such interests spoke the free play of the mind. For a time he had Michael Scott at his court. This mysterious personage had acquired at Toledo a reputation for scholarship by translating Aristotle; but rumour asserted that "of a truth he knew the trick of necromantic frauds" and his fame as a wizard so outdid his fame as a scholar that he found his way to a lower depth of Dante's hell than his imperial patron.

The torch of free thought, however, was doomed to be quenched for a time; but the torch of poetry was passed on, and, the winds of heaven favouring, kindled the fire of Italian poetry. There were, unfortunately, reasons enough why speculative thought that came from a hostile civilization should be rejected; but, fortunately, there were also prevailing reasons why one southern land should teach a neighbour its first lessons in poetry, why one Romance tongue should hand on to a sister her stock of forms, her ways of saying pretty things. And so it was that the spirit and form of Provençal poetry passed on to Frederick's court.

Provençal is the generic name given to the dialects (for these were several) spoken in southeastern France and in the adjacent country south of the Pyrenees. The language was derived very directly from Latin, and differed markedly at many points from French. It was the "langue d'oc," in distinction to the "langue d'oïl" of northern France and to the "lingua di si" of Italy. Its poetical literature had begun several generations before, and by the beginning of the thirteenth century was the most considerable in Europe. It had attained so high an excellence and was so abundant that there was enough at home and to spare; and full of youth and health, it went abroad to try its fortune in another land.

Ever since the days of Julius Cæsar, Provence and Languedoc had been in close relations with Lombardy and Liguria. Vessels plied between Marseilles and Genoa; sturdy traffickers crossed the Alpine passes or skirted the gulf by way of the *riviera.* Italian merchants and money-dealers frequented the cities of southern France; usurers passed between Asti, Turin, and Cahors; ecclesiastics and monks went to and fro. Where traders and bales could go, poetry could go, too. The names of famous troubadours became household words in Lombardy. Even in Dante's time they were freshly remembered: Bertran de Born, Folquet of Marseilles, Arnaut Daniel, Giraut de Bornehl. Bertran de Born, lover of war and singer of martial songs, by malicious instigation stirred up the quarrel between Henry II of England and his eldest son, — "Ahitophel did not do more between Absalom and David," — and so in the infernal pit of the sowers of discord his headless trunk swings his head at arm's length like a lantern. Folquet, at first an over-amorous boy, abandoned his rhymes and his lady-loves to become a monk, a bishop, and a leader of the crusade against the Albigensian heretics; and at last in Paradise (such different fates befell these poets) "shone like a ruby smitten by the sun . . . and gladdened Heaven with his voice." Giraut de Bornehl is esteemed by critics to-day the best of all the troubadours, while Arnaut, whose sentences are obscure and rhymes difficult, is abased by these same critics, but all in vain; for Dante met Arnaut in Purgatory, — *Ieu sui Arnaut, que plor e vau cantan,*— and Dante, whose little finger is thicker than the loins of all the critics, says: "Arnaut surpassed them all, poets of love or writers of romance; let the fools talk who think that Giraut de Bornehl was better than he."

These Provençal poets, even to-day with our stores of English and Italian poetry, have a certain aromatic, far-away fragrance (like flowers in a prim, old-fashioned garden), enhanced perhaps by our sympathy with their brief and romantic flowering-time. No doubt if one were to read many of them to-day they would seem monotonous and insipid; but nobody does read them except Mistral and the young poets of Arles and Avignon, and, maybe, a scholar here and there. By the world at large they would all have been suffered to drift into the forgotten past, were it not for Dante, who carries them into the haven of immortality, as a great ship, sailing securely over a waste of waters, picks up wrecked mariners by the way and takes them safe aboard.

Preceded by the fame of Provençal poetry, it was natural that the troubadours should cross the Alps into Lombardy, especially when the storms of persecution swept over Languedoc. Peire Vidal, Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, Guilhem Figueira, Aimeric de Pehulgan, and others, frequented the courts of the politer nobles. Like honey bees they came smeared from the flowery fields of Toulouse and Roussillon, and scattered the fructifying pollen along the banks of the Po and the Adige. These troubadours and their poetry so stirred the young Italians to emulation that it became the fashion for them to write in Provençal, a *canso* or a *sirventes*, or even the Italian-born sonnet. Of these *provenzaleggianti*, twenty-five have been counted. Among them was Percivalle Doria of Genoa; but the most famous by far is Sordello, whose haughty and disdainful soul Dante and Virgil saw in Purgatory watching them after the manner of a couchant lion.

> Sordello, compassed murkily about
> With ravage of six long sad hundred years, —

was born near Mantua — *io son Sordello della tua terra*, he says to Virgil — about the year 1200. He first emerges from mediæval darkness in the city of Verona among the gay courtiers in attendance upon Count Riccardo di San Bonifazio, one of the great nobles of that region, who with the aid of his friends had driven the Montagues and their partisans from the city. Here, in his salad days, Sordello took some part in the elopement of Count Riccardo's wife, Cunizza, who was sister to the black-haired, black-hearted, Ezzelino da Romano. Whether the elopement was due to politics or love is not certain; but Cunizza's marriage had certainly been political. Three of the principal noblemen of the March of Treviso had attempted to establish peace, like a tripod, on three marriages; Ezzelino da Romano and Salinguerra of Ferrara married sisters of Count Riccardo, and he married Cunizza. The plan failed. The ties of affinity snapped like dry withes, and the brothers-in-law were soon at war again. Cunizza's position was difficult; apparently she sided with her brother and fled from her husband to his protection. Oblivion, dimly lighted by beggarly biographers and Dante's starry references, hangs over both Cunizza and Sordello. The situation was romantic. She was a high-spirited, devil-may-care lady, as became her lineage; he was a poet, young and impressionable. And it is probable that, either at the time of the elopement or a little later, they fell in love with one another; but neither was constant. Sordello married another lady, and Cunizza started on an adventurous career (shared with divers husbands) that ended in repentance, pity, and generosity. Her last recorded act is the making her will at Florence in the palace of Cavalcante dei Cavalcanti, April 1, 1265. Cavalcante's son, Guido, was then a little boy, and as the family palace was not far from the baptistery (*il mio bel San Giovanni*) it may be that, some weeks later on the eve of Pentecost, the distinguished old Ghibelline lady and the young poet-to-be went in there (either to say their prayers or to see the celebration of baptismal rites) at the very moment when the priest was making the sign of the cross and blessing a little baby *nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti*, while the proud parents, Messer Alighiero di Bellincione di Alighiero and his wife, stood by, and perhaps Cunizza heard the inarticulate voice that was to carry her name throughout the world from century to century. However that may be, Lady Cunizza da Romano makes a link between the Provençal poets, both of Languedoc and Lombardy, and the two most famous poets of the *dolce* *stil nuovo* of Tuscany, Dante and his friend, Guido Cavalcanti; and perhaps this association in Dante's mind served as the ladder by which she climbed into the *Paradiso*, where she shines next to Folquet of Marseilles. As to Sordello, it seems that the terrible Ezzelino took his conduct in ill part, so he fled westward across the Alps. There he wandered from court to court, composing Provençal poetry, and falling under the spell of many a "doussa enemia." His friends reckoned them to be a hundred.

> You can believe
> Sordello foremost in the regal class
> Nature has broadly severed from her mass
> Of men, and framed for pleasure, as she frames
> Some happy lands, that have luxurious names,
> For loose fertility; a footfall there
> Suffices to upturn to the warm air
> Half germinating spices.

Most men who write in a language not their own by right of birth pay the penalty by being soon forgotten; but one poem of Sordello's pleased Dante, and Dante presented Sordello to Robert Browning and the world. Commentators dispute whether this was a long didactic poem on right living or a short elegiac poem on the death of a friend. The first discourses on ideal conduct (which to Sordello is conduct pleasing both to God and man, "qui a Dieu et al segle platz"), on the origin of evil, on keeping good company, on the respect due to ladies, poor knights and minstrels, and on kindred matters. The other poem is a short lament on Lord Blacatz, a Provençal patron of troubadours, and is famous for its main conceit: "Let all who wish for valour eat of Blacatz's heart; let the Emperor Frederick, if he would conquer the Milanese, let Louis of France, if he would enforce his claim to Castile, let Henry of England, if he would recover Normandy." Whatever the cause Sordello interested Dante and lives immortal in the *Purgatorio*.

This influence of Provençal poetry, so overpowering in many respects, was due not merely to its own richness and high development, but in part to the low estate of poetry in Italy. The fountains of the Provençal Helicon flowed down into the plains of Lombardy as the waters of Lake Como flow downward to the Po. In fact, thirst for poetry had little to quench it in Italy. There was some Latin poetry. Latin had the authority of ancient Rome and the weight of the Church at its back; it was the language of all prose worth writing. But the dignity, got from these high uses, prevented a poet from being natural. Who could write a ballad in Latin to his mistress's eyebrow? For love or friendship Latin was already a dead language. Sundry hymns of the Church were the only tolerable Latin poems, written at least in Italy, since Boëthius. On the other hand, it was difficult, if not impossible, to be grave and dignified in the young, unfledged Italian. Men who had in mind ecclesiastical ritual or official ceremony kept in the old Latin close, and shunned the fresh woods and new pastures of the vernacular idiom. Pietro da Eboli, a courtier poet of southern Italy, wrote a Latin epic in honour of the Emperor Henry VI. Literary monks, like Abbot Joachim of the Flower, wrote stray verses. One of Joachim's poems, written a hundred years before the *Divine Comedy*, tells of going down into hell and of ascending to paradise. It is poor enough; and yet two lines of it enable the imagination to conjure up the vision of peace that floated round the old man's head as he wrestled with the wild texts of Revelation: —

> Ibi loca spatiosa illustrata lumine
> Et in ipsis gens beata fruens pacis requie;
>
> There are spacious places illustrious with light
> And in them blessed people enjoy the quietness of peace.

And churchmen, such as Innocent III, for example, wrote hymns to the Virgin. But these men were not poets. No inner compulsion obliged them to sing. They wrote Latin verses, because it was the fashion. If we look for beauty, passion, imagination, or a poet's dreaming, in these poems, we shall come away empty-handed; and it would hardly be worth while to mention them, except that Latin poetry straggled on through the century and produced at the end that beautiful and touching poem, *Stabat mater dolorosa.*

In Italian itself at the beginning of the century there was no poetry of any kind. This barrenness was due for the most part to the tardy development of the language. Loyalty to her ancient tongue, the exponent of religion and law in all Christendom, clogged Italy's advance. The spoken language had long ceased to be Latin; it was a degenerate speech, slowly shaping its rude forms to fit nice ideas and polite usage, but its progress was slow. In fact, Italian could hardly be called a national language, but rather a group of idioms differing among themselves, and none strong enough to assert a mastery. Dante, near a hundred years later, describes how even then Italy was divided into dialects. He reckoned fourteen different provinces, each with its own speech. Lombardy, Tuscany, the Marches of Treviso, Ancona, and Genoa, Rome, Apulia, Spoleto, and the rest, had severally their individual characteristics. Even in the same province cities differed from each other. In Tuscany, Arezzo had one patois, Siena another; in Lombardy, the cities of Ferrara and Piacenza had different dialects, and Milan differed from Verona. No two cities really spoke alike, and all spoke in an uneducated way. The Genoese thrust the letter *z* into all their words; the Forlivesi spoke a soft, simpering speech, like women; the Veronese dropped the last syllable; the people of Treviso pronounced *f* in place of *v;* those of Parma said *monto* instead of *multo.* Sometimes there were different dialects in different quarters of the same city, as in Bologna, where the inhabitants of Borgo San Felice and those of the Strada Maggiore did not speak alike. The idioms of the towns near the frontier, like Trent, Turin, and Alessandria, were so interlarded with foreign borrowings as not to be really Italian; and mountaineers and remote peasants were unintelligible. And among all these there was no commanding dialect that could claim the right to precedence and impose itself on all Italy, as a common language for the learned and the elegant. If this was true in Dante's time, it must have been vastly worse at the beginning of the century. Naturally poets who frequented the nobility and wished to express refined sentiments, nice metaphors, or gross compliments in befitting words, turned to a language, developed for these very purposes, in which princes and even kings had written poetry. These dialects that Dante enumerates so scornfully could not render the artificial forms and subtle conceits that courtiers aspired to. And so, from many reasons, it came about that the poetry of chivalry, of courts, of lords and ladies and their hangers-on, which proceeded from the feudal organization of society, moved on triumphantly and made the Provençal tongue and its ways fashionable in Italy, while the native language was still unripe to produce a poetry of its own.

CHAPTER XII

THE SICILIAN SCHOOL OF POETRY (1225-1266)

E i Siciliani,
Che fur già primi.

PETRARCH.

And the Sicilians
Who were once the first.

With a puling infant's force,
They swayed about upon a rocking horse,
And thought it Pegasus. Ah, dismal-souled!
The winds of heaven blew, the ocean rolled
Its gathering waves — ye felt it not. The blue
Bared its eternal bosom. But ye were . . .
. . . wed to musty laws.

KEATS.

THE poets and poetry of Provence had prepared the way so well that, when Simon de Montfort, Folquet of Marseilles (the renegade troubadour), and their myrmidons had trampled down the blithe carelessness of Toulouse and Béziers, overthrown the *gai saber*, and driven out the Muse of Poetry, Italy offered her a refuge and a home at the court of the Emperor; and there she dwelt (in Italian dress but with "Provençal blood in her veins") all the time that "fortune remained favourable to the illustrious heroes, Frederick Cæsar and his noble son Manfred." And with the fall of the Hohenstaufens, — for she too had accomplished her destiny, — the Muse of Provençal poetry died.

The Emperor himself, his sons Enzio and Manfred, — *pulcherrimus et cantor et inventor cantio-*

num, — Pier della Vigna his especial favourite, Jacopo da Lentino the notary, Guido delle Colonne the judge, Rinaldo d'Aquino, and many a gallant nobleman, wrote poetry; and so famous did the royal court become as the home of Italian poetry that poets from north and south, from Tuscany, Apulia, and Sicily are accounted a school of the court; and as the court was the court of the Sicilian kingdom, — though the Emperor in fact passed his time on the mainland, at Capua or at Foggia, and not in Sicily, — it was known as the Sicilian court, and these Italian troubadours as the Sicilian school, and their poems as Sicilian poetry. The word Sicilian conjures up too much — nature enriched by art, asphodels, wild yellow blooms, roses that yield their dearest scent to love-sick winds from across the sea, shepherds piping rival songs, and the death-defying echoes of Theocritus; but none of these fanciful imaginings apply to the Sicilian school. The name is Sicilian, the language Italian, the spirit and the form all Provençal; nature finds no place.

There was, indeed, some verse written outside the influence of the court, in places remote from fashion, where nobody knew Provençal poetry. Rhymesters of local fame, bards of the village or the town, wrote after their rustic fashion to please unlettered audiences. These poets composed communal verses, religious ditties, didactic rhymes, or love-songs. They had no sops to throw to oblivion; and there are none but a scanty band of scholars to remember that they ever existed. But there is a single exception, which makes it necessary to mention them. A Sicilian poet, Cielo dal Camo, wrote a poem of alternate strophes, in which a lover woos a lass and she feigns to deny. The poem begins with the lover speaking: —

> Rosa fresca aulentisima c' apar' in ver la state,
> le donne ti disiano pulzelle, maritate;
> trami d' este focora, se t' este a bolontate.
>
> Thou sweetly-smelling fresh red rose
>   That near thy summer art,
> Of whom each damsel and each dame
>   Would feign be counterpart;
> Oh! from this fire to draw me forth
>   Be it in thy good heart.
>
> (*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*)

Throughout, the lady protests too much, and in the end, after the bold lover has plighted his troth on a Bible (stolen from the village church), she yields. The reason that this poem should outlive the life allotted to its fellows is hardly to be looked for in itself, or in the unprudish touch of nature in it, or even in the pretty floral syllables, — "rosa fresca aulentisima," — but in Dante's treatise *On the Vernacular Speech*, for there he quotes the third line of the poem. And here the imp of irony may grin, for Dante cites the line as an instance of the drawling defects in the popular Sicilian dialect; but Dante's touch was instinct with life and communicated immortality.

There is one poem, however, that needed neither the fame of the royal court nor the touch of Dante to preserve it. Its own charm and pathos bear it down the centuries, the earliest of Italian poems and the only one written before Dante that the world stops to read; its writer was a man of genius, as high of soul as Dante himself, and even larger of heart. St. Francis wrote his canticle at a time when he was ill at San Damiano, the nunnery outside Assisi, where St. Clare and her sisters lived (1225). Her spirit kindled his; her presence filled his heart so to overflowing that he felt the divine need to express his great love of God and of God's works. And yet, though the poem proceeds from nature (if, indeed, it be natural to have a passionate heart and to speak from it), St. Francis had in his mind, or at least in his memory, the great canticle of the Three Holy Children:—

Benedicite, omnia opera Domini, Domino:
Laudate et superexaltate eum in secula.

Benedicite, sol et luna, Domino:
Laudate et superexaltate eum in secula.

St. Francis's canticle is less magnificent but far more tender:—

Altissimu, onnipotente, bon signore,
tue so le laude la gloria e l'onore et onne benedictione.
Ad te solo, altissimo, se konfano
et nullu homo ene dignu te mentovare.

Laudato sie, mi signore, cum tucte le tue creature
spetialmente messor lo frate sole,
lo quale jorna, et allumini per lui;
et ellu è bellu e radiante cum grande splendore;
de te, altissimo, porta significatione.

Laudato si, mi signore, per sora luna e le stelle,
in celu l'ai formate clarite et pretiose et belle.

Laudato si, mi signore, per sor acqua,
la quale è multo utile et humele et pretiosa et casta.

Laudato si, mi signore, per frate focu,
per lo quale ennallumini la nocte,
ed ello è bello et jucundo et robustoso et forte.

Laudate et benedicite mi signore et rengratiate
et serviteli cum grande humilitate.

Most Highest, almighty, good Lord,
Thine are the praises, the glory and the honour and all
blessedness;
To thee alone, Most Highest, they belong,
And no man is worthy to utter thy name.

Praised be my Lord, with all thy creatures,
Especially Sir Brother the Sun,
Who brings the day and gives the light;
And he is beautiful and radiant with great shining;
Of the Most Highest he tells the tale.

Praised be my Lord for Sister Moon and the Stars,
In heaven thou hast wrought them bright and precious and
beautiful.

Praised be my Lord for Sister Water,
Who is very useful, and lowly and precious and pure.

Praised be my Lord for Brother Fire,
By whom Thou dost illuminate the night,
And he is beautiful and jocund and robust and strong.

Praise and bless my Lord and give thanks
And serve Him with great humility.

If St. Francis's hymn has neither the majesty nor the high ecclesiastical quality that renders the Latin canticle worthy to be chanted in the cathedral of Notre Dame de Chartres, it bears witness to a holy and humble heart, such as is only found in rare poets, as (to choose an English instance) in William Cowper.

With this exception, or with these exceptions (if we are to include the poem of Cielo dal Camo) Italian poetry in its first period is Sicilian (1225–1266), and it owes substantially everything, name and all, to the Emperor and his court. The ecclesiastical puritan, Pope Gregory, in his anger against Frederick, uncharitably fixed his eyes on the misbelieving Jews from Cordova, on the dancing-girls from Egypt, on the harem and the eunuchs; but had he been more true to the memory of St. Francis and the first brethren, *joculatores Dei*, who were wont to go singing like happy boys along the way, he would have got a different notion of Frederick. He would have seen lords and ladies gay on Arab horses, their hounds straining in the leash, and the Emperor's falconers, with falcons on their wrists, awaiting the signal to let slip. And after the chase along the banks of the Volturno or across the plains near Foggia, a sympathetic ear would have listened with delight to the nymph Echo sweetly waked, after a sleep of near a thousand years, by courtly songs sung to the viol and the lute.

Frederick's court was the cradle of Italian poetry; and yet one must not expect the passion or the high romance of amorous youth, one must not hope to hear such songs as Burns wrote to Mary Morison, or Heinrich Heine sang to "Liebchen traut," or as Palgrave collected in the *Golden Treasury*. Carducci, the greatest Italian poet since Leopardi, says: "But those courtly verses! Those verses of the so-called Sicilian school founded by Frederick II, those verses, oh! what wretched stuff they are!" Their defects, he says, are not the defects of youth, but the senile stammerings of decrepitude. A poet is hard to please. Dabblers in history must be more just. One must banish from memory all the poetry one has ever heard; and then, the mind all blank, remembering only the musty chronicles and the melancholy monastic poetasters, listen to the songs of these Italian troubadours, and one may think, with Dante Rossetti, that they are worth the while, that their imperfections are coupled with merits, that indeed, "these poems possess beauties of a kind which can never again exist in art." At any rate this is the upper reach of the main stream of Italian poetry.

Of Manfred's poems little has come down to us; and as both he and his brother Enzio, and Pier della Vigna, too, shall play their tragic parts later on, and take all the space that I can spare to them, I pass them by, and content myself with calling the roll of minor poets: Jacopo da Lentino, Guido delle Colonne, Rinaldo d' Aquino, Arrigo Testa, Jacopo Mostacci, Mazzeo di Rico, Giacomino Pugliese, Rosso da Messina, Percivalle Doria, Ruggero de Amicis, Folco di Calabria, Tiberto Galliziani, Ranieri di Palermo, all of whom are best remembered because they wrote poetry. For all these poets of the Sicilian school a foreigner had better accept but one standard of dignity: the notice of Dante. Two, Pier della Vigna and Manfred, have great places in the *Divine Comedy;* two, Frederick himself and Jacopo da Lentino, are also named there, and so named as never to be forgotten; and three, Jacopo da Lentino, Guido delle Colonne, and Rinaldo d'Aquino, are cited in the treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentia*. The rest of them must remain — for they would take us too far afield — enwrapped in their own trailing syllables.

Some of these poets were of noble family, others not: the more important, Pier della Vigna, Jacopo da Lentino, and Guido delle Colonne, were all lawyers; others, such as Arrigo Testa and Percivalle Doria, were what may be called podestàs by profession, and led bustling political careers. But, excepting the Emperor, Manfred, and Pier della Vigna, Dante is only interested in these men as poets. In his treatise *On the Vernacular Speech* he is in quest of an Italian, fit for literature, and more especially for poetry (such as, after generations of writers, the slowly achieved classics of a language furnish), an Italian, "illustrious, cardinal, courtly, and curial," or, as we should say, sanctioned by the usage of persons of the highest cultivation, correct and elegant; and on his quest he examines the local dialects of Italy, criticises them, and, in order the better to illustrate his meaning, refers to these poets. For instance, in speaking of the dialect of Apulia he cites Rinaldo d' Aquino and Jacopo da Lentino: "But though the natives of Apulia commonly speak in a hideous manner, some of them have been distinguished by their use of polished language, inserting nicely chosen (curial) words into their canzoni, as clearly appears from an examination of their works; for instance, 'Madonna, dir vi voglio' ('Lady, I will tell you,') by Jacopo, and 'Per fino amore vo sì letamente' ('for pure love I go so joyfully') by Rinaldo."

Rinaldo, it seems, was a member of the celebrated family of Apulia to which St. Thomas Aquinas belonged, and was one of the falconers to the Emperor, as young noblemen sometimes were. As such he must have gone on the imperial hawking parties, and perhaps even helped the Emperor in the preparation of his book on hawking, *De arte venandi cum avibus*. Rinaldo, following the fashion then in use among poets, exchanged poems with Jacopo da Lentino, Ruggero de Amicis, Tiberto Galliziani, and with the Emperor himself.

Here is a stanza of the poem that Dante quotes:—

Per fino amore vao sì allegramente,
k' io non agio veduto
omo k' en gioja mi possa aparilgliare,
e paremi ke falli malamente
omo k' à ricieputo
ben da sengnore e poi lo vol cielare.
Perk' eo nol cielaragio
com altamente amor m' à meritato:
ke m' à dato a servire
a la fiore di tucta canoscienza
e di valenza,
ed à belleze più k'eo non so dire.
amor m' à sormontato
lo core in mante guise e gran gioja n' agio.

For pure love I go so joyfully
That I have not seen
A man that in joy can equal me,
And methinks that badly fails
The man who has received
Benefice from a lord and will then conceal it.

Therefore I will not conceal
How highly Love has favoured me:
For he has granted me to serve
The flower of all that 's known
And of excellence,
And beauties more than I can say.
Love has overcome
My heart in many a way and great joy I have of it.

Guido delle Colonne, judge, of Messina, is also referred to in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia;* "Let us examine the genius of the Sicilian vernacular. . . because we find that very many natives of Sicily have written weighty poetry, as in the canzoni, 'Ancor che l' aigua per lo focho lassi' ('Even though through fire water forsakes its coldness') and 'Amor, che lungiamente m' hai menato' ('O love, who long hast led me')." The second of these begins:—

Amor, che lungiamente m' hai menato
a freno stretto senza riposanza,
allarga le tue redini in pietanza,
chè soverchianza m' ha vinto e stancato:
ch' ho più durato ch' io non ho possanza,
per voi, Madonna, a cui porto lianza,
più che non far Assassino in suo cuitato,
che si lascia morir per sua credanza.
Ben éste affanno dilettoso, amare
e dolce pena ben si può chiamare.
Ma voi, Madonna, della mia travaglia,
che sì mi squaglia, — prendavi mercide,
chè bene è dolce il mal se non m' ancide.

O Love, who all this while hast urged me on,
Shaking the reins, with never any rest,—
Slacken for pity somewhat of thy haste;
I am oppress'd with languor and foredone,—
Having outrun the power of sufferance,—

Having much more endured than who, through faith
That his heart holds, makes no account of death.
Love is assuredly a fair mischance,
And well may it be called a happy ill:
Yet thou, my lady, on this constant sting,
So sharp a thing, have thou some pity still, —
Howbeit a sweet thing too, unless it kill.
(*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*)

Jacopo da Lentino, of Apulia, from his office commonly called the Notary, besides the reference to him in *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, is mentioned in the *Paradiso* as one of the earlier poets who, caught and tangled in an artificial manner (in contrast to the school of the *dolce stil nuovo*, the sweet new style, to which Dante belonged), did not express the natural sentiments that well up in the human heart. Apparently the Notary was regarded as the best of his school, and was therefore chosen by Dante to represent it. Nothing of his life is known except that he exchanged poems with Pier della Vigna and others, and that he executed notarial acts in the year 1233. He is a mere shadow, living a dim life in the meagre allusions of Dante, and yet some of his verses seem to deserve remembrance for their own sake.

Io m' aggio posto in core a Dio servire
Com' io potesse gire in Paradiso,
Al santo loco, ch' aggio audito dire,
O' si mantien sollazzo, gioco e riso.
Senza Madonna non vi vorría gire,
Quella ch' ha bionda testa e chiaro viso,
Che senza lei non potería gaudire,
Istando da la mia donna diviso.
Ma non lo dico a tale intendimento

Perch' io peccato ci volesse fare;
Se non veder lo suo bel portamento,
E lo bel viso, e 'l morbido sguardare:
Chè 'l mi terría in gran consolamento
Veggendo la mia donna in gioia stare.

I have it in my heart to serve God so
That into Paradise I shall repair, —
The holy place through the which everywhere
I have heard say that joy and solace flow.
Without my lady I were loath to go, —
She who has the bright face and the bright hair;
Because if she were absent, I being there,
My pleasure would be less than nought, I know.
Look you, I say not this to such intent
As that I there would deal in any sin:
I only would behold her gracious mien,
And beautiful soft eyes, and lovely face,
That so it should be my complete content
To see my lady joyful in her place.
(*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*)

His canzoni have variety of measure and are so obviously written to music that in spite of their artificiality, they seem to come nearer to a natural form of expression than the sonnets do: —

Madonna mia, a voi mando
in gioi li mei sospiri;
ca lungiamente amando
non vi volsi mai dire
com' era vostro amante
e lealmente amava,
e però k' eo dottava
non vi facea sembiante.

Tanto set' alta e grande,
k' eo v' amo pur dottando;
non ao per cui vi mande,
per messaggio parlando;

und' eo prego l' amore,
a cui pregha ogni amanti,
li mei sospiri e pianti
vi pungano lo core.

My Lady mine, I send
These sighs in joy to thee;
Though, loving till the end,
There were no hope for me
That I should speak my love;
And I have loved indeed,
Though, having fearful heed,
It was not spoken of.

Thou art so high and great
That whom I love I fear;
Which thing to circumstate
I have no messenger:
Wherefore to Love I pray,
On whom each lover cries,
That these my tears and sighs,
Find unto thee a way.
(*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*)

So far, in spite of all his airs and graces, there is a certain charm, almost a sort of eighteenth-century courtliness in his verse, and nothing more artificial or stilted than appears to modern readers in the first English sonneteers, Wyatt and Surrey, or in Cowley, for instance. But the desire to outdo his rival poets, to show how dexterous he could be in interweaving rhymes and juggling with words, leads the Notary to a pass where he draws down on himself the criticism that Alceste gives to Oronte: —

Vous vous êtes réglé sur de méchants modèles,
Et vos expressions ne sont point naturelles.

Ce style figuré, dont on fait vanité,
Sort du bon caractère et de la vérité;
Ce n'est que jeu de mots, qu' affectation pure,
Et ce n'est point ainsi que parle la nature.

Indeed, the Notary at his worst outdoes Oronte: —

Lo viso e son diviso da lo viso,
e per aviso credo ben visare;
però diviso viso da lo viso,
ch' altr'è lo viso che lo divisare;
e per aviso viso in tale viso,
del quale me non posso divisare.

It is impossible in English, even letting sense (if there is any) go by the board, to reproduce the play on the unfortunate words, *viso, diviso, aviso;* but the sonnet serves to show that the goal applauded by Dante, to sing as the heart bids, was not the goal set up by the Sicilian school. And, indeed, to express passion in poetry so that it shall seem to be nature's doing is not to be expected from first comers, for it is the highest achievement of art. But it is not fair to leave the Notary with such disparagement. Here is the beginning of another sonnet, whose sentiment if not its form connects the Sicilian poet, through some roundabout inheritance of poetical imagining, with the sovereign of English poetry: —

Amore è un disio che vien dal core,
per l' abbondanza di gran piacimento;
e gli occhi in prima generan l' Amore
e lo core li dà nutricamento.

Fancy in the heart is bred,
When great contentment therein lies;

It is engendered in the eyes,
And by the heart is nourished.

The Emperor, though he played the sun among these satellites and deserves the chief credit for welcoming the Muse of Provence to his court, and though Dante Rossetti says that one of his poems has "great passionate beauty," seems to me much less interesting as a poet than many of the others, and I choose my specimen of his poems, not because it is the best, but because it has quite a different form from those that I have given. It has the rhapsodical quality of the improvisatore that brings to mind a mandolin, dark eyes, and the sweet smiles of the fair and fickle South:—

Tuttora gaudiosa,	Always lovely,
tuttora bella,	Always gay,
amore, Rosella,	Rosella's face
col viso gioiosa;	Shines like the day;
occhi fere	Her cruel eyes
guerrere	Soldier-wise
che fere	That strike
a guisa di ladrone;	Robber like,
in guardare,	Glancing,
mostrare,	Entrancing,
e amare	Dazzling us all
mett' elli intenzione.	She uses to enthrall.

It is easy to play the critic with these poets, to deride and to be bored; there is little trace, or none, of truth in them, nothing of the amplitude of nature, or the dignity of human passion. No song is sung as the bird sings, itself its own reward. It is easy to side with Dante and the school of the sweet new style, to point the finger at the Notary, to scoff at his artificial numbers, and to agree when Lorenzo dei Medici criticises him as heavy and graceless, or when Carducci cries, "what wretched stuff." The Notary and Oronte are obviously in the wrong; the song Alceste quotes is worth all the poetry of the whole Sicilian school:—

Si le roi m'avait donné
    Paris, sa grand' ville
Et qu'il me fallût quitter
    L'amour de ma mie,
Je dirais au roi Henri;
Reprenez votre Paris,
J'aime mieux ma mie, o gué,
    J'aime mieux ma mie.

But let us imagine ourselves having come down from the North, from the castle of some rude Tuscan baron, where for entertainment a *jongleur* has sung out of his stale repertory, for instance, the lady's reply to a wooer:—

Vo' ti cavillar con mego?
se lo sa lo meo marì,
malo piato avrai con sego,
bel meser, vero ve di.

So you wish to practise blarney?
If my husband hears, I warn ye,
Pretty sir, I tell you true.
He 'll have a bone to pick with you.

Then, let us say that we endure the hospitality of the monks of Monte Cassino, where the poet of the monastery has mingled edification with his monstrous verses:—

Eo, sinjuri, s' eo fabello,
lo bostru audire compello;

de questa bita interpello
e dell' altra bene spello.

Seigneurs, for my fable
Your attention I compel;
Of this life I shall tell
And the other interpret well.

And, after matins and monastic rations, we ride at last along the banks of the Volturno into Capua and dismount at the king's palace. Young nobles, of great name, Riccardo Filangieri, Ruggero di Porcastrella, Landolfo Caracciolo, clatter through the streets, glancing up at windows where the shutters stand ajar; the royal falconers, perhaps Rinaldo of Aquino and Jacopo Mostacci, poets both, see that the hooded falcons return to their perches in the royal mews; the splendour of the setting Southern sun falls on the castle walls; the beautiful Bianca Lancia gathers about her cavaliers and high-born dames; minstrels play, and then Jacopo da Lentino, his notarial duties done, sings to the viol:—

Madonna dir vi voglio como l' amor m' à preso,

My lady, I will tell you how love has taken me.

Surely, in comparison with what had gone before them, these poets are to be commended; and if we turn to what came after them, they did one worthy thing: they worked the young language, rendered it more easy and pliant, freed it from the grossness of provincial usages, purged it of its Latin remnants, and handed it on to Guinizelli and Cavalcanti, to Dante and Petrarch, capable of nobler melody than Europe had heard for fifteen hundred years. Who can say but that Dante would have written the *Divine Comedy* in Latin, had not these poets rendered the Italian tongue nice, elegant, refined, and correct? The lion's share of this praise is due to the Emperor; and if one becomes impatient with his duplicity, his savage temper, and his grosser pleasures, one must remember the happy days when he and his courtiers weeded and planted in the garden of Italian poetry.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LOMBARD COMMUNES

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair.

SHELLEY.

THIS royal garden of poetry, philosophy, and pleasure was too delightful to last. The Sicilian court, with its *trovatori*, its cavaliers, its melodious lawyers, its falconers, would have been well content to be let alone, but that could not be. Life of all sorts was springing up everywhere; sprouts and shoots, commercial, municipal, religious, and intellectual, were raising their heads in the fresh spring air, each forcing its way to the light amid the furrows turned up by the ploughshare of material prosperity. Guilds, religious orders, communes, tyrannies were pushing and jostling one another in fierce competition to determine which should take and keep the larger share of desirable things.

In this conflict the luxuriant civilization of southern Italy, too much like that of Provence and Languedoc, was not of a temper to hold its own; and, in particular, it was burdened by two causes of weakness. In the first place, it was pleasure-loving, and so became enervated and idle; in the second place, it was based on a paternal government. Frederick was by nature and policy a tyrant. Setting before himself the example of his ancestors, and of his friend the Soldan of Egypt, he claimed absolute power as his right. He wished, indeed, to establish peace, order, and justice, but he meant to do so in his own way. His subjects were not to think and act for themselves, to feel personal responsibility or enjoy the exertion of individual effort. He would determine what was best for them to do, and they must obey. Here Frederick squarely confronted the great movement of the thirteenth century, which was a stirring of individual life, an endeavour to shake off the yoke of immemorial usage, an awakening consciousness of individual rights, as opposed to the unthinking acceptance of feudal and corporate ideas which had prevailed in the dark ages.

This movement of the thirteenth century may be compared with that at the end of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth, in its passion for personal freedom. St. Francis and his companions were as free in spirit as Lord Byron or the *sansculottes* of Paris, and daffed the world aside with its creed and conventions as recklessly as they. And the resolve of the middle classes to take their share of political power, if less fiery than that of the Jacobins, was as determined and as successful as that of the partisans of the Reform Bill. This disposition of these Italians to live their lives according to their own ideas, to manage their own affairs, to express their thoughts and sentiments in their own way, embodied itself in widely different forms; in Umbria it found its fullest expression through religion and became incorporate in the first band of Franciscans;

but in Lombardy it turned to politics, and took definite shape in guilds and in communal governments. A little later the same spirit, breathing the breath of life into art, took up the sculptor's chisel in Pisa and the painter's brush at Siena, Florence, and Rome.

For various reasons this movement met a cold reception in the South. The race or races of Sicily and Apulia lacked then, as they have lacked ever since, the capacity to unite love of liberty and law; the incongruous ideals and habits of mind of Italians, Greeks, Saracens, Normans, and Germans gave a mongrel cast to the spirit of the people and prevented their happy coöperation in any arduous enterprise; the civil disorder during Henry's reign and Frederick's minority hindered material development (for working together successfully in little things enables men to work together in great matters) and begot a skepticism of generous effort; and with these adverse causes must be reckoned the fierce opposition of the Emperor. For such reasons, whenever the love of liberty, of self-assertion, of self-expression appeared in the South, it was but here and there, and with fitful energy; all real achievement, social and intellectual, was accomplished in the North.

The honour of occupying the van in this march forward is due to Lombardy. The great cities of the seacoast — Pisa, Genoa, Venice — indeed, had asserted their independence long before, and by their adventurous exploits across the seas had stirred and quickened individual effort. They had opened a way and offered a career to energy and self-reliance. But it was in the cities of the North, and first of all in

Lombardy, that this sense of personal rights was put to use in common action to secure political independence. It was this spirit that brought the Lombard cities into conflict with the Emperor.

At first sight these cities seem indifferent to the individual and interested only in corporate life; and yet, though these corporations, the guilds and societies, were arbitrary, conventional, and narrow, they afforded room for far greater personal liberty than was possible under the earlier organization of society. If they did not champion personal liberty or the good of the humble citizens, they asserted the claims of the middle classes against the nobles, and the right of the commune to govern itself. In particular, they were resolute to maintain the prerogative, wrung from Barbarossa, of choosing their own governors. Frederick II made no open declaration of a purpose to take this prerogative from them; but his notions of government were well known. His edict for The Kingdom was a challenge to communal liberty everywhere: "Since there are enough officials appointed by Our Majesty that every man may obtain justice in both civil and criminal matters, We abolish the illegal usurpation that has grown up in some parts of Our Kingdom, and We command that henceforth no podestàs, consuls, or rectors shall be created anywhere, and that no one, either by authority of custom or conferment of the people, shall usurp any office or jurisdiction."

To such a theory of royal despotism the communes were unalterably opposed. They did not wish, in short, to be ruled, guided, or governed by any outsider, be he bishop, prince, or emperor; they did not wish to have their affairs cramped or tied down by the outworn customs of the feudal system; they wished to manage their own business and take their own road to wealth and happiness.

These Lombard cities had grown to independence in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, during the wars between the Empire and the Papacy. Petted by the contending parties, each ready to pay in charters and privileges whatever price was necessary to win a city to its side, the communes succeeded in establishing a position of virtual independence. Naturally the Empire felt itself aggrieved by this change, and under Barbarossa made a spirited attempt to restore the old order. The appeal to arms, however, had resulted in a decisive victory for the cities. After a long and desperate struggle they had received full recognition of their municipal independence in the Treaty of Constance (1183).

Independence of the Empire set the cities free to develop and grow in their own way; but this freedom of development and growth did not take the path of peace. Nor did freedom mean respect of one another's rights. The moment the common danger was removed the cities fell foul of one another. Each city, surrounded by its little patch of territory, constituted a separate republic; and each republic coveted its neighbour's things. Mere neighbourhood was the prolific mother of quarrels. Milan fought with Pavia, Cremona with Brescia, Piacenza with Parma, Bologna with Modena; every commune with its next neighbour. Not large theories upon civil and ecclesiastical government but conflicting interests and mutual jealousies brought to birth the two great political parties in North Italy. Little enough any of these cities cared for Emperor or Pope as the embodiment of principles; but each city hated its neighbour, and where a city hoped to receive support against a neighbour from the Emperor it professed allegiance to the Empire, where it hoped for support against a neighbour from the Pope, it proclaimed loyalty to the Church. Common hatred of a common enemy furnished the binding force that held alternate neighbours in federal leagues. One of these rival leagues we may call the party of the Empire, the other the party of the Church, or to employ terms that did not come into use till the century was half over, the Ghibelline party and the Guelf party; but we must always remember that these large names are hardly more than cloaks to cover local animosities and provincial ambitions.

Every city, also, was divided against itself. During the course of political evolution, imperial counts, bishops, and feudal nobility, in turn, had been lopped, trimmed, and dispossessed, and in their stead the trading and artisan classes had stepped into authority and control. And the pretensions of trade and manufacture did not stop at the city gates. They needed elbow room. They could not endure the tolls and imposts laid by every robber baron whose castle commanded a high road or a ford; so in the country roundabout the embattled burghers destroyed castle and stronghold, and forced the barons to live within the city walls and be hostages for their own good behaviour. This policy removed a danger from without, but introduced a new leaven of turbulence within. The city inevitably split into two factions. One, aristocratic and conservative, looked upon the old imperial constitution as its foundation and to the Emperor for support; the other, democratic and liberal, turned to the Church. But although this is true in the main, it is not always true; in some cities the aristocracy turned to the Church and the *bourgeoisie* to the Empire. Sometimes two noble families divided the city — in Verona, Montagues and Capulets (for Shakespeare has decreed that the Capulets lived in Verona, whether or no), in Orvieto, Monaldi and Filippeschi, in Bologna, Lambertazzi and Geremei, and so on; and then a chance accident swung one faction to the imperial side and its rival into opposition. Each faction entered into relations — alliance, understanding, or mere sympathy — with the factions of its way of thinking in other cities. In this manner division and hate were lodged in every province and in every city throughout all Upper Italy. Confederates shifted allegiance from time to time, for loyalty beyond the limits of self-advantage was little practised. But, on the whole, interests remained constant and the two parties maintained a fairly definite continuity.

The usual matter of party politics was some such question as how the Guelfs of Bologna could aid the kindred faction in Modena to dispossess its enemies, or how the Imperialists of Cremona could help a Ghibelline lord establish his rule in Verona. The mass of citizens were never really aroused except on questions of trade, as for tolls imposed by a neighbour on the right of transit, or for interference with a canal, or when competition threatened some prosperous monopoly. Then, if one city lost its temper with another, it forbade the passage of the other's merchandise over its territories. The injured rival, seeing prices rise in oil, salt, cotton, wool, fresh fish, and steel, rang the bells, called out the trainbands, dragged forth the *carroccio*, hoisted the gonfalon, and raided its enemy's territory.

These wars between little towns scarce twenty-five or thirty miles apart are difficult to understand. A campaign lasted but a few weeks, and was conducted in the summer-time after the swollen waters of the spring had subsided. The raiders were ill-disciplined bands of militia: city trainbands, spirited fellows from the guilds, apprentices tired of warehouse and counting-room, young gentlemen with nothing to do, and politicians hoping to win prestige. The merchants, on the other hand, were too busy for such follies, so it sometimes happened that a city would be lost and won, while counting-rooms and factories kept at work, just as they do to-day when one band of politicians ousts another from the government.

Sometimes the marauders captured an outlying castle, more often they merely destroyed crops, vines, and orchards. The municipal chroniclers are full of tales of alarums and excursions, of castles razed and prisoners captured; but the more destructive victories must be skeptically regarded, for in spite of these annual raids and counter-raids, trade flourished, wealth grew, and population increased. Walls became too narrow and were carried out in larger circles. Streets were paved, thatched roofs replaced by tiles, brick and stone substituted for wood, and commercial enterprises of great cost were undertaken. Nevertheless, making all allowances for exaggeration on the part of patriotic chroniclers, these petty wars must have been an immense hindrance to civilization, and it is probable that they became more cruel and bloody as the century advanced.

The people of Lombardy had very much in common, they came from the same Italian stock crossed by Lombards and other invaders and immigrants; and yet each city had its own life, its own history, its own strongly marked individuality, just as each had its own dialect. Even to-day, for example, the type of the women of Pavia is markedly different from that of the women of Piacenza. And in outward aspect the cities were individual; the piazza, the cathedral, and the town-hall, even where they share a common style with those of another city, have their own individual traits.

The piazza, always in the heart of the town, was the meeting-place where the enfranchised citizens assembled when matters concerning the common weal were submitted to them. There the peasants from the country round sold their butter, eggs, fruit, and vegetables; there the trainbands drilled; there the burghers met and chatted after mass; there elderly couples sauntered on summer evenings; and there rowdy nobles shouted their war cries and set the match to civil discord. On one side of the piazza stood the cathedral, built in the pleasant, round-arched fashion of the Romanesque builders of Lombardy. Even to-day the cathedrals in Verona, Cremona, Ferrara, and the cities strung like beads along the Via Emilia, show the traveller at a glance that they were built before the arrogant Gothic of the North had come down to impose its pointed arches upon an alien land. Arcades under the eaves follow the rake of the roof or run straight across the front in a smiling, almost jolly, way; column-borne porticoes mark the entrance; over the central door of the western front one porch stands upon another's shoulders, as if caught by Medusa playing at leap-frog and turned to roseate stone. Even the great reddish beasts out of whose backs the columns rise, by the very contrast of their Lombard ferocity, contribute to the pleasant serenity of the whole. On the roof above the intersection of nave and transept the arched octagonal lantern lifts its gracious head. Within, the ribbed and groined vaults and clustered piers show from what instruction the glorious vaulting of the Gothic North was derived. Even the barn-like shape of the western front, as at Parma or Piacenza, is due less to peculiarity of taste than to an unwillingness of the architects to forsake the tradition established by those venerable monuments of Lombard power and piety, the churches of San Michele at Pavia and Sant' Ambrogio at Milan. That tradition, set up in disregard or defiance of the Roman basilicas (just as the successors of St. Ambrose had resisted the domination of the Roman See), was the distinguishing trait of Lombard architecture.

Hard-by the cathedral stood the campanile, its stately height marked off into storeys by the horizontal bands of arched corbel tables, and divided into panels by vertical pilasters, according to the very rigid requirements of the Lombard *ateliers*. A few steps away, the baptistery sheltered the sacred font, where every baby in the city and from the country roundabout was signed with the sign of the cross and admitted into the ranks of the Church militant. Grown men, remembering how they and all their kin and all their friends had been at that font dedicated to God, carried in their hearts a special love of the holy place even into exile, as Dante did, for the baptistery was to the city what the hearth is to the home.

These Lombards had strong feelings, but they were not a very religious people. You cannot compare their cathedrals with those which the pious French of the Ile-de-France built in honour of Mary, Queen of Heaven. That Northern sensibility to awe and majesty is not to be found in Italy. No Lombard windows reveal the glory of heaven; no emaciated, tender, and beautiful images of stone show forth the ideal of aspiration and self-sacrifice. The citizens of Milan or Bologna did not take the theological world so seriously. Besides, this generation had had no share in building the cathedrals; to it they were part and parcel of a world outworn, a cold inheritance from the past. Cathedrals represented an old order, a time when the bishop was the great personage and dictated his will. The trader and the artisan looked upon the cathedral as a place where they and their friends could attend mass in company with all the wealth and fashion of the town, where ladies displayed those extravagant gowns and trinkets that caused austere fathers and husbands to enact ineffectual sumptuary laws, where the podestà brought foreign ambassadors in hope that the high altar might give an additional sanction to their oaths, and where the captured banners of the enemy were hung triumphantly.

If the Lombards lacked a taste for the nobler poetry of religion, they had their own conceptions of grace and beauty. Look at the cathedral of Modena, and there you will see what those architects liked who were just out of the main current of the architectural traditions of Pavia and Milan. They gave loose rein to their gay inventiveness, to their irregular and wayward humour. Roofs, projections, arcades, inner arches, pilasters, porticoes, like a straggling troop of singing boys, proclaim a happy, prosperous, stirring life. And just to the left of the apse rises the great solemn tower, La Ghirlandina, warlike, beautiful, austere, fit emblem of the spirit of a valiant city.

The cathedrals represented the earlier stage of civic development; they were the product of the generations that built while the clergy were in the saddle and directed the physical as well as the intellectual growth of the city. The generations of the ascendancy of the guilds embodied their political and social ideas in a different form. In contrast, almost in opposition, to the cathedrals stand the town-halls — *broletti*, *palazzi communali*, *palazzi della ragione*, *palazzi del podestà* — massive and rectangular, stern representations of vigilance and law. Here abode the city government, here the podestà issued his orders, here the consuls of the year had their offices, here the executive council and its governing committees sat, and here the tribunals of justice heard causes. The ground floor, arcaded and vaulted, was often open, ready to be the market-place in winter or bad weather; while the upper storey held a noble hall, where under fluttering banners citizens of weight and consequence debated the policy of the city. These buildings were the habitations of self-government; they expressed the spirit, the self-reliance, and the power of the guilds.

All over the city, high above the house-tops, lordly towers lifted their threatening heads. One strong door at the base admitted a handful of bowmen, who climbed up the dark, narrow, spiral stair to the battlemented roof, or to the little chamber beneath, where two or three had room to shoot their arrows through the splayed slits. These towers were the signs of power and fashion. All the aristocracy of the city coveted them. If one family was not rich enough, several banded together and built a tower for their common glory. Time, fire, public and private enemies, and the rigorous, levelling justice of the podestàs, have laid them low; but here and there a few lonely survivors, such as the Asinelli and the Garisenda at Bologna, or the little group at San Gimignano, indicate what a towered city was, when a hundred towers and more rose like a sheaf of spears from within the narrow circuit of the walls.

Beneath these high slim fortresses, crooked streets wound past rows of houses, built like ours, wall to wall. The lowest levels of the streets served for gutters. Little, black-haired, barelegged boys and girls, their radiant faces smouched and smutty, their noses unhandkerchiefed, laughed and giggled as they splashed through the wet and filth. There was little place for grass or trees, excepting here and there, before prosperous houses that fronted on an open space, where an elm or a linden might be growing. The houses of the poor were huddled together, little, dirty, and in earlier times wholly without chimneys. Distinctions of rank and property were as plain to the passer-by then as now. Yet, except for leprosy and random pests, the people were healthy; parents reared good-sized families and the population increased everywhere.

Milan, the richest and the most powerful of all the northern cities, was said to hold thirteen thousand houses and two hundred thousand people. The notaries were reckoned in number at four hundred, the butchers and bakers also at four hundred severally, the physicians at two hundred, the mastersmiths at one hundred, schoolmasters at eighty, public scriveners at fifty, and (but here the imagination or pride of the statistician must have waxed too eloquent) the taverns at one thousand. Pavia, which ranked next to Milan in importance, until by shifting fortune Cremona and Bologna passed her, could put fifteen thousand foot and three thousand horse into the field. But all thirteenth-century statistics are the offspring of sympathetic imaginations.

With population increasing rapidly, manufactures growing, trade pushing out in all directions, and the development of the guilds keeping even pace, the political constitution of a city necessarily changed frequently. Shifting needs prompted new experiments. In Milan, for instance, after the Peace of Constance, the constitution was roughly as follows: The archbishop (in ecclesiastical dignity inferior only to the Pope) was recognized as the honorary head of the city. Sentences were pronounced in his name; and he had the prerogatives of coining money, and of levying tolls on merchandise brought into the city. Next in dignity, but greater in power, came the podestà. He was an officer originally appointed by Frederick Barbarossa, but since the Peace of Constance elective. His qualifications were definitely determined. He must be noble, a man of distinction, and must come from another city. He was commander-in-chief of the troops and the head of criminal justice; and had a great variety of administrative duties. The consuls, who were elected annually by that small portion of the community that held the franchise, were charged with the other ordinary duties of administration.

In other cities the executive power was entrusted to a podestà or to consuls, and the legislative powers, with respect to ordinary matters, were lodged in two councils and, for special matters of supreme importance, in a large council composed of all the enfranchised citizens.

The history of the period between the Treaty of Constance (1183) and the renewal of the Lombard League (1226), as Dante read it by the kindly light of flattering memory, was a tale of worth and courtesy:—

In sul paese ch' Adige e Po riga
 solea valore e cortesia trovarsi,
 prima che Federico avesse briga;

Over the land which the Adige and the Po water
 Used worth and courtesy to be found,
 Before Frederick met opposition;—

but as that history is told by the chroniclers, men of mean curiosity and meagre imaginations, it is a story of petty wars, of castles captured, of terms of peace and oaths of concord, of barons brought to their knees, of compacts concerning canals, of licenses to build mills, of slaves manumitted, and such odds and ends of municipal life. It is also the story, sometimes told in brick and stone, sometimes unrecorded except by inference, of bold merchants gathered together over plans and projects, of energetic manufacturers devising new methods of production and new means for securing to themselves the benefits therefrom, of scheming bankers running great risks for greater gains, and of all the economic machinery of a prosperous community.

The main thread of politics begins again when Frederick comes on the scene. His proclamation of a diet at Cremona recalled the Lombard League into life. The League prevented Prince Henry and his Germans from coming into Italy. This was an act of rebellion, but it had excuse if not justification. The League had not acted merely from vague fear and timid imaginings. When the Emperor's grandfather, Frederick Barbarossa, returned to Lombardy after the Peace of Constance, Milan had opened her gates and welcomed him loyally, for she and her confederate cities trusted him. But Barbarossa's grandson was quite a different person. According to common report, Frederick II was not a man of his word. The Lombards knew the story of his crusading vows, of his covenants against the union of the crowns of the Empire and The Kingdom, of his pledges regarding ecclesiastical elections in Sicily; and in what manner those vows and covenants had been kept. The Church had taken good care to put her side of these quarrels in the most vivid light. They knew, too, of other instances of Frederick's double-dealing. When Frederick, after his first wife's death, betrothed himself to Iolande, heiress to the crown of Jerusalem, her father, John of Brienne, was wearing the crown by courtesy, and Frederick's ambassador in arranging the marriage promised King John that he should continue to wear the crown during his lifetime; but on the very day of the wedding Frederick compelled John to lay down crown and kingly title and assumed both himself. When Frederick was besieging the fortress of two rebels, the Counts of Celano and Aversa, he plighted his faith by solemn treaty that if the defenders would surrender they should enjoy complete personal safety; but on surrender some were tortured and some put to death. Another time he called on some Apulian barons, whose loyalty he doubted, to aid him in Sicily against the revolted Saracens; when he got them within reach he clapped them into prison. And there was another instance nearer home. When

Frederick was passing through northern Italy on the way to Rome for his imperial coronation, he encamped near Faenza, a Guelf city, that had been put under the imperial ban. Frightened by his presence, Faenza paid him fifteen hundred silver marks to be released from the ban and also for leave to hold a neighbouring castle (the title to which was in dispute) until a decision as to her rights over the castle should be decided by the proper tribunal. The Emperor accepted the bargain and sealed his grant with his own seal; and yet, within a day or two, he authorized Forlì, a Ghibelline city and Faenza's bitter enemy, to destroy the castle and take the garrison prisoners.

It is not to be wondered at, that the Lombard cities distrusted the Emperor and renewed the League. As subjects they committed a technical act of rebellion, but as men an act of prudence; their real error was that they did not effect a more stable union. Mutual jealousies, local patriotism, and various time-honoured causes of division kept them apart. They produced no statesman of constructive ability. Nobody thought of permanent articles of confederation with a federal constitution, a federal government, and federal taxation. The union was a military alliance, and its provisions were almost wholly of a negative character: "No confederate city shall exact tolls for the passage of men or provisions through one another's territory;" "Nobody shall receive anything from the Emperor directly or indirectly, nor from any citizen of Cremona, Pavia or of the Imperial party, under pain of confiscation and banishment;" "No judge, no soldier (mercenary or volunteer), no student, no retainer, belonging to any city of the League, either in person or by agent, shall have any dealings with the Imperial Court or with anybody connected with the court." In this league were Milan, Piacenza, Bergamo, Verona, Brescia, Mantua, Vercelli, Lodi, Turin, Alessandria, Vicenza, Padua, Treviso, Bologna, and Faenza; but they could not remain a confederate body for any purpose but defence against the Emperor. After that prop of combined action was taken out, instead of trying to frame terms of civic confederacy that should lead to closer union and prepare the way for a common government, they came to blows each with its neighbour for the same petty causes as before, and the League tumbled to pieces like a house of cards. Milan fought Cremona, Piacenza divided in two and went to buffets against itself, Verona turned Ghibelline and fought Brescia and Mantua, Padua fought Treviso, Bologna fought Modena and Parma, and anarchy again reigned in

> lo dolce piano,
> che da Vercelli a Marcabò dichina.

It was this anarchy that made the strength of the Emperor's position. He, at least, had great plans of universal law emanating from the Emperor; he dreamed of a highly centralized power appointing governors, justiciaries, judges, bailiffs for all Italy, of equality before the law for all subjects according to their several degrees, of peace, of order, of uniformity. And though the potent grounds for Ghibelline loyalty were selfish ambitions, yet here and there were nobler spirits who espoused the imperial cause for the sake of the ideals that the Emperor saw in vision, who dumbly felt what Dante expressed in the *De Monarchia*, that peace and unity were necessary in order that men should attain to their fullest development and highest achievement, and that peace and unity could only be obtained under a monarch.

If the communes deserve our sympathy because they stood for independence and self-government, the Emperor, too, deserves sympathy because he raised the standard of peace, unity, law, and order. By these conflicting and one-sided ideals Italy was accomplishing her destiny.

CHAPTER XIV

BOLOGNA

Surge nel chiaro inverno la fosca turrita Bologna.
CARDUCCI.

In the clear winter rises dark, towered Bologna.

THE power and vigour of the Lombard cities are, however, ill-expressed by a record of wars or a sketch of politics. It is necessary to look closer at their life and constitution, and to do so in short space one must choose a single city; but which? Milan, walled and moated, — "urbs honor Italie, nota et felix, longoque celebris ab evo" (the glory of Italy, happy, famous from of old) — by her preëminence in wealth and power, by her leadership in the national cause, might well seem entitled to be chosen. Within her walls the noblest basilica in Lombardy guarded the bones of St. Ambrose. The great atrium, round whose sides ran Romanesque arcades, if it could not boast such memories as sanctified the atria in the Roman basilicas, was sacred with the bones of good men long dead, and imposed a solemn hush before the entrance; the central doors, carved in the late days of Roman art before the long eclipse, still excelled the doors cast by Barisano di Trani for the cathedral of Benevento or those by Bonanno da Pisa for the cathedral of Monreale, or even those of the oratory of St. John in the Lateran baptistery. Within the church vaulted bays, resting on clustered pillars, ranged up the nave, doing honour to the Lombard builders; at the crossing of the transept stood the high altar resplendent in gold, silver, and jewels; over the altar on its porphyry columns rose the fantastic canopy, upon which in deep relief Christ gives the keys to Peter and the Book of Revelation to John; and high above the canopy hung the cupola, whose octagonal top, light and graceful, crowned the edifice. At the back of the tribune, in Byzantine mosaics, Christ sat upon his throne, with ministering angels to right and left; and on his lap an open book with the words, "Ego Lux Mundi." But the skill of architect, sculptor, and mosaist, could not, with all their accomplishment, enhance the real glory of the basilica. There, in that very place, though time had compelled the Romanesque builders to rebuild the old Roman church, stood the font at which St. Ambrose had baptized St. Augustine, greatest of all the Fathers; and at that threshold, perhaps beside those very doors, Ambrose had rebuked the Roman Emperor, Theodosius, and denied him admittance. And when, having made amends for the wrong he had done, Theodosius had received permission to enter, he had prostrated himself upon that floor and repeated the psalm, "Adhæsit pavimento anima mea" (my soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken thou me according to thy word). No church in Italy, outside of Rome, not the basilica of San Marco at Venice, all glorious within, nor the pictured cathedral of Monreale, nor that at Pisa, which shines like alabaster in the light of the setting sun, could rival that proud eminence of glory.

In addition to her claim as the home of St. Ambrose, Milan had another of more tangible interest. She was the seat of the archbishop; and her see had dared set itself up against the See of Rome. She already dominated her neighbour cities, Como and Lodi, and was plainly marked out as the future ruler of the province. Her poet had reason for his boasts:

> Urbibus et reliquis solita est prebere ducatum
> Prudentum, ingentes et opes effundere sumptu
> Magnifico, cuius victricia signa rebelles
> Auditis tremuere minis, aciemque coruscam
> Armis innumero consertam milite. Florens
> Gaudebat.
>
> To other cities she is wont to give
> Sagacious leaders, and her riches spend
> Magnificently free; the rebels quake
> To hear her threats, to see her conquering standards,
> Her serried ranks, with glittering arms
> And soldiers numberless. And in her own
> Prosperity doth she exult.

As leader in resistance to the Empire, Milan, beyond all competitors, stands the first; but other cities have other honours to boast of, and political preëminence does not of itself deserve the palm.

Next to the claims of Milan come those of many-towered Pavia, "urbs bona, flos urbium, clara, potens, pia," once the capital city of the Lombard kings. She, too, had her famous monuments. In the church of San Michele, founded (so the legend ran) by Constantine and cherished by the Lombard kings, the noblest of the Hohenstaufens, Frederick Barbarossa, had received the iron crown of Lombardy. In the sweet-syllabled church, San Pietro in Ciel d' Oro, lay the bones of Boëthius, *magnus et omnimodo mirificandus homo*, who, as Dante says, laid bare this deceitful world to him that hath ears to hear, and

> da martiro
> e da esilio venne a questa pace; —

and in a tomb near by lay the bones of a greater than he, St. Augustine. In Pavia, also (so patriotic citizens said), rested the ashes of St. Crispin, of the lovely St. Cecilia and of Valerian, doubly blessed, for he was both her husband and a saint, and other holy bones numerous enough to have hallowed a meaner city. In those days, at least, only a jealous Roman tradition contested these priceless possessions.

The beauty of Pavia made her a worthy shrine to encase the holiest relics. Decked with an hundred churches, crowned with towers, and girdled with encircling walls, she stood romantic and charming beside the river Ticino, and so tall and resplendent that, though a city of the plain, she could be seen from the distance of a day's journey. She had the air of a mistress among the cities, and, opposing Milan with a fierce loyalty not surpassed even by that of Cremona, maintained the honour of the Empire in Lombardy. Here the Ticino, as it sweeps downward to the Po on its joyous pilgrimage from Lago Maggiore, measures two hundred yards across. Now its yellow waters roll and swirl past low trees and green bushes, but then the water was so clear that in spite of its depth fishes could be seen darting to and fro, and crabs crawling backward on the bottom. And even in those days, on the shore next the city, the women of Pavia, erect, straight-backed, with their classic features, ripe complexions, and winsome looks, brighter in their gaudy kerchiefs even than the tiled city, washed their linen, sang their songs, and made eyes at the sunburnt fishermen. Milan could not boast of any such picturesque and endearing aspect; but in all the practical capacities that create wealth and maintain arms, Milan outdid her rival.

East of Milan, halfway to the sea, on the banks of the impetuous Adige, Verona sits enthroned, the warder of the passes of the north; and might without arrogance urge her claims to be our paradigm. She could show a mightier memorial of her Roman descent than any city north of Rome. Here Theodoric the Ostrogoth, in punishment for the death of good Boëthius, mounted the coal-black horse from hell and started on the chase that ended down the crater of Lipari. Here King Alboin the Lombard forced Queen Rosamund, his wife, to drink out of a cup made from her father's skull; and here he paid a dreadful reckoning. Here Capulets and Montagues "from ancient grudge broke to new mutiny." Here young Sordello first saw Lady Cunizza. And, as for monuments, San Zeno in its noble purity might challenge comparison with the proudest churches of Italy. Verona, indeed, lay outside Lombardy, in the March of Treviso; but that should not exclude her from our choice if she had been Lombard at heart, but she was not. She was no city of traders and artisans; she was proud of her brawling nobility, and drew herself back from the common throng. With Azzo of Este, Richard of San Bonifazio, or the haughty Ezzelino at her head, she stood like Coriolanus, despising the mercantile classes, "things created to buy and sell with groats." Only Guelf sentiment, mounting to its flood, had been able to make her join the Lombard League; and at the first ebb she fell away. She cannot serve as the type of trading and manufacturing city that raised Lombardy to greatness.

Some twenty-five miles south, and a little to the west, on the "honoured flood, smooth-sliding Mincius," that carries the waters of Lago di Garda *giù per verdi paschi* — down through green pastures — to the river Po, the marsh-encompassed Mantua had little of singular excellence excepting memories of Virgil. Her people told wild stories of her founder, the virgin Manto (*Inferno*, xx), and were already beginning to create a legend of Sordello, how he became a knight such as those of the Round Table, how he unhorsed his challengers in the lists, married Ezzelino's sister, and lived in Mantua to a ripe old age, honoured by all the world. And they also said that in Sant' Andrea's church, quite forgotten and miraculously revealed, were the sacred drops that flowed at Golgotha when the centurion Longinus (destined to belief and glorious martyrdom) had thrust his spear into his Saviour's side. Too credulous by far, the citizens of Mantua cannot furnish the type of the quick-witted, practical, shrewd, money-loving Lombards. Nor could Cremona, seated on the north bank of the Po, some twenty miles below Piacenza, challenge comparison with Milan in wealth or power, with Pavia in dignity, or with

Verona in charm; only in her unconquerable loyalty to the Empire is she inferior to none.

South of the river Po, on the Via Emilia, there are several cities, any one of which might serve to show what Lombardy was, Piacenza, Borgo San Donnino, Parma, Reggio, each with its own character, each looking on life as primarily a matter of industry and finance, each resolved to be its own master and not to submit, like a schoolboy, to ways fashioned and determined by others. But there are good reasons for riding by and going on at least as far as Modena. Here one is tempted to stop by the charm of the cathedral and the noble dignity of the belfry; and, having stopped, one is tempted to stay. In Modena are memories of Anthony and Octavian, demi-Atlases of the earth preparing to dispute its ownership, and of the great Countess Matilda, Hildebrand's strong support; but more persuasive than these is the fragrance of mediæval piety that hangs about the cathedral, and teaches us to remember that the sentiment of the Lombards for the Church was not all due to policy.

"After long centuries [to tell the tale as a citizen, who had the privilege to be present, tells it] the church that housed the sacred bones of San Gimignano, the patron saint of Modena, cracked and threatened to fall; the congregation, people, nobles, and clergy, decided to build a new church worthy of such a saint. Needless to say, it was really Christ, the originator of all good things, the great giver of all good gifts, that inspired this decision; and to Him is due the honour. Need more be said?

For Christ's help makes the story plain. The people asked one another where a man could be found able to design and build so great an edifice; and at last by God's grace a man, by name Lanfranc, was found, *mirabilis artifex, mirificus ædificator* (a most wonderful artist and architect). Acting under his counsel and direction the citizens of Modena and all the congregation of the basilica began digging the foundations, to the glory of God, the Father Almighty, of Jesus Christ, His only Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and also to the honour of the Virgin Mary and of our father, San Gimignano; and, a little later, in the presence of a great throng, with lauds, hymns, and canticles, with lamps and candles, with book and with cross, they laid the corner stone; and God's right hand prospered the building from the foundation to the roof. *Quis queat immensa tua, Deus, numerare beneficia?* (Who can tell the tale of thy gracious gifts, O God?) What fountain of speech, what flood of eloquence, can recount thy mighty deeds? The walls rise, the building mounts, thy unutterable loving kindness, O God, receives its praise and its extolling.

"After seven years came the day for transferring the saint's body. Pope, cardinals, bishops, the Countess Matilda, the wonderful Lanfranc, soldiers and citizens, a mighty multitude, gather about the tomb. Then a great question arises: Shall the tomb be opened? Those present were of many minds. At last six knights and twelve burgesses swear to keep watch and ward lest some one overbold should dare to violate the sacred relics; then, with exceeding reverence, the stone slab was lifted, and a second slab was discovered underneath. At this a great many people were of opinion that nothing more should be done; but by God's mercy (that no colour of doubt should be left to a disbeliever or to any one befogged by blindness of heart) these dissentient opinions turned about into one harmonious accord. Why spin the story out? While the Pope was preaching to the people, granting remission of sins and bringing the divine mysteries down to the hearts of all, and the cardinals, bishops, clergy, and laymen were praying and singing psalms, the most blessed body of our holy father San Gimignano was uncovered by the hands of Bishop Buonsignore of Reggio and of Lanfranc, the architect. Oh! what exultation, what odour of sweetness, what fragrance came forth! All stretch their hands to heaven and give thanks to the Saviour, the Founder of all holy things, because he deigned to keep the relics of our father inviolate to our time."

But though the cathedral by its picturesque and childlike charm keeps fresh the memory of San Gimignano and of Lanfranc, and by its story reveals how much religious feeling had survived from an earlier generation and still abode in Modena, and so gives her title to special remembrance; yet we must remember that no piety but a habit of interpreting life in terms of yardstick and gold coin is the distinguishing trait of the Lombards, as may be learned not only in Lombardy, but abroad, for if we go to London we do not look for traces of them in Westminster Abbey but in Lombard Street. Modena's rôle is to reiterate that the mediæval way of regarding religion and things from of old deemed holy still maintained its power over many people, — women, perhaps, the aged, the sick, the bereaved, the unprosperous, the clergy, and the friars, — and tempered, if it could not control, the dominant trait of the Lombards, money-getting. Our choice must fall where the spirit of industry finds expression in associations of traders and artisans, where democracy develops and grows until traders and artisans control the state, for that, though often, even usually, thwarted by adverse forces, was the normal tendency of an Italian city in the thirteenth century.

To the south of the Po lay a city equal in charm to Modena or Verona, greater in wealth and power than Pavia, and more renowned than Milan; whose university excelled the proud university at Oxford and rivalled that at Paris. If a student in those days on his way to the University of Bologna, were to travel from Milan, he would ride southward to Pavia or Lodi, and from there to the ferry across the Po at Piacenza. From Piacenza he would turn to the southeast and follow all the rest of his way the great Roman road built fourteen hundred years before by Marcus Æmilius Lepidus. He must cross a dozen little rivers flowing north into the Po, which in the summer are mere rivulets trickling through wastes of sand, but in the spring, swollen by melting snows, turn into impassable torrents. He would ride past vineyards and olive groves, grainfields and orchards, past sombre forests tenanted by deer, wolves, and wild boar, past rough farms, and here and there a fortified castle, bastioned and turreted.

One night he would lodge at Parma, the next at Modena, and the following day at sundown he would reach the river Reno, and from there he had barely a mile or two before riding up to the gates of Bologna; in all, five days of easy going from Milan. The road was picturesque but monotonous. To the north the great Lombard plain stretches flat as a bowling green all the way to the Alps; to the south, some dozen miles off, rise the foothills of the "olive sandall'd" Apennines. At the Reno, according to Dante, Lombardy ended and Romagna began, but Bologna was not commonly deemed a city of Romagna, she shared the general fortunes of the Lombard cities, and for all our purposes she may be reckoned among them. She is the paradigm we have been looking for.

The city of Bologna was not marked by any special monument. The palace of the podestà was destined to become more famous from an illustrious prisoner than from its architectural proportions, good though they were. The church of San Domenico, built in honour of the great saint, who had passed his last years and had died in Bologna, was just beginning, and though there were two hundred towers, of which the Asinelli and Garisenda only are left, yet there were many other towered cities as much coronated as she. The cathedral of San Pietro, crowded about by little churches, chapels, and cloisters in confused intimacy, was more memorable for tombs, relics, and memories than for its beauty. But Bologna did not interest herself in the past, she was an intensely modern city. Perhaps more than any other city in Italy she represented that liberty of thought and action, that impatience with the yoke of past customs and old privileges, which were the mainsprings of communal life in Italy.

Bologna's foreign policy, if that name may be given to her extra-mural politics, was very simple. She first fought the nobles in the country round and compelled them to become citizens and live within the city walls; then she fought her nearest neighbours, Modena to the west, Imola to the east, Ferrara to the north, and Pistoia, whose territories met hers somewhere on the crest of the Apennines, to the south. In the larger matters that divided all Italy into Guelf and Ghibelline she sided with the Church, and took a leading part in action for the common good. She was always antagonistic to the Emperor Frederick. She had tried to stop him on his adventurous expedition north to win the German crown. In 1222 she made war on Imola against his express commands. For punishment Frederick attempted to close her university and founded a rival at Naples. Bologna's retort was to furnish two hundred and fifty knights and fifty slingers to the Lombard League. This anti-imperial policy had a near connection with the city's internal politics; for the popular faction was intimately related to the Guelf party and each victory, each gain, of that party strengthened the position of the popular faction.

CHAPTER XV

THE CONSTITUTION OF BOLOGNA

La santa Libertà non è fanciulla
Da poco rame;
Dura virago ell' è, dure domanda
Di perigli e d' amor pruove famose:
In mezzo al sangue de la sua ghirlanda
Crescon le rose.

CARDUCCI.

Sacred Liberty is not a girl
Of little cost;
An Amazon is she; she demands
Of perils and of love proofs hard and glorious:
In the midst of blood the roses
Of her garlands grow.

AT the opening of the century the constitution of Bologna was somewhat after this fashion. The general powers of government were lodged in three councils: a small advisory council, that may be called the cabinet; a special council of six hundred members; and a general council, to which were eligible all citizens between the ages of eighteen and seventy years, excepting those belonging to the inferior crafts or engaged in the baser occupations. The two larger councils were elective. Each year members for the succeeding year were elected by a committee chosen by lot from among the members of the general and special councils. Doctors of law were *ex officio* allowed to attend meetings of the special council and of the cabinet. These councils were convoked by authority of the podestà, and met separately or together according to the nature of the business to be transacted. If one were to judge only from the constitution and character of these councils, one might suppose that the middle class, or at least the upper middle class, was in power; but the fact was that at this time the nobility constituted the governing body. The nobles held themselves apart, built towers, fortified their houses, leagued with one another, intermarried, gathered dependants and retainers about them; and succeeded in lording it over the city. The causes that enabled them to do so are not far to seek. In the first place, all the nobles were citizens (and this was not their doing, they had been given no choice, they had been enfranchised by force); they were the landowners; they had social prestige; they had greater knowledge of affairs than the lower classes; and public opinion probably supported their view that they should be at the head of the government. Their control was secured in two ways: by help of the podestà, and by narrowly limiting through indirect means the powers of the councils. The podestà, always a noble, naturally sympathized with his class, and exercised the powers of his office for their benefit, not by particular acts of injustice done in their favour against members of the lower classes, but by treating them as entitled to the positions of authority and dignity. Secondly, before the podestà called a meeting of either of the great councils, the questions to be submitted for decision were required to be written down in a book kept for that purpose at the chancery. This, of course, was an extreme limitation; and not only that, but the right to speak in the council was hedged about with the narrowest rules. At the meeting the chancellor read out the questions; when he had finished, four selected orators (undoubtedly appointed by the governing body) got up, took their stand beside the tribune of the magistrates, and delivered their speeches. Then the magistrates spoke, but only upon questions that concerned their offices. No private member was allowed to speak at all except upon matters of very grave importance, and even then he was not allowed to stand where the official orators stood, but he got up on a rostrum apart, so that it should be obvious that he was expressing his personal opinion and not that of the government. The chief reason for this restriction upon the right to speak in a public meeting was undoubtedly to keep control of the business in the hands of the ruling clique; yet the restriction finds some justification in the quick tempers, the sharp tongues, and ready fists of the Bolognese. In all the codes of the Trainband Companies there are elaborate provisions for punishing breaches of the peace at a meeting of the society, and an especial prohibition against giving the lie. The statutes of one company open with: "No member shall say to another member, 'You are a liar.'" After the orators and magistrates had finished speaking, the vote was taken, and then the resolutions adopted were formally drawn up by notaries. The power of the councils was thus practically confined to voting "aye" or "no" upon the questions submitted to them.

The executive head of the commune was the podestà. He was elected by a committee chosen by lot from the special and general councils. His qualifications were definitely prescribed: he must be a noble, a foreigner to Bologna, and over thirty-six years of age; he must own no real property in the city or its territory; he must be no relative to any elector, nor to the last podestà; and he must not come from the same place as the last podestà. He was expected to be a man of note and well qualified for the office; and before his election it was the custom for the councils to designate the city from which he was to be chosen. These rules were adopted in order to secure an impartial governor free from connections with local politics. Similar rules prevailed everywhere. To further this purpose of an impartial administration, the podestà brought four judges with him. His term, like that of all elective office-holders in Bologna, was for one year. He was commander-in-chief of the army, and in conjunction with the cabinet conducted foreign affairs and important matters that involved great cost, and it was usually his duty to enforce all laws, even such minute laws as we should call police regulations.

The office of podestà was an honour, but it had its hazards. For example, in 1257, Beno de Gozzadini of Bologna was podestà of Milan. At that time a canal already existed from the river Ticino nearly halfway to Milan. To extend the canal all the way to the city would certainly be of great advantage, both for carrying merchandise to and fro, and for supplying this tract of land with water during the dry season. The Podestà decided in favour of the plan and began the work; to meet the expense, which was very great, he proposed to levy a new tax and not to exempt the clergy. The people resented the tax, the clergy bitterly resented their enforced contribution. Malicious rumours and accusations were spread abroad. The Podestà, unjustly and illegally, was haled to trial and condemned in a sum of money too great for one man to pay; and not content with this, the mob attacked him, dragged him in derision through the streets, and when they had killed him flung his battered corpse into the new canal.

The magistrates of the city were of two kinds. Ordinary magistrates, such as judges of the various courts, the sheriff, the law officers of the commune, and the treasurer, were elected in the same manner as members of the councils. The special magistrates, such as ambassadors and officials for extraordinary services, were appointed by the podestà. Each magistrate had his notaries, his attendants, and his police. The country districts were governed by officials, also known as podestàs, while the subject villages elected their own chief magistrates, called consuls. The clergy were subject only to the canonical jurisdiction of the bishop.

The podestà was the commander-in-chief of the army; but the chief officers, known as the military magistrates, were elected like the other magistrates. The military forces of the city were organized by districts. Bologna had four districts, one for each of the four gates, — Porta Stiera, Porta San Pietro, Porta San Procolo, and Porta Ravegnana. Each quarter had its own gonfaloniere, and the horse and foot when they took the field followed him. The whole military force was only called out on very serious occasions. Commonly a campaign was no more than the raid of a small band over the border. When the expedition was more important, the troops of one or two quarters were ordered out. The army was very far from being a regular army; the nobles were from their youth trained to military exercises, but the rank and file were civilians armed with helmet, breastplate, shield, sword, spear, and bow. The *carroccio*, which was a stately cart with a mast from which the banner of the republic hung, was taken on the more important campaigns and served as the rallying-point for the army.

Such a constitution as that of Bologna, both for civil and military matters, must have depended on customs and regulations that are now lost in the waste places of oblivion. The one clear fact is that under an apparently democratic form of government, the aristocracy was in power. But the centre of political gravity was shifting all the time; there was a steady tendency to substitute the upper middle class in place of the aristocracy as the chief power in the state. Bologna was prosperous, business flourished, and wealth rapidly increased; and almost all the increase in wealth, except what accrued to the nobles and to the Church by the rise in value of land, went to the middle classes. The rich merchants, great dealers in silks and wool, had long been associated in the "Society of Merchants," the bankers and brokers in the "Society of Exchange"; these societies had already before this time secured special political privileges. Merchants and bankers were recognized to be the top layer, as it were, of the middle class, and no doubt their daughters married into the nobility. The trades and crafts were also organized into guilds. The purpose of a guild was to unite men of the same occupation in common action for the common good, such as to perform religious rites together, to enforce contracts, to collect debts, and supplement as best they might the inadequate legal machinery of the state. The lesser guilds contracted closer relations with one another in order that they might the better assert their rights against the arrogant and turbulent nobility. They had their share in the general prosperity; and there was a special source of well-being for shopkeepers, pedlars, and small dealers in the presence of the students, who thronged in thousands to the famous university.

In one generation so great an economic change took place that it was impossible for the political constitution to remain as it was; it was merely a question of time as to when the political constitution should conform to the new economic conditions; and yet it was not to be expected that the conservative classes should give way and a political revolution take place without turmoil. The gradually increasing dissatisfaction of the middle classes was brought violently to the surface in 1228. The nobles grossly mismanaged a war, either through incompetence or treachery. The people rose in wrath; merchants, artisans, discontented gentlemen, and the mob made common cause. The rectors of the guilds and a rich merchant named Joseph, one of the Tuscan immigrants to Bologna, led them on. The people crowded up to the palace of the podestà and demanded surrender of the government and of the city's gonfalon. On refusal the doors were broken down, the palace ransacked, public books and registers torn up, the records of banishments and criminal sentences utterly destroyed, and Joseph, the merchant, put at the head of the government. This revolt was really a revolution, rendered inevitable by the economic changes. One result of it was a radical amendment to the constitution which, by the creation of a "Board of Ancients," granted to the mercantile classes a greater share in the administration of the government. This board was composed of the consuls of the "Society of Merchants" and of the "Society of Exchange," and the heads of the lesser guilds, seventeen or eighteen in number. Just what powers these Ancients had is not clear. St. Thomas Aquinas says, that they were like the tribunes of old Rome, charged with the defence of the people's rights.

A far more radical consequence of this revolution was the creation of a popular party, which organized itself with the Board of Ancients at its head, and two councils after the manner of the communal government, and called itself "The People." It was, in substance, a political confederation of the guilds. This body had its own separate business as guardian of popular rights, and, in addition, was set, or rather set itself, by the side of the existing communal government as a coördinate branch, taking a share (the amount of which it is hard now to determine) in legislation and in the administration of public affairs.

The old government, shrunken from sole master to be a mere partner, and known as "The Commune," remained in the hands of the nobles, except that the Board of Ancients constituted a part of it as well as a part of the new body. The new constitution, in short, was an attempt to put in double harness the conflicting interests of nobles and commons. How peace was kept it is hard to see. But then it is equally hard to see how a great university with several thousand students, cooped up cheek by jowl with these warring elements within walls scarce half a mile across, could proceed tranquilly with the study of Roman law.

The rise to power of the middle class was greatly aided by divisions in the ranks of their adversaries. The nobility was split in halves. Rivalry, jealousy, inherited quarrels, set them at odds in Bologna, as well as in every other city. The Geremei were at the head of one faction, the Lambertazzi of the other. The Geremei, in order to strengthen themselves courted popular support and took the people's side against their own order. One of the Geremei was next in command to Giuseppe Toschi during the revolution of 1228. And as the interests of the popular party coincided with those of the Church in opposition to their common enemies, the Imperialists, the people and the Church made common cause, and in the chronicles of the time go together under the name of the Church party, the Geremei being called the leaders of the Church party. The Lambertazzi, either outmanœuvred by their rivals in seeking the wind of popular favour, or less bending, were pushed by the coalition against them and by the force of events first into sympathy and then into union with the imperial party, until finally, towards the end of the century, they were regarded as pure Ghibellines and public enemies, and driven from the city.

Another important consequence or accompaniment of the revolution of 1228 was the creation of the Trainband Companies. These companies were framed on the model of the guilds; their purpose was to supply the popular party with disciplined fighting men who should hold the nobility in check, and who should also constitute the main strength of the army in time of war. In form these companies were mutual benefit societies with special provisions for the maintenance of certain religious observances. There were twenty-four of them. Each company was usually composed of men living in the same quarter of the town, and each had its own emblem, a lion, an eagle, a griffin, or a dolphin. But there were a few companies composed of men whose fathers, if not they themselves, had been born in some other city or province, as, for example, the Company of the Tuscans. There were a good many of these immigrants who for one reason or another — the capture of their city by enemies, the destruction of their houses by an earthquake or a fire — had come and settled in Bologna. For instance, many families came from Brescia, after that city had suffered great damage from an earthquake.

Each of these companies, like the guilds, had its own statutes; and these statutes really tell us more of what was going on in Bologna than the chroniclers do. The latter are dry as sand of the desert, and give little hint that they record what were once the actions of living men; whereas, though the statutes are dry, life transpires through their ill-written Latin, and the imaginative reader can see that Bologna was once a breathing, panting, passionate place. The preamble usually begins in a stately way, as, for instance, the ordinances of the Tuscan Company: "In the name of God, amen. These are the statutes and ordinances of the Fraternity and Society of the Tuscans living in Bologna, made to the honour of God, of blessed Mary the Virgin, of Saint John the Baptist and of all the saints, and to the honour and good estate of the rulers of the Commune of Bologna and to the honour and good estate of the Society aforesaid."

These ordinances provide for the qualification of members, procedure at meetings, election of officers, performance of religious rites, helping poor members, ministering to the sick, attendance at funerals, fees, salaries, and fines, but principally for the special objects of the society: the organization of its members into military squads, the election and appointment of officers, their duties in time of civil disturbances, their duties in time of war, and with special provisions to prevent members taking part in quarrels between nobles. The chief officers were a captain (the gonfaloniere), a treasurer and four ministers, besides the military officers; there were a number of officials, such as nuncios, notaries, inquisitors to examine accounts, proctors to see that members performed their duties, a committee to revise the statutes, and a council of twenty-four who were chosen by the ministers.

Out from among these ordinances, though written between the lines, stands in capital letters the reason why the Lombard Confederacy failed to establish a united state and why these little commonwealths failed to maintain themselves for long, namely, lack of confidence of one man in another. Nobody wholly trusts anybody else. The offices are for terms of one year or for six months, and no official, except the podestà, is eligible for reëlection until after a year's interval. The gonfaloniere has twelve officers, yet they are not appointed by him, but by the ministers; whenever he carries forth the banner, his aides, adjutants, and quartermasters must go with him, but he must carry his banner where his aides direct, and the adjutants have authority to give orders to the men as they see fit. These statutes also show lack of broad-mindedness; for instance, the ordinances of the Company of Tuscans provide that in case of any election to any city office by the Board of Ancients, the representative of the Tuscans on the Board shall vote for the appointment of a fellow member of his society. This suspiciousness and this pettiness were both a cause and a result of perfidy and disloyalty. Certainly the inability of the communes to carry out any large policy was due to the political incoherence born of mutual distrust, and led to their ultimate ruin.

The constitution of Bologna, as it stood after the revolution of 1228, had one obvious and very serious defect. This was the relation of the People's party to the podestà. He represented the rival party of the nobility, and yet the people's trainbands were under his orders as commander-in-chief. This arrangement inevitably offered occasion for misunderstanding and discord. It was plain that some remedy must be found; and in the course of another generation the middle classes had increased their relative importance in the state to such a degree that they were able to effect another important change in the constitution. They created a new office of the highest consequence (1255). The holder was called the captain of the People. He was the head of the People's party very much as the podestà was head of the Commune, and presided over its councils just as the podestà presided over the councils of the Commune. The captain of the People, however, was exalted above the podestà, for while the podestà remained governor within the walls of the city, outside the walls the captain of the People was commander-in-chief. This amendment was one of those irresolute compromises, due half to conflicting interests, half to timidity, in which the Italian communes experimented during this century. It shows that the guilds had thriven and consolidated their power, and that production and trade were undergoing a rapid expansion comparable, though in far less degree, to that caused by the introduction of machinery in the nineteenth century. As a constitutional measure, however, the experiment was far from being a complete success.

This rise of the upper *bourgeoisie* to political power was by no means confined to Bologna. A similar movement went on in all the trading towns of Italy, north of the Emperor's dominions. Bologna is preëminent in democracy among her sister cities, because she excelled them all either in point of time or of thoroughness. But her political changes were no triumph for democratic ideas as such; they effected no more than the substitution of the trading class for the landed nobility. The guilds were narrow corporations of master workmen, they excluded apprentices and persons dependent upon others, as well as vassals, freedmen, and serfs. They had little flavour of genuine democracy about them except in one particular, they favoured the liberation of serfs; but there they acted from a mixture of political and religious motives. For one reason their alliance with the Church naturally led them to adopt the Church's policy in this respect.

The Church, faithful to her doctrine of the equality of souls, had consistently used her influence to secure the freedom of serfs. Churchmen had liberated their own, and had taught that manumission was an offering acceptable to God. Many landholders, moved by repentance or the fear of death, executed deeds or wills changing the status of their serfs to that of tenants. The burghers of the trading towns were not unaffected by these motives, but they had another quite as forcible. Serfs constituted a great part of the wealth of the feudal nobility; if serfs were set free the wealth and power of the nobility were to that extent diminished. Also, the greater the population of a town the greater were its wealth and power. So, there was a steady effort on the part of the towns to liberate the serfs of their feudal neighbours and induce them to live within their walls. Sometimes, unwilling to take the position of openly encouraging runaway serfs, a town would pass a law that all serfs who had resided in the town for a year without being claimed, were free. Sometimes the towns purchased a serf's liberty. In Bologna, the year after the revolution in which the office of captain of the People was originally established, the popular party enfranchised over five thousand serfs. The captain of the People called together the Ancients, the heads of the guilds, and the members of the councils, and asked the meeting if it were their pleasure that the serfs in the territory of Bologna should be bond or free. The meeting was eager for enfranchisement; and a plan of redemption was adopted which was afterward carried out by the podestà and the captain of the People. The masters received ten Bolognese pounds for serfs over fourteen years of age and eight pounds for those under. The prompt execution of such a measure shows how absolute was the power of the popular party, and how completely its democratic policy worked in harmony with the Christian policy of the Church. In fact, the similarity and almost identity of interests and policy between the popular party and the Church (in spite of quarrels over their respective titles to little towns of the neighbourhood, which ended in an interdict and the submission of Bologna) already foreshadow the ultimate incorporation of the commune within the territories of the Church.

The abolition of serfage was part of the democratic movement and shows how flatly the spirit that animated the little Lombard commonwealths was opposed to the ideas of government entertained by Frederick II. The clash between their spirit and his ideas was as inevitable as the clash between the Papacy and the Empire; and it was the Lombard cities quite as much as the Papacy that thwarted and brought low Frederick's imperial plans.

CHAPTER XVI

THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA

> Et noi facciamo prego a M. Domenedio
> Che tolla delli nostri quori ogne tenebrio,
> Che possiamo tal savere et scienza apprendere,
> Che possiamo havere sua grasia et amore,
> Et gustare sì della scienza che n' habbiamo honore.
>
> Brunetto Latini.

> And we make prayer to the Lord God:
> That he take from our hearts all darkness,
> That we may acquire knowledge and learning,
> That we may have His grace and love,
> And so drink of learning that we shall gain honour.

Bologna is famous as a republican commonwealth, and her democracy serves to teach us the general pattern of democracy in the trading cities of Italy; but the glory of Bologna is not due to what she had in common with other cities but to what she alone possessed, her University.

There were, to be sure, several universities in Italy, the University of Naples, founded by the Emperor Frederick in 1224, the University of Padua, founded in 1222, and others at Arezzo, Reggio, Vicenza, Vercelli, and Siena, but the University of Bologna was by far the most famous of all. At Bologna, as elsewhere, all the liberal arts were taught, but the study of law, both the civil and the canon law, wholly outdistanced other studies; the law school was the principal department of the University. The liberal arts were grouped together with medicine in a separate school. Each school was composed of students and of professors, or as they called themselves, doctors or masters. The most striking difference between a modern university or law school and the schools of Bologna is, that in a modern university the professors constitute the governing body, whereas at Bologna the students constituted the governing body. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who was endowed with scant democratic sympathies, had tried to put the government of the University in the hands of the professors, but his system did not succeed. Little by little, and not without struggles, the students got the upper hand; before the end of our century their domination was well established, and the professors were obliged to take an oath of obedience to them.

The University was very large, students came from all western Europe; it was computed that the number in residence at one time was as high as ten thousand. They were of all ages from sixteen to forty; some of them were men of wide experience, many were beneficed clergymen. In order to secure civic rights (which in the Middle Ages were not accorded to aliens) the foreign students organized themselves into guilds. There was one guild of the students who came from beyond the Alps, and one of the Italian students not citizens of Bologna. Each guild was subdivided into clubs, according to the country or province from which the members came. There were fourteen clubs in the ultramontane guild, Frenchmen, Normans, Picards, Burgundians, Poitevins, Tourangeaux, Gascons, Provençaux, Catalans, Spaniards, Germans, Hungarians, Poles, Englishmen; and three in the cismontane guild, Lombards, Tuscans, and Romans. Each guild elected an academic podestà, called the rector, who, together with a council composed of representatives from the several clubs, administered the affairs of the guild. In important matters the whole student body, except paupers, met in general assembly, deliberated and decided. This simple organization constituted the government of the school. The rector had civil jurisdiction over members of the guild, which he enforced by means of their oaths of obedience as well as by authority of the statutes of the guild; he acquired jurisdiction over the professors when they took the oath of obedience, and virtual authority before that owing to the students' power of withholding fees or of putting a ban on any set of courses; he also exercised authority over tradesmen and lodging-house keepers by a simple refusal to deal with them. The rectors were persons of great consequence; on ceremonial occasions they took precedence of cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, excepting the Bishop of Bologna; they were attended by liveried servants, and wore robes of scarlet with hoods, fur-trimmed.

In dealing with the municipal government the power of the University lay in its complete freedom of habitation. It had no buildings, no property, and could leave Bologna on a day's notice. Several times it forced the town to terms by emigration. Lectures were held in a professor's house or in a hired apartment. For great ceremonies, such as the installation of a rector, the cathedral was used. Students lodged where they could, or clubbed together and took a house, bought or hired furniture, and engaged servants. Lectures were held in the morning and the afternoon. The long vacation came in September and October, and there were short vacations at Christmas and at Easter, and a few holidays for the carnival. The course was long: after five years a student was permitted to lecture on one title of the civil law, after six years on a whole book, and on the completion of such a course of lectures he became a bachelor. To become a doctor, and eligible to the college of professors, the bachelor was obliged to study six years longer in canon law, or seven or eight years in civil law.

Although the government of the University was in the hands of the students, the professors were persons of consequence. They wore purple robes, they were addressed in terms of respect, they were exempt from military duty, they were ex-officio members of the *credenza*, the city council of six hundred, and they were often entrusted with important affairs of state. Like other groups of men belonging to a common craft, they united in a society, called a college. The college decided the qualifications of its own members, subject however to the approval of the archdeacon of Bologna; for the Church had taken advantage of its general authority over clerks and over learning, to lay its hand on the great law school. Perhaps the Curia, which had a long memory, recollected the time when the professors of Bologna espoused the cause of Frederick Barbarossa against Pope Alexander III, and meant to guard against any repetition of that offence. The professors were paid either by the students who attended their courses, or, according to a system adopted towards the end of the century, by the city, which attached salaries to certain chairs; but the professors acquired no greater freedom by the new system, for they were elected to the endowed chairs by the students from year to year.

The range of studies at the University was not, according to our ideas, very ample. There was little besides civil law, canon law, medicine, and the seven liberal arts. The Corpus Juris Civilis, put together under the command of the Emperor Justinian (527–565) had been recovered from forgetfulness and disuse and was laid before students in all its antique majesty: the Institutes, an elementary and introductory work, the Code and the Novels which are a compilation of imperial edicts, and the Digest (or Pandects) which is a systematic collection of the opinions of the great Roman lawyers of antiquity. On this vast body of law a vast mass of gloss and comment had been composed. The celebrated jurist, Irnerius, who is reputed to be the founder of the University, led the way, and a long line of eminent scholars had followed him. Every title and chapter of the Corpus Juris Civilis was expounded, and every professor added his load of comment.

The canon law was a close rival to the civil law. For centuries it had lain uncodified, uncollected, scattered in many miscellaneous writings, but in the beginning of the twelfth century, a monk of the Order of the Camaldoli, Brother Gratian, applied himself to the laborious task of putting this miscellaneous mass of authorities into order. He was not content to have the canon law less well arranged than the civil law. Apparently all alone, in the monastery of St. Felix at Bologna, he brought order out of chaos. He took the ecclesiastical authorities — decrees of Church councils, statements by the Fathers, edicts of Popes, laws of the early Christian Emperors — and arranged them systematically; where authorities were at variance, he tried to show which was the better and therefore the true doctrine of the Church. His book is called *Concordantia discordantium Canonum*, the *Concord of discordant Canons*, or more briefly, the *Decretum*. The book was a mere digest, but it was universally accepted as an authoritative exposition of the law. To this Pope Gregory IX added the papal decretals issued since Gratian's time. All this was set before students of the canon law, as the Corpus Juris Civilis was set before students of the civil law.

While the school of law as well as the school of medicine were similar to our postgraduate schools, the courses in the liberal arts corresponded to the academic department of an American university; they were the final instruction in the subjects which boys studied at school, they formed the completion of a literary education, and also fitted young men for practical service in many walks of life. We shall understand better the study of the liberal arts in the University of Bologna, if we treat them as a part of ordinary education. First of all, children heard the romantic tales of ill-fated Troy and of all-conquering

Rome, and studied their letters at home in an A B C book, an *abecedarium*, which served for both Latin and Italian; next they learned, perhaps without understanding the meaning, to recite psalms in Latin and to sing Latin hymns. A little older, boys went to school. Girls commonly received no literary education, unless they were admitted to a nunnery. There were many schools; some were attached to monasteries, some to cathedrals, some were taught by professional grammarians, some by clerks who kept school for a time in order to support themselves until some occupation more to their taste should present itself.

The schools were grammar schools and started boys in the study of the liberal arts. There were seven liberal arts, three grouped together as the triple path, *trivium*, grammar, rhetoric and logic, and four, grouped as the fourfold path, *quadrivium*, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and music; but in the lower schools, little was taught beside grammar and some rhetoric. Grammar was Latin grammar. Latin was the language of the Church, of the law, of learning, of all formal and ceremonious affairs, as well as of literature; Latin grammar was the only door for those who wished to have any education, and every schoolboy had to study Latin grammar. There were almost as many Latin grammars then as there are now, all based on the old Roman grammars of Priscian and of Donatus —

> quel Donato
> ch' alla prim' arte degnò por la mano.

That of Donatus was a little book of a few pages,

— *De octo partibus orationis* — which described the eight parts of speech. Priscian's grammar was much more advanced; it aimed to make the study of Latin a science, and cited so many classical quotations that it served in a manner for an anthology. Priscian's method of teaching grammar was to take the first line of each book of the Æneid and discuss each word in all its grammatical relations. Grammar, however, had a wider scope than the subject matter of our Latin grammars. Boys read extracts from the Latin classics, prose and poetry, fables, proverbs and suchlike. In fact the study of grammar was the elementary study of Latin literature. For beginners there were many school-books written in brief sentences, full of wise saws and moral precepts, which the boys learned by heart or translated into the vernacular. Such a book was the *Distichs of Cato*, written nobody knows just when and ascribed to the famous old Roman, Cato Major. This book exists both in Latin and Italian. It is a mere string of pious counsels: "Say your prayers to God, love your parents, be dutiful to your relations, obey the law, walk with the good, do not offer your advice before you are asked, be pure, be polite, give way to your elders, respect your teacher, avoid dice, learn your lessons, do good to the righteous, be modest, diligent," etc. By such books the schoolboy advanced to the study of the classics, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucan, Statius, Pliny the Elder, Sallust, Livy, Boëthius, and to the study of Christian authors as well.

The dictionaries were few and of slender merit:

there was, for instance, an old one of an earlier century written by Papias, a Lombard, or that by Uguccione, of Pisa, at one time a professor at Bologna and afterward Bishop of Ferrara, which bore the title *Huguitionis Pisani Magnae Derivationes sive Dictionarium Etymologicum.* Dante cites it in the *Convivio* for the derivation of "auctor, author"; he is also indebted to it for the title of his great poem, *Commedia.* He states in his celebrated letter which proffers the dedication of the *Paradiso* to Can Grande della Scala: "The title of the work is, 'Here beginneth the Comedy of Dante Alighieri, a Florentine by birth, not by character.' To understand which, be it known that comedy is derived from *comus* 'a village,' and *oda*, which is 'song'; whence comedy is, as it were, 'rustic song.'" Uguccione's dictionary says: "*Oda*, that is, song or hymn, is compounded with *comus*, that is, a village, and makes *comedia*, that is, a village song or village hymn, because it treats of village and rustic matters, and is like daily speech." And in many other cases Dante uses this dictionary to obtain the derivation of words, as, for instance, in his description of the hypocrites in Malebolge (*Inf.* XXIII, 61) who wear mantles all gold on the outside and lead within, Uguccione says: "*Crisis*, a Greek word, meaning . . . gold; so by composition from *crisis* comes hypocrite (a dissembler, a cheat, a person who counterfeits another, and is called *hypocrite*) from *ypos*, which means under, and *crisis*, which means gold; as if gilded on the outside, because on the outside he seems to be good, while inwardly he is bad."

Rhetoric in old Roman days had meant the art of the orator; Cicero and Quintilian wrote famous treatises upon it, and their treatises served for later writers to quarry from. To-day rhetoric commonly means the art of writing. In the thirteenth century it had larger purposes as we see if we open the text-books written then, for instance the treatise on rhetoric by Fra Guidotto of Bologna, a book composed about the year 1260 and dedicated to Manfred, son of the Emperor Frederick. Guidotto's prologue gives a brief account of Cicero: "When the great and high-born Julius Cæsar, first Emperor of Rome, held sway, Marcus Tullius Cicero was born, 'maestro et trovatore de la grande scienza di rethorica, cioè de ben parlare,' a master and inventor of the great science of speaking well; he was a man full of life, amiable, and steadfast in kindness and in the right, tall of stature, of well knit limbs, and in feats of arms a *maraviglioso cavaliere*, of tempered courage, endowed with great wit, and furnished with knowledge and good sense." After he has introduced us to Cicero, Guidotto says that "this science is the most important of all branches of knowledge, owing to the need of speaking daily on matters of importance, as in making laws, in civil and criminal suits, in municipal affairs, in carrying on war and leading troops, in ministering comfort to knights who undergo chances and changes in empire, kingdom, or barony, and in governing peoples, cities and towns." It seems odd to us to ascribe so wide a scope to the benefits to be got from rhetoric, but we must remember the tremendous prestige of Roman oratory, the legendary fame of Cicero and Julius Cæsar, and that for those who were not to study law, rhetoric was the main part of a civil education. Besides, the art of speaking was important. On ceremonious occasions, such as an embassy to another city, the reception of a new podestà, the funeral of a great personage, a speech in Latin was necessary; in the municipal councils, in the guild meetings, only three or four were allowed to speak, and the audience no doubt expected and demanded a certain kind of formal speech; in fact, the capacity to make a formal speech was the badge of an educated man. For such reasons, though the orator had no such opportunity as in the Roman courts of law or before the conscript fathers, a training in rhetoric was a necessary part of education.

A much more distinguished person than Guidotto, Brunetto Latini of Florence, who had been ambassador to the highly cultivated court of Alphonso the Wise, king of Castile, and knew something of public and official life, devotes a part of his encyclopædia, *Li Livres dou Trésor* (1262–66), to rhetoric. He says it is a science that teaches us to speak fully and perfectly both in public and in private, and that the aim of the art is to teach the speaker to speak in such a way that those who hear him shall believe what he says. He follows Cicero, *De Oratore*, in dividing the subject into five divisions: the first thing is to find out what you are going to say; the second, to marshal your arguments; the third, to suit your words to the matter; the fourth, to cultivate the memory so that you can learn your speech by heart; and last, to study bearing, gesture, diction and the whole subject of delivery. Brunetto also says, citing the great names of Aristotle, Cicero and Boëthius, that rhetoric is the art of governing; but though he includes his chapters on the government of cities in the same division of his encyclopædia with his chapters on rhetoric, he makes a separate section of them.

Sometimes the text-book on rhetoric was specially adapted for training an advocate or a preacher, as the *Ars Loquendi et Tacendi*, the Art of Speaking and of Holding the Tongue, written by Albertano of Brescia, somewhere about 1245, who was an advocate himself. He begins with a distich: —

Quis, quid, cui dicas,
Cur, quomodo, quando, requiras,

Who, what, to whom to speak,
Why, how, and when, be sure to seek, —

and then expounds the ideas suggested by each of these questions. Like most men of his time, Albertano appeals to authority rather than to reason, and stuffs his treatise full of quotations taken, often no doubt at second hand, from the classics of antiquity and of the Middle Ages, as well as from the Old and New Testaments. His treatise is as much ethical as rhetorical; "Finally," he says, "I give you this as a general rule, that we must not think that we are at liberty to do or say things which wound piety, charity, or modesty, or (to speak in a large sense) which go counter to good morals." He is very sententious, and the justice of his rules is beyond all cavil. But if his book seems a little priggish, it is because education (owing, perhaps, to the fact that, for better or worse, it had been shaped by ecclesiastical hands) was intended to have an ethical purpose, and perhaps Albertano had learned piety in adversity, for he was imprisoned in Cremona for many years by Frederick II. While in prison he wrote several moral treatises, two of which had the honour of furnishing material to Chaucer for *Melibeus* and *The Merchant's Tale.*

If rhetoric, as the art of the orator, did not really play so large a part in education at the University of Bologna, as one might infer from the text-books on the subject, it became, as the art of the writer, a matter of great consequence in preparing young men for practical affairs. This branch of rhetoric was known as the art of composition, *ars dictaminis;* it, indeed, had always existed, but with the Romans it had played a very subordinate part. The art of composition had two divisions: it taught the proper way of writing letters, and of drawing up documents, especially legal documents. The accepted text-book at the opening of the century had been written over a hundred years before by Alberich, a Benedictine monk of Monte Cassino. Perhaps he was at the monastery at the time of Abbot Desiderius, famous in the history of art. Alberich divides a letter into five parts: the greeting, the *benevolentiæ captatio* (that is, the endeavour to engratiate oneself with one's correspondent), the narration of facts, the petition, and the ending; and gives counsels and rules, and many models, some taken from archives, for official letters on political matters. The object of a course in Latin composition was to train young men to fill the position of secretary or clerk in the Papal Chancery, in a bishop's court, or in the office of a podestà, or to become notaries, clerks in business houses, factors for merchants, and bailiffs for nobles. The demand for such an education was so great that the celebrated Doctor Boncompagno devoted his courses in rhetoric at Bologna almost entirely to Latin composition.

The rest of the seven liberal arts — logic, arithmetic, music, geometry and astronomy — belong no more to the University of Bologna than to the schools and universities of other cities; nevertheless I will repeat what Brunetto Latini says about them in *Li Livres dou Trésor*, because we may feel sure that Dante read it. "Logic [Brunetto states] is the science that teaches us to adduce reasons and to demonstrate why we should do some things and not others; this demonstration can only be made by means of words; therefore logic is the science by which we can explain and prove why and how a proposition is as true as we allege it to be. There are three ways of doing this, and so there are three divisions of the science: dialectic, efidique (?), and sophistry. The first of these is dialectic, which teaches us to discuss, argue and debate with one another, and ask questions and frame answers. The second is efidique, which teaches us how to prove that what we have said is true, that is, by right, by reason, and sound arguments. The third branch of logic is sophistry, which teaches how to prove that what we have said is correct, but by perverse ingenuity, by false reasons and sophisms, that is by arguments that have the appearance and outside of truth, but in which there is nothing but falsehood." In other words, logic, according to Brunetto Latini, is the science that teaches how to distinguish good from bad reasoning. The main text-books were translations from Aristotle, and treatises by Boëthius.

Of the *quadrivium*, the mathematical sciences, Brunetto says: "The first is arithmetic which teaches us to count, to compute, to add, to subtract, multiply and divide; it also includes teaching the use of the abacus [a Roman instrument for counting by means of beads strung on wires which were stretched across a frame] and algorism. The second is music, which teaches us how to make tunes and songs, and sounds in accord with one another on zithers, organs and other instruments, for the pleasure of the listeners or for divine worship in church. The third is geometry, by which we know the measures and proportions of things in length, breadth and thickness; by the subtilities of geometry the Seven Sages succeeded in finding the size of the heavens and the earth, the distance between them, and many other wonderful measurements. The fourth science is astronomy, which teaches us the order of the heavens, of the firmament and of the stars, and the courses of the seven planets through the twelve signs of the zodiac, and how weather changes to hot or cold, or to dry time, or to wind, according to a law that is established in the stars."

It is evident that these studies were very rudimentary. Arithmetic, besides its practical value in the counting-room, mainly served to compute the date of Easter, a bit of knowledge necessary in a priest's education. About the opening of the century the Hindu-Arabic system of notation was adopted, with the use of the zero, and some elements of algebra, to all of which Brunetto probably refers under the term algorism, but it is obvious that at the time he wrote the use of the primitive abacus had not yet been discarded. By this time a knowledge of Euclid had come in, chiefly from Arabian sources, and also a knowledge of the Ptolemaic system through Ptolemy's astronomical work, known as the Almagest, and through the treatises of Alfraganus, an Arabian astronomer, with whom Dante was very familiar.

Medicine was studied by aid of books written or complied by Arabian physicians, and of treatises derived or purporting to come from Galen and Hippocrates. But in order to study medicine to best advantage students did not go to the University of Bologna; they went to the medical school at Salerno in Frederick's kingdom, where the wisdom of Arabia and Persia supplemented the knowledge of anatomy and of medicinal herbs that had come down from Greece.

The University of Bologna, with its professors, its students, its school of law, its courses on grammar and rhetoric, seems like a pleasant resting-place withdrawn from the highroad of conventional mediæval history, a road frequented chiefly by kings, princes, prelates, soldiers, podestàs and friars; and yet almost everybody goes by without a word about this secluded spot. Dante, who studied all branches of knowledge, who was eagerly interested in philosophy and poetry as well as in politics, has no reference to the University, or but one of a most veiled character. Salimbene, the Franciscan friar, whose memoirs correspond in a way to Horace Walpole's letters, barely alludes to it, once by mention of a master of grammar, and once by repeating a sibylline prophecy — *nidus scholasticus minorabitur*, the scholars' nest shall be brought low; and yet he speaks of Bologna a hundred times. The chroniclers of Bologna talk of battles and forays, of castles lost and won, of marches and countermarches, and they sometimes record the freezing of the river Po, the high price of vegetables, eclipses, floods or falling towers, but they regard the University as beneath the dignity of history; or, perhaps, for they have recorded the attempt made by the Emperor Frederick to suppress the University, they regard it as part of the established order of things, like the river Po or the Apennines. However this may be, the University of Bologna was one of the moulding forces, not merely of Italian history but also of European history.

CHAPTER XVII

ON SOME UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS

> See! Here they come!
> More proud than pursuivants, sly as confessors,
> With step scholastic and with time-worn gowns,
> The underpaid, sweet, spectacled Professors.
>
> *Anonymous.*

The great University of Bologna drew students to itself from many foreign lands, because it taught and expounded the jurisprudence of a civilization very much superior to the civilization of the thirteenth century. As peoples became more civilized, both north and south of the Alps, as the science of government grew, as business expanded, as property increased, a knowledge of Roman law became of greater and greater value; and to clerks hoping for advancement in the Church knowledge of the canon law was of prime necessity. Naturally students of both branches of jurisprudence flocked to Bologna. The University of Bologna also offered the best education in the liberal arts that there was to be had in Italy. But the study of law and of the liberal arts would not have flourished there as it did, had it not been for the learning and talents of the professors of the University. It was they who gave to their University its great renown.

Ever since the famous Irnerius had lectured on the civil law at Bologna (1100–1130?) a series of learned professors had honourably maintained the reputation of the University. At the beginning of our century Professor Azo had been the acknowledged head of the legal faculty. After his death, about 1220, two very distinguished scholars disputed the preëminence, Accursius and Odofredus. Accursius was a Florentine by birth, of humble origin, but, his biographer says, of refined tastes and habits. He went to Bologna to study law rather older than was usual, perhaps because of straitened circumstances. He studied under Azo, took his doctor's degree, and taught at the University for forty years. He was very successful, and made so much money from his classes that he bought a large estate of many acres with a charming villa, a few miles east of Bologna by the little river Idice. He also owned a fine house in the centre of the city. His chief fame, however, was not as a lecturer but as a commentator. He conceived the idea of winning a name for himself and of lightening the burden of students, by making a kind of general digest of all previous comments, glosses, notes and expositions upon the Roman law, together with his own criticisms and explanations, so that this one vast comment should supplant all that had gone before, and the student have nothing to consult but the Corpus Juris Civilis itself and his comprehensive commentary. It is said that in order to have leisure for this herculean task he gave up his lectures for a long time. But there is another version of the story. Accursius learned that his rival Odofredus entertained a similar plan of combining and fusing all prior glosses into one, and became very apprehensive lest Odofredus should execute the plan first. He shut himself up in his house, sent for the physician, ordered prescriptions from the apothecary, and stayed indoors, as if he were seriously indisposed, until he had completely finished his task. Odofredus dawdled, thinking that while Accursius was sick in bed he might take his time, and had the mortification to find himself outwitted by his Florentine rival. Perhaps, however, this story is due to Bolognese jealousy. The gloss of Accursius was a triumphant success; old sects of disputing commentators were reconciled; young men were bidden to hold to his interpretation, as a pilot clings to his tiller or as Bolognese soldiers stand fast by their carroccio; and in course of time the gloss itself was glossed by admiring scholars.

Accursius, like many professors of civil law at Bologna, was an imperialist in politics. The old Roman doctrine that the will of the Emperor is law was firmly lodged in his conservative mind. His political theories, however, did not interfere with his loyalty to Bologna, and on his death his body was buried in a noble sarcophagus near the Franciscan church. His four sons became professors of law, and the eldest, Francis Accursius (1225–1293), acquired a reputation almost equal to his father's. When King Edward I stopped at Bologna on his homeward way from Syria, he invited Francis to go with him to England. Francis accepted and went; he served the king in important matters, lectured at Oxford and also in France, at Toulouse. Like his father he was a Ghibelline. During his absence the popular party expelled the imperial party from the city, and a decree of confiscation was rendered against his property; but on his return he obtained a revocation of the decree, and lived and died in general esteem.

Odofredus (1200?–1265), "mundi sensus, jurisque profundi lux, fœdus pacis, doctorum flos,— the wit of the world, the light of the law, the bond of peace, the flower of learned men," was a native of Bologna, and somewhat younger than Accursius senior. In his youth he travelled in France and Apulia, apparently in the capacity of judge attendant upon a podestà; at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three he returned to Bologna and devoted himself to lectures and comments on the civil law. Vanquished as a commentator by the shrewd Florentine, Accursius, he held his own not only as a lecturer but also as a debater in the contests of learning and wit which the professors held with one another. He, too, became rich, and pleasant things are told of his generosity in his dealings with the students.

Odofredus and Accursius were great men in their day and acquired reputations such as Sir William Blackstone or Chancellor Kent have with us; and although their figures are dim and their subject does not touch history dramatically or emotionally, yet we understand them. They do not show in any conspicuous way the stamp of the thirteenth century. They might have lived in the reign of Justinian or uttered their opinions side by side with Ulpian and Papinian; or they might have lectured at the Harvard Law School with Story and Greenleaf. They fit easily into our own experience; and for that reason do not teach us what traits, what individual characteristics, distinguish the thirteenth century from those that went before or those that have come since. If, however, we turn to another study popular at Bologna, *ars dictaminis*, the art of composition, and follow the career of one of its professors, such as Doctor Boncompagno, whom we know better than the others, or read one of his text-books, we find ourselves at once in a strange, primitive world, in the midst of children, as it were, who toil heroically over the rudiments of knowledge.

Boncompagno was born a few miles out of Florence at Signa, a place which seemed to him "endowed with indescribable pleasantness on account of its running waters and its abundance of olives." He was a contemporary of his learned countryman, the elder Accursius, and at about the same time as he, went to the University of Bologna. There he devoted himself to the liberal arts, took his doctor's degree, and wrote a book on rhetoric so highly esteemed that it was crowned with laurel, amid great ceremonies, first at Bologna and afterwards at Padua. He was very clever and very successful; Salimbene calls him "a great master of grammar." He wrote several books on the art of composition to which he gave, as appropriate to rhetorical treatises, what seem to us rather fanciful and flowery names, *The Olive*, *The Cedar*, *Myrrh*. They teach business rather than literature, how to draw up legal documents, to draft statutes and to prepare testaments, and were primarily intended for students who meant to become notaries. Boncompagno was ingenious, active-minded, and full of plans for new ways of doing things; he was a typical Florentine. He proposed a radical change in the character of the University, — that (as it were) this learned mind should have a body, that the schools should have an appropriate building. Such a plan was utterly subversive of all accepted ideas, and no doubt was regarded as scandalous and revolutionary. "The building devoted to university studies," he says, "should be built in a place where the air is fresh and pure; it should be far from the neighbourhood of women, from the bustle of the market-place, from the noise of horses and of barking dogs, from the canal, from disturbing sounds of all kinds, from the creaking and smells of carts. The building should be square. The windows should be arranged in such a way that there should be neither too much nor too little light; and two or three should be placed so that the professor may look out in summer time and see the trees, gardens and orchards; for the sight of pleasant things strengthens the mind. The dormitories should be upstairs, with rooms of proper height. Everything should be very clean. The walls of the lecture room should be painted green, and there should be no pictures except such as stimulate the mind to intellectual things. The stairs should not be too steep, and there should be but one entrance. In the lecture-room the professor's chair should stand on some kind of platform, and be high enough to enable him to see who come in. The seats for the students should all be on the floor, and so placed that no one could interfere with the professor's range of vision. The older and better scholars should have front seats; and students of the same country or province should sit together. Regard should be had to their office, rank and merit. Students should always keep the same seats." The time was not ripe for the plan. Such an edifice would have been a hostage to the Commune of Bologna, and the rectors would have been obliged to obey the city magistrates. Boncompagno himself did not expect to see it adopted; one inclines to the suspicion that he merely wished to irritate his conservative colleagues.

In his courses he did introduce innovations; the consequence was a serious quarrel. Before his coming the professors of grammar and rhetoric had followed undisturbed an old-fashioned method of teaching which enjoyed the prestige of being taught in the well-known school at Orleans in France. This method, at least according to Boncompagno's thinking, was cringingly deferential to ancient models, full of affectations, elegant quotations and stale saws; whereas he, in his own mind, represented originality, patriotism, and good sense. He expressed his opinions freely; he even said that these old-fashioned professors sold to raw ignorant youths gilded copper for gold. They resented his criticism; this made him see (so he says) that their impudent attacks on him could only be stopped by putting them publicly to shame. To accomplish this he gave loose rein to his Florentine love of practical jokes. A letter was received by the faculty of rhetoric, purporting to come from one Robert, a French professor, which in grandiloquent phrases announced that he would come and confute Boncompagno, "the prince of Italian professors." On the day set everybody, professors and students, crowded into the cathedral. The adverse faction felt sure that they should see Boncompagno utterly confounded; but Boncompagno sat in the tribune smiling and asking, "Where is Robert?" "Why does he not come?" The others answered, "He has been delayed a little, he will come soon, just wait a moment;" while some of the audience pointed at a stranger and said, "Perhaps that is Robert." Finally, when patience could hold out no longer, Boncompagno got up, and after derisively demanding, "Where is Robert? Let him step forth," announced that it was he who had written the letter and tricked them all. The hoax was a complete success; Boncompagno's enemies were dumbfounded while his supporters, wild with delight, lifted him on their shoulders and carried him away in triumph. What delicacy of wit must have graced the jokes of the students, if this joke scored an intellectual triumph among the professors! One shudders at the thought.

Boncompagno sets forth in several books his theories concerning the proper way to teach the art of composition. His method may be better than the method he attacked, but his books are very primitive. When these early men follow a great highway of knowledge, built by the ancients, as in law or theology, they deal with questions after a fashion not very different from our own; but where they make their own paths, as in painting, for instance, or in the art of writing, they are like ignorant children.

Boncompagno's treatise, *The Palm*, which, so he says, enjoyed great success at the University and put his enemies to rout, seems to us as primitive as the paintings or sculpture of contemporary artists. It is a little book of some twenty pages, intended rather for teachers in the preparation of their lectures than for students; it deals briefly with various matters in the art of writing: composition itself, prose, a grant of privilege, a testament, the parts of a letter, —salutation, narration, petition, conclusion,—punctuation, minor clauses and parables. It reveals to us the difficulties that beset the men who dig the foundations of knowledge. "I admit," he says, "that I do not know where the epistolary art was discovered. In Greece I was told that when the Israelites were under Pharaoh's yoke they did not dare speak to one another, and therefore Moses invented writing and communicated with them in that way. Others say that the art was invented in Noah's ark. I am wholly ignorant whether these explanations are true or false."

His self-confidence and his love of humour, however, enliven the book. He gives but one example of the proper form for beginning a letter: "Suppose," he says, "that the Pope writes to the Emperor on one matter or on several. If it is on one matter the writer may begin in this way: Since We are bound by our office to be assiduous in admonishing all the sons of the Church lest they be caught in the snares of earthly temptation, much more attentively We ought to counsel your Imperial Majesty by apostolic letters, so that you may pass through the things of this world in such a way as not to lose those of eternity, etc. But if in the same letter the Pope wishes to touch upon a second matter he may proceed thus: Moreover We commend most heartily to your Excellency our beloved son, *Doctor B.*, whom We and our brethren from an intimate knowledge of his piety and learning love most dearly, begging your Excellency that on account of our request you will treat him with every consideration and give a favourable answer to his requests." To whom can he refer under this discreet initial?

Perhaps the most original of Boncompagno's books is the *Wheel of Venus*. He hits upon the ingenious plan of combining a tale of gallantry and an epistolary form-book. As a story-teller he is much more modern than the authors of the tales in the *Novellino* and points the way to Boccaccio; but he cannot lay aside his professional method of writing a text-book. He tries most unwisely to kill two birds with one stone. If he had devoted himself wholly to story-telling, with his wit, his inventiveness, his fancy, he might have been the originator of a branch of *belles-lettres*, of light literature, and have won for himself part of the fame that has fallen to Boccaccio.

The story begins, after a pretty introduction in which Venus bids him write, with a letter from a lover to the lady of his admiration: "To the noble and wise Lady G., beautiful by elegance and breeding." Here the professor interrupts the story-teller with notes and bits of advice for his students: Do not use countrified expressions such as — "To my

Sweetest friend, as many greetings as there are leaves on the trees, stars in the sky, sands on the shore," that is bad form; and, remember, that all women like to be flattered for their beauty, be fulsome. Then he makes a digression to consider the station of the lover, high or low; this he does apparently for the sake of a gibe at the clergy, for he intimates that there should be a difference between the love-letter of a bishop and that of a mere priest. Then follows another digression to consider the three periods for falling in love: before an introduction, after an introduction, and before the lover has ever seen the lady. After these interruptions the letter proceeds: "When I beheld you among a glorious company of girls, the fire of love flared up in my heart, all of a sudden I was a new man. No wonder, you shone among them like the morning star that flies before Aurora to herald the day; hair like spun gold hanging about delicately rosy ears; eyebrows like strings of pearls; ruby lips with ivory teeth," etc. More notes follow, and then comes the heroine's answer. She is complaisant. How shall a meeting be contrived? Shall it be in church, or shall his falcon fly into her father's garden and he pursue it? In this way the letters carry one through a love affair of a very frank and pagan character. Besides the annotations and bits of advice, the author has inserted a variety of paradigms for love letters, which according to our more prudish notions, should not be presented to young men under any circumstances. And at the end Boncompagno says that, if he has been rather too free of speech, the reader should remember the *Song of Solomon*, in which are many things that, if taken according to the letter, are more likely to stir the lower nature than the higher; but let the reader adopt for *The Wheel of Venus* the same wise rule of interpretation applied to the *Song* and he will perceive the really moral purpose in it. In this hybrid book the reference to Venus, the description of the lady, the outspoken fling at the Church's interpretation of the *Song of Solomon*, indicate the first blossoming of that kind of taste which became so pronounced a feature of the Renaissance. Boncompagno has been rightly called a humanist of the thirteenth century; not because he had a great love of the classics, but because he shared the state of mind of the humanists of the fifteenth century. At the same time he undoubtedly wished to draw students away from the courses of his unfriendly colleagues, and perhaps the *Wheel of Venus* is less a serious attempt to write a tale of gallantry than to attract the more frivolous young men to his own classes. At any rate it is plain that the University of Bologna was not the monastic and ascetic place that the glosses of Accursius and Odofredus might lead us to suppose.

Boncompagno in several ways is typical of his century and of Bologna, if not of the conservative University. He had great admiration for the Roman past; and that was the cause of his respect for classical literature rather than a result of that respect. It is true that Boncompagno's sentiment for the classics is somewhat obscured by his conceited insistence upon his own originality, but it comes to light here and there, as in the pretty description of the appearance of the goddess in the prologue to *The Wheel of Venus*, in two little books one *On Friendship* and one *On the Evils of Old Age*, which show that he had Cicero's *De Amicitia* and *De Senectute* in mind, and more clearly in a history of the siege of Ancona, conducted by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in which he models himself on Sallust and Livy. Respect for the Latin classics he shared with all the educated world; but in Boncompagno respect for classical literature unites and mingles with an almost passionate patriotism. All his countrymen were full of local pride and of loyalty to their city; only a few shared his patriotism for Italy. "Italy," he says, "cannot and must not be tributary, for Freedom has chosen to make its home in Italy; she is no tributary province but a queen among provinces. . . . All the provinces of the world ought to be subject to the people of Italy." This was the sentiment to which Innocent III appealed when he drove the German freebooters from Umbria and the March of Ancona. And with Boncompagno this love of liberty shows itself in unexpected places. For instance, in one of his books he takes advantage of a grammatical disquisition on clauses to gibe at all the nations he has heard of. The Armenians and the Greeks, he says, let their beards grow long so that they may appear of a serious disposition; the Slavs, though they have human forms, are more properly classed as beasts than as men; the Bohemians are handsome and fierce in battle, but they eat meat half-cooked and get disgustingly drunk; the Germans are a laughing-stock for their fury, the Allobrogi (Savoyards?) for their thievery, the French for their arrogance; the men of the March are simpletons, the Romagnuols double-tongued cheats; the people of Provence are liars, the Calabrians timid, the Apulians pusillanimous; the Tuscans manage their affairs well, and if it were not for fraud and their envious disposition, their virtues would shine out. But when he speaks of the Lombards, he says, "they are the patrons of liberty, noble defenders of their rights, and as they have fought most often for liberty they are deservedly the senators of Italy."

Boncompagno's love of freedom did not confine itself to politics; it was broader than that and opposed what seemed to him the tyranny of fanaticism. He has a touch of the spirit that animated Voltaire or Heinrich Heine, and like them his weapon was satire. For instance, while he was at Bologna a Dominican friar, John of Vicenza, came to preach. John was an eloquent, impassioned orator, with great power over his audiences; wonderful stories are told how he moved all kinds of people to tears, drove sinners to repentance, and persuaded enemies to embrace and swear eternal friendship. His meetings were somewhat like those of the Salvation Army; but he was not a spiritual-minded man. He used his religious influence to obtain political power. Other friars, also eager to acquire influence with their congregations, resorted to absolute trickery. Boncompagno, in defence of reason, resented what he regarded as an appeal to superstition, and wrote satirical doggerel on Brother John. It was a brave thing to do, as John at the time was a great person. Here is the stanza that Salimbene remembered:

Et Johannes Johanniçat
et saltando choreizat.
Modo salta, modo salta,
qui celorum petit alta!
Saltat iste, saltat ille,
resaltant cohortes mille,
saltat chorus dominarum
saltat dux Venetiarum!

Brother Johnny johnnies it o'er us
And while dancing sings a chorus.
Dance up high, dance up high,
Ye who wish to reach the sky!
Dance now here-y, dance now there-y,
Dance now all the military,
Dance, ye ladies, like the Grecians,
Dance, you doge of the Venetians!

The latter part of Boncompagno's life is not well known. He left the University from time to time — perhaps that was the only way of establishing peace with his colleagues — and travelled; he went to Germany, to Greece, to the Holy Land. He was not prudent, like Accursius and Odofredus; he laid up no riches, but danced and sang in the summer season, and when old age came on he had nothing. At the suggestion of his friends he went to Rome, hoping that the Curia would give him some office. The time was unfavourable, the Curia was at war with the Emperor; and perhaps it did not entertain the high opinion of his piety that Boncompagno had put so flippantly into his epistolary form for use by the Papal Chancery. He was refused, and went at last to Florence where he died in a hospital. The last book he wrote, *On the Evils of Old Age*, is a sad little book. Cicero, he says, has spoken well of old age, but "for my part I can see no good in it, except indeed that an old man has a chance to repent." There is a cynical element in the book, and but one bright spot, where he speaks of Venice, and then his rhetoric flares up with a final flash: "Her floor is the sea, her roof the heavens, and her walls are the courses of the waters — she takes away the power of speech." Poor old man! It was long since he had played his pranks on sober professors of the University, or listened to the nightingales sing on the blossoming hill outside the walls of Bologna.

Another professor of grammar, Guido Faba, taught at the University a little later than Boncompagno. He wrote a book of epistolary forms to serve for all sorts of people and all kinds of occasions. In those days people were exceedingly ceremonious in their forms of address, and little differences that we should hardly notice were weighted with significance; and students were obliged to learn the conventions of epistolary etiquette. For a form of introduction to a request, he gives: "I am obliged to ask favours of you so often that I am ashamed, and you would not have to bear the asking, were not friendship of so true a temper that it endureth all things with patience," or, more humbly, "My littleness in all devotion supplicates your lordship." And, for a love letter to a lady: "When I behold your radiant person, from my exceeding joy methinks I am in

Paradise;" or, more formally: "To the noble and wise lady, P. [it was well understood that nothing of a lady's name except the initial should be written in a love letter] — adorned with the elegance of virtues, greeting, and the utmost fidelity and service. Love of your shining qualities has so taken me, Maiden splendid, rose-like and serene, that day and night I am thinking of nothing but your beauty. When I behold it, my soul is glorified as if I were rapt to the joys of Paradise." It is evident that the study of the *ars dictaminis* embraces matters not included in a modern curriculum. Another letter shows that the ordinary student at a university then was very much like an ordinary student at a university now, although his forms of expression are different; it is a letter from a son to his father: "I have come to the beautiful, delectable, and glorious meadow of philosophy, and I want to gather flowers of divers colours to make a wreath of wonderful beauty that shall shine round my head in our city, and give forth to my friends and relations an agreeable odour, but the custodian of the garden says no, unless I make him pleasant and suitable gifts. I have nothing to pay. If your generosity wishes me to arrive at such honour, be pleased to send me money at once, so that I may stay and gather precious fruit in the garden which I have entered." What father could refuse so fragrant a petition? As such forms were common in the books compiled by university professors, one can hardly help a perhaps mean suspicion that the professors were interested in the weight of the student's purses.

These professors of grammar and rhetoric did not enjoy the dignified esteem that attended the professors of civil law; they did not die at their country-places in delectable villas, nor in their own town-houses; and no monumental tombs mark where their bones lie. Nevertheless a Boncompagno had this advantage over an Accursius: he lived more keenly the fleeting life of the time, he enjoyed more its sunshine and its shadows, he understood and expressed its moods better. And if monuments were to be put up to men because they tell us the history of their own times, two men of the thirteenth century that should have them are Professor Boncompagno and Friar Salimbene, surprised though each might be to find a statue erected to the other.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE NOBLES OF THE NORTH (1230–1243)

> Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
> . . . .
> At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
> Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
> While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?
>
> *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I.

THE peace patched up between the Pope and Emperor at San Germano in 1230 could be but temporary. The opposition between their ideals of society was fundamental; and the several endeavours of each to attain nearer to what he regarded as the noblest goal of his ambition were so many blows at the other. The Pope openly proclaimed the supremacy of the ecclesiastical power over the civil; the Emperor, though he only dared to say that the ecclesiastical power and the civil power should act together, desired in his heart to put the Church under his heel. Everywhere the two were in opposition. In The Kingdom the Pope regarded the clergy as primarily his subjects; in the papal provinces of central Italy Frederick still regarded himself as sovereign. The Pope was resolved to uphold the independence of the Lombard cities; Frederick was resolved to reduce them to obedience. Everywhere contrary interests were straining to break the peace; and sooner or later it was sure to give way. For the moment, however, these destructive forces were counteracted;

Pope Gregory desired passionately to extend Christian rule in the Holy Land and he knew that this could only be accomplished with the Emperor's help, and he also had need of that help at home against the troublesome Romans; and Frederick, on his part, was most anxious to keep the Pope neutral while he adjusted his relations with the Lombards.

The Lombard question was simply this: the Lombards desired to stay as they were, whereas Frederick found the actual situation intolerable. The Lombard League cut the Empire in two; it closed the passes over the Alps to imperial troops coming from Germany; it tried to tyrannize over loyal cities; it enabled the Pope to maintain a haughty front against imperial rights. For the members of the League to call themselves loyal subjects seemed to Frederick both fanciful and impudent. They, on their side, declared that the rights they enjoyed had been solemnly confirmed by the Treaty of Constance, and that the seeming acts of disloyalty were but the precautions of ordinary prudence to safeguard those rights in the face of obvious danger. The League, however, sincerely desired to avoid war; nor did Frederick, who had great confidence in his own power of overreaching his opponents, intend to resort to hostilities until he had exhausted the resources of ingenuity. His plans had a double object in view, first, to detach by threats or bribes some members of the League, and secondly, to secure to himself the moral support of public opinion. Perhaps the clearest evidence of Frederick's shrewdness is the court that he paid to public opinion. He was always busy writing to princes and potentates, in order both to put his side of a quarrel before them and to flatter them by showing that he wished for their good opinion.

This ambition of Frederick's to reunite the severed members of the Empire, like a call to battle, roused all the north of Italy into active partisanship for one side or the other. As a rule, the feudal nobles were for the Empire and most cities for the League and the Church. But except in the case of a few cities on both sides, it is not safe to assume with either commune or baron that partisan loyalty remains unchanged from one year to the next. The cities of Cremona, Pavia, Reggio, and Modena were devoted to the Emperor; Romagna, except Faenza, was strongly imperial; so was the city of Ferrara under Salinguerra, but otherwise the cities of the north were almost all against him. In the northwest of Italy the feudal nobles, such as the Counts of Savoy or the Marquises of Montferrat were sometimes on the Emperor's side and sometimes not. In the northeast, in the March of Treviso, what is now the province of Veneto, the political parties were fiercely divided. There the cities were not as powerful as they were in Lombardy. The country was much less fertile than the valley of the Po, and the mountainous character of a great part of it hindered trade and furnished admirable points of vantage for the castles of the nobility. Of these nobles three or four were preëminent. Ambitious to enlarge their domains, they quarrelled with one another, and, according as envy, jealousy, or interest directed, took sides with the Empire or the Church. These feudal nobles play dramatic parts on the stage of history and deserve to have their lineage and their exploits separately heralded.

The most distinguished family was the world-renowned House of Este. Some hundred years earlier one member of the family had emigrated to Germany, and from him descend the Dukes of Brunswick and the royal family of England. His brother, the "magnificent Marquis Fulke," remained in Italy, and from him descended the Italian branch, destined to become lords of Ferrara, Reggio, and Modena. The castle of Este lay at the southern foot of the Euganean Hills, some fifteen miles southwest of Padua, and the family possessed estates in all the country roundabout. Marquis Azzo VI (1170–1212), "a nobleman full of wisdom, who found grace with God and man," steered with singular dexterity through the troubled times of Innocent III and stood well with both the Empire and the Papacy. He was high-spirited, astute, and very ambitious; but history tells little about him. The chronicler of the House of Este gathered what records he could — "so that posterity reading them shall be taught what to choose and what to avoid for the present and the future, and since everybody knows that 'by concord little things grow great and by discord even the greatest things fall away,' it is obvious that concord is to be chosen with all one's might and discord avoided." Unfortunately there was no vestige of concord for him to chronicle, and he has left but scanty accounts of the superabundant discord. There were raids and forays to and fro in the March of

Treviso; Verona and Ferrara were lost and won; castles and farmhouses were captured and burned. Nevertheless, out of the misty records rises an image of Azzo VI, a gay and gallant figure of a mediæval noble, a *grand seigneur*, "handsome in person, handsomer in feats of arms," who did his duty as he saw it to the honour of his house and of his order, the worthy scion of an illustrious race. Once he and his friend, the Count of San Bonifazio (father of Cunizza's husband), fought Ezzelino II and the Montagues in the meadow just beyond the Roman Arena in Verona: "Knight charges knight, foot soldiers fight hand to hand, enemy grapples with enemy, till at last, after knight and horse had shed their blood, after many had been struck down and some killed, the Marquis stood victor in the field. Towers and strongholds throughout the city surrendered; and Ezzelino II was taken prisoner. The Marquis treated him with courtly consideration, bade the lords and ladies and all the quality of Verona do him honour, and then sent him with an escort of knights to Bassano, where he lived; and there in return the lords and ladies of the town showed great hospitality to Azzo's knights. Ha! Deus! in those days there was war, good war (if I may call it so). If a man bravely fighting his enemy was made prisoner, he was not put to death, or sent to prison, or condemned to horrible mutilation; on the contrary, he was sent away in honour whither he wished to go." But then, as so often through the centuries, the brave days of old gave way to meaner modern times.

A year or two after the capture of Verona, Azzo drove Salinguerra from Ferrara, and then, at the height of fortune, died, followed to the grave a few days later by his friend and companion in arms, San Bonifazio: "Glorious princes of the earth, since in life they loved one another greatly, so in death they were not divided." Azzo left two sons. The elder soon died, and the younger, Azzo VII (1205–1264) succeeded to the family honours and estates. This marquis played a notable part as captain of the Guelf party in the northeast, and maintained with varying fortune the cause of the League and of the Church against the Ghibellines and the House of the Ezzelini. The most successful of his military operations was the final recapture of Ferrara from old Salinguerra. But the capture does not redound to the honour of the Marquis Azzo, or of the Doge of Venice, his ally, or of the Apostolic legate who fought at his side, or of the Bishop of Ferrara, to whose boldness and sagacity the capture was in great measure due. After a four months' siege they offered the doughty old Ghibelline terms, which he, in spite of his craft, accepted; but when they had got him in their power, they clapped him into prison and kept him there till he died. In their defence it must be said that a dozen years before Salinguerra had captured Richard of San Bonifazio by a similar trick. Trickery was one of the weapons in the game of war. From that day for more than three hundred and fifty years the city of Ferrara belonged to the House of Este, until, crowned with the glory of Ariosto and Tasso, the last duke of the main line of this illustrious family died childless.

The other great family of the March of Treviso was that of the Ezzelini, hereditary rivals of the House of Este. Their castle of Romano was at the foot of the outlying Alps midway between Feltre and Bassano (*Par.* IX, 25–30):—

In quella parte della terra prava
  Italica, che siede tra Rialto
  e le fontane di Brenta e di Piava,
si leva un colle, e non surge molt' alto,
  là donde scese già una facella,
  che fece alla contrada un grande assalto.

In that part of the wicked land
  Of Italy, that lies between Rialto
  And the springs of Brenta and Piave,
Up rears a hill, but no great height doth reach,
  From thence came down a firebrand
  That to the country round gave great offence.

The family traits were courage and craft; all its members were ready at any time to lay hold of any means to increase their power.

The family probably came down from Germany in the train of some Emperor. Ezzelino I, the Stammerer, the grandfather of Ezzelino III, Frederick's lieutenant, was a man of unusually strong character. He was a partisan of the Lombard League against Frederick Barbarossa. Cut off from any hope of providing for his family by imperial favour, Ezzelino I cast about to better his son's fortunes by marriage. The first wife chosen for Ezzelino II was a daughter of the Marquis Azzo VI; she died childless. The second, a bold, reckless, amorous, much-marrying woman was divorced; and the son was again single when his father heard, through a channel that might have deterred a less resolute man, of a most eligible match. A young lady of the March, Donna Cicilia, at the age of fourteen was left an orphan and a great heiress. The Stammerer's daughter, the Countess of Sampiero, who had her share of the family zeal for acquisition, was quick to hear of this chance and quick to act. She promised Donna Cicilia's guardian fifty gold pounds to arrange a marriage between her son, the young Count of Sampiero and the heiress. But before the wedding Sampiero senior consulted his father-in-law as to the wisdom of the match. Old Ezzelino, in the subtle way of which he was past-master, fobbed off his son-in-law, sent privily to the guardian, gave him a hundred pounds, and married the girl to his own son, Ezzelino II. The Sampieri were very angry, got possession of Cicilia, and took a terrible revenge. Cicilia, no longer fit to be young Ezzelino's wife, was divorced, and the young man married a fourth time. The affair created a feud between the families of Ezzelino and of Sampiero, and betrays the fact that the quarrels between the nobles were often not over questions of large policy, but about mere matters of personal hatred and jealousy. Ezzelino II lived to prosper; but as life went on he experienced a change of heart. He turned to religious things. His enemies said that he became a heretic. At any rate, he forsook the world, transferred his baronies to his sons, Ezzelino III da Romano and Alberic, and retired to a monastery. From this monastic life he got the name, Ezzelino the Monk.

Ezzelino III da Romano, whose name has become a synonym for cruelty, was the lifelong rival of Marquis Azzo VII. We have already made his acquaintance as brother of Cunizza. Short, swarthy, black-haired, Ezzelino III was a high-strung, resolute, dare-devil of a man. In the beginning of his career he sided with the Lombard League and was podestà of Verona when that city barred the Brenner Pass against Prince Henry: but in 1232 he turned his coat and for nearly thirty years maintained the Ghibelline cause with brilliant success against the Church, the Lombard League, and Azzo d' Este. Azzo, indeed, with his allies captured Ferrara; but Ezzelino made himself master of Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and almost all the March of Treviso. He received the office of imperial lieutenant and married the Emperor's bastard daughter, Selvaggia.

In his youth Ezzelino was regarded merely as a brilliant and ambitious young Ghibelline leader; his dreadful reputation belongs to later years and, though firmly built on acts of savage cruelty, it is indebted for the infernal glare that lights it up to the dread with which he inspired his enemies. The Guelf chroniclers cannot satiate themselves with epithets: "limb of Satan," "son of iniquity," "worst of men," "poisonous snake," "Antichrist," "basilisk thirsting for blood"; and legend whispered that no human father but a fiend from hell had begotten him.

The change in Ezzelino's nature, or at least in his reputation, seems to have taken place after the capture of Padua. Once in possession he feared to lose the city and sought to prop his dominion by fear. This rich and prosperous town, though it had joined the Lombard League, was divided against itself, and its rulers were distraught in their counsels. On the one hand, there was the bond with the League; on the other, the Emperor was dangerously near, Vicenza had fallen, and the Imperialists were full of energy and daring. The leaders of the Ghibelline faction, taking advantage of the general perplexity and confusion, intrigued with Ezzelino and by specious representations and promises induced the city to open her gates, as a loyal subject, to the Emperor; some among them asserted with confidence that Lord Ezzelino desired the good and honour of Padua more than the fulfilment of all his other wishes. "So, on the very next day, February 25th, 1237, Count Gebhard and Ezzelino (the imperial envoys) with their troops entered Padua peaceably. And many people saw — and I [Rolandino, the historian of these affairs] particularly saw it — that as Ezzelino was going through the city gate, he pushed back his iron helmet, and, leaning over from his palfrey toward the gate, kissed it. . . . Then the city was handed over to Count Gebhard, who received it in the name of the Emperor and in his stead. And afterwards at the general assembly of the councils, Lord Ezzelino made a speech and said — but nobody understood the full significance of what he said — that it was true that Padua had been given to Lord Gebhard for the Emperor, but to the envoys of the Emperor as well; and therefore whatever was done or considered thereafter on behalf of the Commune of Padua was of no value, unless it should be done with the advice and consent of Lord Ezzelino."

Not for two years, however, did Ezzelino's cruelty show itself. Then some of the Guelf faction were suspected of intrigues with the enemy. A knight was arrested and executed in the courtyard without trial. A little later another gentleman of rank and consequence was executed; on the same day one of the canons of Padua was burnt at the stake, and eighteen burghers and villagers were hanged. Others were imprisoned on vague surmises. One gentleman was overheard saying to another: "We ought to take arms and not permit the nobles and gentlemen of Padua to be so cruelly, so vilely, put into prison." Both were beheaded. Three others, bred to a life of ease and luxury, were kept in jail several years, and then the doors were barricaded and the poor wretches left to cry in vain, "Bread! Bread!" After thirty days their bodies, all skin and bones, black and horrible, were taken out. *Vanitatum vanitas ineffabilis, vita mortifera, mundus fallax!* The poor historian, Rolandino, had fallen on evil days. Fond of study and peace and of the Latin poets,—Horace, Ovid, Lucan,—he naturally regarded the tyranny of Ezzelino as the visible presence of Antichrist.

So matters went. When Lord Ezzelino shifted his residence to Verona, he made his sister's son, Ansedisius, podestà of Padua. Ansedisius remained in power for nearly seven years, a nephew worthy of his uncle. But as he was a man of pleasant manners, ready with promises, the family traits did not show themselves at once; moreover, even when living in Verona, Ezzelino, either by visits or by his *litteræ mortiferæ*, death-dealing letters, kept control. On one occasion a company of gentlemen was assembled in the large hall of the podestà's house. On a perch was a sparrow-hawk, and one of those present, a man of some reading, *litteratus*, quoted one of Æsop's fables:—

> To repulse the attacks of a kite, the doves chose a hawk for their king.
> The king does more harm than the foe; the doves begin raising the question,
> Whether it might not be well to endure the attacks of the kite,
> Rather than die, one by one, without declaration of war.

Somebody liked the verses and asked for a copy; others spoke of them to people outside. The incident came to the ears of the Podestà, who "night and day was cogitating how he could destroy the people of Padua, for that was what he was charged to do." All concerned were immediately arrested. Soon afterwards Ezzelino came to Padua. On his arrival the friends and relations of the gentlemen arrested went in a body to his house, to ask that the accused be let out on bail. They were waiting below, when Ezzelino attended by his men-at-arms came down in so great a fury that all but two fled incontinently. These two, foolishly trusting in their innocence, were arrested. Ezzelino hurried to the palace, called out the guards, both knights and foot soldiers, and, haranguing all the company, charged various persons of wealth and position with circulating these verses on purpose: "He was no hawk, he said, that wished to devour the doves, but the father of a family who intended to clean out his house, cast out the scorpions, sweep out the toads, and bruise the heads of the snakes." This house-cleaning he carried out thoroughly; some of the persons concerned in the affair of Æsop's fable were beheaded in the public square, others, both men and women, fettered and thrown into the deepest dungeon.

As time went on, Ezzelino's cruelty became still more barbarous. And yet there is something in his deviltry that lifts him high above the common run of cruel men of his time (for all that progeny of dragon's teeth was cruel), and gives him the magnanimous quality that we attribute to Satan at his best. Ezzelino is like Shakespeare's Richard III, but of a purer clay:—

> Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
> Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
> Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
> I must be held a rancorous enemy.
> Cannot a plain man live and think no harm?

Rolandino ascribes to him a sentiment, written not to an enemy or to be read by the world, but in a letter to crafty Salinguerra, his brother-in-law: "There are two things out of all others in this life with which men are bound chiefly to concern themselves, to wit, to keep faith with friends and live with honour." And this same terrible tyrant, at the very time of the affair of Æsop's fable, "had set his heart on love and on a beautiful young lady, if it is possible to believe that love and extremest cruelty can exist in one heart." On betrothal he pledged her his service and his honour, and after his marriage (so it was said by some) he entertained a dream, when once he should become sole master in the March, to pass his life in love and bliss in the palace that he was building in Padua at the head of the Millers' Bridge. Pope Alexander IV thought it by no means impossible to transform him from a *membrum diaboli* into a *filius Dei.*

Another of the principal nobles of the March was Count Riccardo di San Bonifazio, head of the Church party in Verona, the patron of Sordello, and for a brief time husband of Ezzelino's celebrated sister, Cunizza. Between them these bold barons kept the March in great turmoil. They come clattering down the decades of the century with their knights, their men-at-arms, and their foot soldiers, like the heroes of the Iliad, rejoicing in battle, fighting one another under the push of primitive passions,—covetousness, revenge, jealousy,—or, at times, as it seems, merely in order to drive dull care away. They strove to maintain the feudal system against the rising tide of modern civilization, and though they ranged themselves for the Empire or for the communes, they really embodied a theory of what is desirable in a body politic remote from either of the theories represented by those two adversaries. They remained true to feudal confusion, to the loose system of mutual ties existing between inferiors and superiors all along the scale from slave to emperor. That system had no place for the economical development of industry, it took no account of manufacture or of trade; it was based on agriculture. It had the vaguest and most wayward idea of law and order. But, if on the economic side of things the feudal system was all weakness, on the side of sentiment it had great strength. It represented the recent past, the past within the memory of living men, and therein lay its power, for the recent past is the home of sentiment. Peasants, from their boyhood up, had lived within a bow-shot of the great castle, they had looked upon it as part of the eternal order, they had been bred upon stories of the old lord, and of the young lord when a madcap boy; they had seen the pennants fly and the lances glitter as the men-at-arms rode away on a foray, they had shared the triumph of victory and the pinch of defeat. Their fathers, and their fathers' fathers, had been loyal to the master; and for them to desert that allegiance and adopt the communal motto of service of self was a kind of detestable free-thinking, rank lay atheism. And so the magnificent Marquis of Este and the terrible Lord of Romano inspired their followers with a doglike and not ignoble fidelity.

The communes represented economic growth, the union of men for the sake of greater productivity, the expansion of relations between guilds, between town and town, between country and country, in short the cause of commerce; they were the creators of our modern world, the champions of the future. If, judged by our standards, they accomplished little, they at least were pioneers and swung their axes to clear away the choking heritage of the past. Their duty was to make a beginning, and this they did; Milan, Bologna, Piacenza, and Brescia, the only cities that remained steadfast in the darkest days, are the real heroes of the struggle with the Empire. The communes may not have for us the picturesque charm of the bold barons, but they presented an ideal to the men of their time; they did not appeal to memory and the past, but they appealed to self-interest and the improvement of humanity.

The Empire represented a third ideal, as high as the other two, or, indeed, higher still. It dreamed of universal peace and order, of law and even-handed justice, of violence chained and things of the mind set free to bourgeon and to blow. This vision of legitimate sovereignty gilding the sullen earth, dispelling the clouds of force, fraud, and fear, lights up with perhaps an undeserved illumination the Empire as it hastens to its setting. The Empire certainly regarded itself as the heir to the divinely constituted empire of ancient Rome, its Emperors as the successors to Trajan and Augustus, and in its extraordinary self-deception believed that it could blazon upon its banner the Pax Romana once more restored to a troubled world. In short, the struggle between the Empire, the communes, and the feudal nobles was a struggle between ideals fighting among themselves to prove which of the three was most in accordance with the needs of men.

Frederick's mind was possessed by this ideal of legitimate sovereignty; and he realized to the full the advantage that it afforded him in his contest with the undutiful province; his policy, therefore, was to act strictly within his rights and to crowd the Lombards more and more into a position of open rebellion. His first step, as before, was to summon a diet, to be held this time at Ravenna. The Pope, eager for a new crusade, forbade the League to oppose it. The Lombards, as before, drew close together and a second time prevented the Emperor's son and his troops from crossing the Alps. The diet was a failure. A second time the controversy was left to the Roman Curia; a second time the Roman Curia laid the blame on the Lombards and adjudged that they should equip and maintain several hundred knights for the proposed crusade. Frederick, remembering the outcome of the former award, was highly incensed; and the case was reopened. It is probable that Frederick was not seeking a peaceful issue, but rather that he hoped to start a rift between the Pope and the Lombards, and wished to take before the world the position of a pacific sovereign who has exhausted all the resources of diplomacy and arbitration before he draws the sword.

Matters hung on. The Emperor was obliged to go to Germany to suppress a rebellion raised by his eldest son, Prince Henry; and he stayed to marry Isabella of England, sister to King Henry III, for he was now a widower for the second time. But Ezzelino, realizing that the situation in north Italy was intolerable, urged the Emperor to come back. It was high time; the Church had dropped her rôle as peacemaker and war was afoot. Fortune favoured the Empire. Frederick, by a rapid march, surprised and captured Vicenza; Ezzelino got possession of Padua and Treviso; Mantua surrendered; Azzo of Este came in to make his peace. And, at last, after manœuvring for some time in vain, Frederick succeeded in bringing on a general engagement in the open field. At Corte Nuova, November 27, 1237, the army of the League was cut to pieces, the carroccio of Milan captured, and ten thousand men killed or taken prisoners.

The Emperor was exultant. Pier della Vigna, who shared his master's taste for Sicilian rhetoric, published the news abroad: "Let the might of the Roman Empire be lifted up, let the whole world rejoice at the victory of the great King. Let the rebel Lombard League blush for shame, let the insurgent madness be confounded, let all our enemies tremble before this great slaughter. More than all others let hapless Milan groan and grieve, let her shed bitter tears at the heaps of her slain, at the number of her captive citizens. Let her now learn obedience to the lord of the world; for at last God, the just judge, has looked down upon the rights of the Empire, and has overthrown the pride of the Lombard rebels. In a single day woe-stricken Milan with her confederates has lost the flower of her soldiers and her citizens, her carroccio and her podestà. Every man on our side killed or made prisoner whom he would. On that day Cæsar showed himself more valiant than all his soldiers and with his own hand smote the casques of the enemy. Then the Germans dyed their swords in red blood; then the loyal knights of Apulia fought gloriously by the side of their king; then the gallant men of Pavia revenged themselves on the soldiers of Milan; then faithful Cremona with her allies sated their battle-axes in blood; then the Saracens emptied their quivers . . ." Indeed, it was a great victory. The allies of the League melted away. Only Milan, Bologna, Piacenza, and Brescia stood firm; and even Milan offered terms, but Frederick haughtily demanded unconditional surrender.

Frederick's power was higher than ever before, and he gave free rein to ambition and revenge; he intrigued again with his partisans in Rome, and married his son Enzio to Adelasia, the heiress of the northern half of Sardinia, and, although the Papacy claimed Sardinia as a papal province, dubbed him king. But the Emperor's success and his high-aspiring ambition roused his enemies to new efforts. Genoa and Venice made common cause with the League. The papal legate, Gregory of Montelungo, whose ecclesiastical powers were not diminished by his military rank as general of the allied army in Lombardy, solemnly excommunicated the Emperor. Both sides published their grievances to the princes of Europe. Frederick excused himself and inveighed against the Roman Curia. Gregory wrote: "There has arisen out of the sea a Beast full of the words of blasphemy," and repeated all his old charges against the Emperor.

The rights and wrongs of the quarrel were discussed from Sicily to Scotland; wherever there was a cathedral or parish church, wherever there was a monastery, men took sides. If Frederick had been less of a Sicilian, if he had had more prudence or less bad temper, he might, by the sheer force of public opinion, which was beginning to turn in his favour, have forced the Church to abandon its unchristian enmity to him. But the defects of Frederick's character told heavily against him, and now that his faithful friend Hermann von Salza was dead, he had no independent counsellors about him to advise him honestly. Men like Pier della Vigna buttered their own bread by flattering him. Unguided, except by his own passion, the Emperor made two great mistakes. The first was to march down through Peter's Patrimony and threaten Rome. He made no assault upon the city, either because he knew that he could not storm the Aurelian walls, or because he only meant to frighten the Pope; but the memory of this menacing attitude was not without its influence on the conduct of Gregory's successor. The second mistake was still more grave.

The Roman Curia wished to consolidate the forces of the Church in the face of the enemy. They were well aware that their cause needed bolstering. Even in the Lateran Palace the Emperor had partisans; Cardinal Colonna was justly suspected of being an Imperialist at heart. The spectacle of papal legates leading armies in the field, of friars swarming everywhere, not to spread the gospel but to disseminate stories against Frederick, was not edifying; the memory of St. Francis was still too fresh to permit such sights to go uncriticised. In England oppressive ecclesiastical taxation was causing daily complaints. In France the nobles resented papal interference in what they deemed their national affairs; the young king, Louis IX, whose piety no man could question, was thoroughly out of sympathy with the papal policy. In Italy discontent was not confined to the Ghibelline party; even among the Franciscans there were friars of imperial leanings. Lampoons spread from mouth to mouth; Pope, priests, and monks were jeered at and ridiculed.

To support their cause and beat down opposition, the Papal Curia made their strongest move; Gregory convoked an œcumenical council at Rome. The Church Universal would be able to throw a cloak of propriety over all the misbehaviour, true or false, that had been charged; and at Rome, in the halls and chambers of the Lateran Palace, at the source of ecclesiastical promotion, the assembled clergy could be counted on to confirm and ratify, or, if need be, to excuse all that the Curia and its adherents had done. The date was fixed for Easter, 1241. Frederick was no fool; he foresaw how greatly such a council could strengthen and give comfort to his enemies. It might confirm the ban of excommunication laid on him by the legate; it might even dare to talk of deposing him. So he forestalled the project. He gave notice that he could not permit the council to be held, and therefore would give no safe-conduct through his dominions. This was treading on dangerous ground; the civil power had no right whatever to interfere with matters purely ecclesiastical, least of all to prevent the assembling of the Christian Church Universal, for that was tantamount to preventing Christendom from consulting the Holy Spirit. Nevertheless, it was obvious that the purpose of the council was primarily political, and had Frederick contented himself with stopping the clergy on their way to Rome and turning them back, he might well have kept public sympathy on his side. Unfortunately for him, his temper got the better of his prudence.

In spite of the Emperor's proclamation, the Roman Curia persisted. The clergy from Germany and Sicily were afraid to go, but some prelates from England and Spain, and many from France started, and as the route by land was barred by the Emperor's soldiers, they went to Genoa to take ship there for Rome. Galleys of transport had been prepared, and Genoese vessels of war were ready to escort them. Meanwhile the imperial fleet had been ordered to hold itself in readiness, and lay off Pisa on the watch; and when the Genoese ships sailed on their way to the mouth of the Tiber, it put out, intercepted them near the island of Monte Cristo, and won a complete victory. Twenty-five Genoese ships were taken or sunk, and four thousand men made prisoners. The Spanish prelates escaped, but those from France and Lombardy were captured. Two cardinals, three archbishops, the abbots of Cîteaux, Clairvaux, and Cluny, half a dozen bishops and scores of clergy of less note, were among the prisoners. Their treatment was very severe, even cruel; they were lodged in filthy prisons, they were given bad food, and subjected to all kinds of indignity.

Frederick was exultant; "God looks down from on high," he cried, "and gives His judgment." But he had gone too far. His ill-treatment of the prisoners roused general indignation. Christendom felt that it was an outrage to punish innocent priests, whose only fault had been to obey their superior; and the whole Church now took up the quarrel of the Pope with the Emperor as its quarrel. Poor old Gregory was broken-hearted. He wrote a noble and touching letter of sympathy to the prisoners, but he could do nothing to help them; indeed, he himself could not bear up under the blow; that summer he died in sorrow and apprehension. The bark of Peter was in stormy waters. The cardinals, reduced to a handful, had no leader and no policy. Frederick raided the countryside around Rome, and raged or affected to rage at their inaction. They elected a poor old man, a compromise candidate, who died in a week or two, and then they could not agree at all. After two years, frightened perhaps by the threats of Frederick, or by hints at schism from France, and by the universal complaints of a headless Church, they elected Cardinal Sinibaldo dei Fieschi, Innocent IV.

The accession of a new pope offers a favourable point to break off the political thread and to turn for a little to other interests.

CHAPTER XIX

EARLY ART

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest; and, faith, we shall need it.

KIPLING.

POLITICS have always flaunted themselves on the pages of history. The chroniclers, like children eager for tales of pirates and ogres, care for little else; they take popes, kings, and other great personages at their own estimate, and pass by the rest of the world, its happiness, its sufferings, its endeavour to express itself, its pride of life, its strivings for better things, as star-gazers disregard the ant-hills at their feet. So, when we concern ourselves with early stirrings in the art of painting or of mosaic, we have almost nothing to guide us except ruined remains. Random wayfarers strolling through the thirteenth century are apt to think that in these matters the chroniclers are right; but on our more methodical pilgrimage we must assume, upon one ground or another, a justification for loitering and looking a few minutes at the poor remains.

Early Italian art has for its admirers the charm of the first crocuses in spring; and for such admirers all feeble beginnings are interesting. As others might read anecdotes about the infancy of famous men, how the dimpled and cooing Napoleon toddled from his mother to his nurse and back again, so they look at the primitive pictures — despitefully treated by time, by careless generations and painstaking restorers — which still linger on the walls and ceilings of old Italian churches. They are right. The poor remains are well worth the descent into the crypt, the halting conversation with the sacristan, and the sad sense of old mortality laid upon us, for they show how painters struggled, often apparently against great odds, with the difficulties of representing the third dimension by means of line and colour, and with all the elementary problems of draughtsmanship.

This early art has a double aspect: in one it is old, formal, fixed; in the other it is infantile, with all its lessons to be learned. It wears this double aspect because it has proceeded from a great past and advances forward to a great future; and its two aspects correspond to its two branches, mosaic and painting. Both these arts are branches of decorative art, but except for their common object of creating pictures, their purposes are so different that they must be regarded as quite distinct from one another. Mosaic presents images, not as likenesses of objects seen in nature, but as symbols of ideas. The Christ of the Roman mosaics, for instance, is not a picture of the Jesus of the New Testament, but a religious symbol of power and majesty. In this art defect of draughtsmanship (if it may be so called) is comparatively venial, for the artist is first concerned with the ideas which he wishes to represent, and next with symbols as matters of decorative value, as pleasant or impressive arrangements of colour. On the other hand, the chief purpose of the primitive painters is to tell a story; they narrate legends of saints to people who cannot read, and by a dramatic appeal to the eye seek to stir the dull sentiments of peasants more effectively than words could through the ear. Painters painted both in tempera and in fresco, but most of the Italian painting that has come down to us is in the latter, and I shall speak of painting, at least upon the walls of churches, as synonymous with fresco.

The two arts, differing in purpose as much as in material, served different functions, and were differently employed according to the will of the patron and the space to be decorated. The great patron was the Church; and she was interested only in theological ideas and scenes from the Bible or from lives of saints. If a prelate wished to impress upon his people some moral tale, or if he had wall space at his command, he employed a painter; if he wished to arouse sentiments of awe and grandeur, or if he had the dome of a choir to decorate, he employed a mosaist. Each art has its special virtue. The merits of mosaic are determined in great measure by its materials; the little cubes of many-coloured glass necessitate rigidity of form and impose conventional treatment, but they render possible a glorious splendour of colour, so that though little apt for the expression of the artist's personality, they are admirable for solemn decoration. The concave half dome in the tribune of a basilica, being the roof that covers and protects the altar, is the very home and shrine of the mosaic art; it is no place for the artist's fancy, but rather an airy pulpit to set forth the sacred dogmas of Christianity. And when mosaics are laid over all the walls and ceilings of a church, as in St. Mark's at Venice, their decorative beauty is unrivalled, except by the "storied windows richly dight" of the Gothic cathedrals.

On the other hand, fresco is the embodiment of liberty; the quick movements of the brush follow the momentary fancy of the painter, and the very need of putting on the colours before the plaster dries rouses him to his utmost grace, delicacy, and naturalness. As mosaic is primarily an ecclesiastical art, which abases the individual before authority and tradition, so fresco is primarily a personal art, and ennobles the individual to the height of full personal freedom. During the centuries that preceded the intellectual stirrings of the thirteenth century, the mosaic art was much the more important of the two, and has left beyond comparison the more interesting monuments. In fact, painting during those centuries was so poor and so much under the influence of mosaic that it was as much a matter of conventional decoration as the mosaic art itself, and very little superior as a story-telling art; so it will not be necessary to keep the two apart in the few words I have to say of their history prior to the thirteenth century.

The great school of European art in the Middle Ages, the Christian art *par excellence*, is the Byzantine school. Compounded of qualities and influences, part Greek, part Oriental, this school took definite complexion in the time of Justinian (527–565). It was not the product of a nation but of an empire. Various provinces, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, themselves affected by Persia, wove as it were their several contributory strands into one fabric; and Constantinople, the imperial capital, once Byzantium, conferred her ancient name upon the composite whole. The name is just, for Constantinople was the great meeting-place for Eastern peoples, their commerce, their ideas, their arts. From the time of Justinian to the thirteenth century Constantinople was the most civilized city of the Christian world; by her commerce, her situation, and her tradition she exerted great influence over Europe. Her prosperity was unstable; she had her ups and downs. And Byzantine art, dependent upon political prosperity, had its corresponding seasons, fat and lean; under Justinian it enjoyed one prosperous period and then underwent a long depression, till in the ninth century, inspired by the vigorous rule of the Macedonian dynasty, it rose to its second golden age. As every healthy art must do, this art exhibited different traits in different countries, but everywhere it preserved a common character.

During the Middle Ages, Byzantine art exercised its chief influence in Italy in those provinces that belonged to the Eastern Empire, and an important influence in other provinces; but besides the Byzantine school there was also an indigenous school, of which the principal remains are in and near Rome. This Roman school was based on classical art, and followed in a halting and degenerate manner the models and traditions of ancient Rome. Naturally it kept even pace with the course of Roman civilization, and went down, down, in the dim centuries and mounted again in the twelfth. This school maintained a loyalty, stronger in will than in deed, to the antique, and on the whole bore itself in a more friendly manner than the Byzantine school towards individuality and liberty; although, to tell the truth, the uninstructed observer finds little trace of individuality or liberty in either school.

Outside of Rome, there were scattered about, in various places, local artists who painted according to local traditions; perhaps they were employed because there was no Byzantine artist to be had, or because the spot was remote from Byzantine influence, or from local pride, or maybe merely for convenience' sake. None of these local schools or traditions were of much consequence. Rome is the only place where art had a continous history from classic times; and in Rome both Byzantine and native schools maintained themselves side by side through the centuries. But while the Roman school persisted steadily, though feebly, the Byzantine school rose and fell according as it did or did not receive accessions of strength from Greece.

For the most part the influence of Byzantine art in Italy was in close dependence on Byzantine dominion and Byzantine trade. Prior to the Norman conquest in the eleventh century, southern Italy was a province of the Eastern Empire; and after political dominion had ended, trade continued to maintain close relations between Constantinople and the coast cities of Italy and Sicily. In consequence of political and commercial relations Byzantine art reigned supreme at Ravenna, Venice, Palermo, and Cefalù; and from those cities its influence spread roundabout. Even inland towns accepted it; for instance, the mosaics in the tribune of Sant' Ambrogio at Milan are Byzantine. Ecclesiastical bonds also united Greece and southern Italy; in Apulia and Calabria many Greek monks and many of the country-folk practised Greek rites, and in decorating their hermitages, oratories, and churches, remained true to Byzantine art.

This art, as it appears in Italy, was essentially a religious art, and under the control of the clergy. Religion, that is, the religion of public worship, was ecclesiastical and formal; dogmas, ritual, liturgy were definitely formulated; and art, following religion was stiff, monotonous, symbolic. Artists abandoned the noble attitudes and large simplicity of antiquity; they made their figures rigid, absurdly long, insipidly symmetrical; they surcharged drapery with oriental luxury and ornament. All attempts to turn towards nature were overcome by the weight of authority. The Church sanctioned definite ways of representing sacred personages and scenes; and artists did as they were bidden. Religious pictures became more and more sacred from familiarity. Tradition dominated the ateliers. Christ, the Virgin, saints, elders, the great biblical and legendary episodes, became stereotyped, each new picture was a copy of the last. In this way individuality was sacrificed, and art inevitably degenerated; nevertheless it would be highly unjust to think that Byzantine art cast a blight. On the contrary, remote as it appears from nature, indifferent as it appears to life, it came as a beneficent stimulant to Roman art. It had its own grand manner, its own monumental character, and has left works of art in Italy, that nothing produced by the native art of Italy during those centuries can pretend to rival.

Byzantine art came to the sea-coast towns by reason of political or commercial relations, but to Rome through a variety of shifting channels. In early times its influence was transmitted by Ravenna, a half oriental city; at a later period by a long succession of Greek and Syrian popes; and, afterwards, by immigrant bands of Greek monks or Greek artists, who fled before the iconoclastic uprising in the Eastern Empire. Works of Eastern art — carvings in ivory, vessels of gold and silver, miniatures painted in missals — made many proselytes. But of the various means by which Byzantine influence made its way to Rome, one deserves special mention. High on a hill, midway between Rome and Naples, stands the great Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino. Here, among other crafts, painting took a firm foothold. Benedictine monks acquired a local reputation for their pictorial skill. At first, perhaps in consequence of the close ecclesiastical relations between the Order and Rome, their art was more akin to Roman art than to the Byzantine; but in the year 1066 Abbot Desiderius, afterwards Pope Victor III, who had rebuilt the abbey and wished to decorate it in a manner worthy of the greatness of the Order, sent to Constantinople to get Greek artists. He really had no choice, for the art of mosaic had utterly died out in Rome two hundred years before. Greek artists came to Monte Cassino, and brought with them the Byzantine art of mosaic both in enamel and in marble, and taught it to Italian workmen. In this way a Benedictine school, part Byzantine, part Italian, was founded, which followed the manner of the Greeks in the selection of their materials and in their methods of applying those materials in mosaics both of enamel and marble, but in design and composition inclined to the classical Roman fashion.

The records of these successive waves of Byzantine influence are still to be traced in the mosaics and paintings of Rome. In Sant' Agnese fuori le mura, in the catacombs, in Sancta Maria Antiqua (the church recently unearthed at the foot of the Palatine Hill), in San Saba, Santa Prassede, and in various famous Roman churches, down to the very end of the thirteenth century, we find the impress of the Byzantine style. On the other hand, although the classic Roman tradition grew very faint in the sixth century, although the art of mosaic perished utterly, the Roman school of fresco-painting maintained itself throughout this long period ; nevertheless, to tell the truth, it produced little of consequence. In the lower church of San Clemente it lifts its languid head to tell a tale of miracles, but the interest in these frescoes is purely historical.

In Italy, therefore, during the long centuries since the fall of the ancient world, there had been two schools, in one of which a set of rules and traditions, derived directly from Greece and the East, prevailed, and in the other a set of practices and traditions that traced their descent from the art of ancient Rome. But we must not imagine that the distinction between the two schools is readily perceived by the uninitiated; even the critics disagree as to their boundary lines, and argue with great spirit over attitudes, dresses, ornaments, and technique, and draw boldly divergent inferences from damaged frescoes and mutilated mosaics.

Such was the general condition of decorative art when the thirteenth century opens. The prospect of freedom, of personal expression, of a return to the antique, of learning from nature, seems dark indeed. Roman art clings valiantly, but very feebly, to antique tradition, and accomplishes little; while Byzantine art blazes in formal splendour at Venice and Palermo. Yet the hope of the future lies in Rome.

CHAPTER XX

PAINTING AND MOSAIC (1200–1250)

> Rome disappoints me much ; I hardly as yet understand, but
> *Rubbishy* seems the word that most exactly would suit it.
>
> A. H. Clough.

With the accession of Innocent III the Papacy was approaching its highest point of power and glory. Innocent's purpose was to turn Rome from an independent commune into a papal city; both as sovereign and as bishop he cherished an ambition to make the ecclesiastical capital worthy of its position as head of the Christian world, and so he began by adorning the two great basilicas that commemorated the two great fathers of Christian Rome. He decorated the tribune of St. Peter's with mosaics, and appropriated a large sum for the decoration of St. Paul's without the walls.

The old basilica of St. Peter's was entirely pulled down in the sixteenth century to make way for the great Renaissance basilica, and its mosaics are gone; but those set in the tribune of St. Paul's outside the walls, though they have been subject to many catastrophies, still remain in place. Innocent was too busy with the political affairs of Christendom to do much more than make a beginning; but his successor, Honorius III, following in Innocent's mighty footsteps as best he could, continued the work of embellishing the ecclesiastical capital. Honorius was confronted by the same difficulty that confronted Abbot Desiderius at Monte Cassino in 1066; there were no competent Roman mosaists. Honorius could not turn to Constantinople, because the recent capture and sack of the city by the crusaders had dealt a ruinous blow to the artists gathered there; but Venice, the ungrateful daughter and triumphant rival of Constantinople, had availed herself of the conquest to lay hands on artistic spoils, and had gathered together a community of Greek artists and artisans round the church of St. Mark's. Honorius therefore applied to Venice for Greek masters in mosaic. His letter to the Doge is still preserved:—

"January 23, 1218.

"Thanking your Nobility for the master whom you sent us to do the mosaics in the Church of St. Paul's we ask your Devout Signory, — since the work is of such great magnitude that it could not be completed by him within a long space of time,—to take measures to send to us two other men skilled in the same art; we shall be most indebted to you for your liberality and you will gain the most desirable protection of the glorious Apostle."

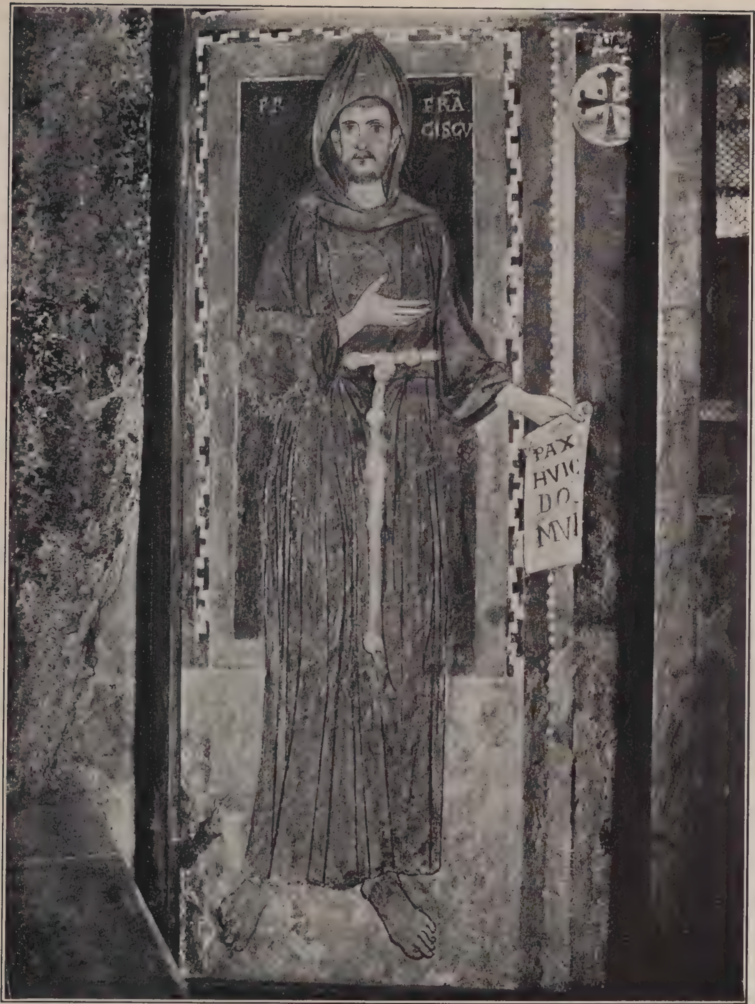
Probably Innocent had had to make a similar request for workmen to execute the mosaics in the basilica of St. Peter's; since, had there been Roman workmen competent for so important a work, there would surely have been artists left sufficiently trained to do the mosaics in St. Paul's. The picture in the tribune of St. Paul's is an old subject. Christ sits enthroned in the centre with Peter and Paul, Andrew and Luke to right and left; and underneath these great figures is a row of apostles, angels, and evangelists. The mosaics are skilfully put together and speak well for the workmanship of the Venetian school, but the figures are not attractive, and the whole work is Byzantine in the unflattering sense of the word.

Except for these mosaics in St. Paul's, there is very little pictorial art in Rome in this half-century. Honorius built the new nave to the church of San Lorenzo, and decorated it both with frescoes and mosaics, but time and the restorer have left little of thirteenth-century art. The only other pictures of the first half of the century at Rome are in the chapel of San Silvestro, just outside the deserted church of the Quattro Coronati. They are frescoes that represent the story of St. Silvester and the Emperor Constantine, and also the familiar scene of Christ enthroned between the Virgin and St. John the Baptist; but they tell more plainly still the story of neglect and disrepute into which the painter's art had fallen during the struggles between the Papacy and Frederick II. They are awkward and feeble in the unpleasing Byzantine manner; in fact they are no better than the paintings in San Clemente's lower church, two or three hundred years earlier, which if boyish have at least some elements of independence and freedom. Indeed, the survey of pictorial art in Rome in this first half-century is depressing. It is necessary to go about twenty-five miles eastward, up in the outlying ranges of the Apennines, to catch a first faint tinge of dawn.

Here, near the town of Subiaco, the brawling Anio runs fast between high melancholy hills on its way towards the Tiber. The steep slopes, the outlines of successive mountains, rising in higher ranges, the stern moulding of the land, the noble gloom of the scene, awaken thoughts that wander far from daily cares and trivial happenings; and when the flowers of spring carpet the hills, when white clouds drift across the bright blue sky and sunshine flickers on the glancing ilex leaves, the place is crowned with a large and happy serenity. The gay nymphs of the brawling river, the solemn spirits of the hills, and the merry elves of the spring, sing an inspiring chorus together. Here the Wordsworthian feels himself at home, and with a special inward rapture declaims his favourite passages. Long ago, poor, mad, poetic Nero felt the charm and went to sojourn there. Remains of his villa are still to be seen; and the lake that he made by damming the river was still there in St. Francis's time. But the mad, pagan Emperor is but dimly remembered at Subiaco; the place owes its repute to the great Christian monk, St. Benedict, who sought in this solitude refuge from a corrupting world. Around his cave legends clustered; thither pilgrims went; there veneration grew; and on the sacred spot a monastery was built. In the course of centuries the old buildings fell to decay, or perhaps they were removed to make way for new buildings better fitted to honour the saint and to satisfy a newer taste. However that may be, in the beginning of the thirteenth century the Benedictine Order, encouraged by its powerful friends, such as Cardinal Ugolino, built a series of chapels and churches about the cave.

The rambling sanctuary seems to crawl up the steep hillside on hands and knees, pausing at different levels to set up altars and oratories. The chief parts built at this time are the chapel of St. Gregory and the lower church. Of the earlier buildings nothing remains; and since then many changes have taken place. In those days the path led up the hill and the entrance was from below; so that pilgrims made their way to the lower church by the holy stairs and through St. Gregory's chapel. The architecture reveals the early Gothic influences that spread north from the Cistercian monasteries at Fossanova and Casamari; whereas the upper church, which was built a hundred years afterwards, shows that influence triumphant.

In St. Gregory's chapel are the paintings that interest us. There are a number painted about 1227 and 1228, soon after the chapel was completed; some are in the chapel itself, others in the atrium that leads to it, and others still painted on the wall at the entrance to the holy stairs. Of these paintings two are of especial importance because they are portraits of two great historical personages, St. Francis and Cardinal Ugolino, afterwards Pope Gregory IX. The portrait of St. Francis is probably the oldest likeness of the saint that there is; it has neither the stigmata nor the aureole, therefore it was painted almost certainly before he was canonized in 1228.


FR
FRA
CISCV
PAX
HVIC
DO
MVI

Alinari, phot.

ST. FRANCIS
Sacro Speco, Subiaco

The face has something in common with the traditional type of masculine face, as formulated by the Byzantine school and accepted by the Roman painters, but there are also signs in it of an effort to depict a living man. The seriousness of the face may be merely reminiscent of the solemn saints in Byzantine mosaics; but it befits what we imagine to have been the expression of Francis's features. Probably the painter thought it quite as important to preserve the traditional type, the way a man ought to look, as to present a picture of the way he actually looked. Francis stands erect in his frock, cowl on head, and girded with his knotted cord. He holds his right hand across his body with a sort of explanatory gesture; and in his left hand he has a scroll with his habitual greeting — "Pax huic domui." The face is formal, the eyes are large, the nose is long and thin, the ears are conspicuous and very ugly, lips narrow; a slight beard fringes his chin and a scanty moustache shades his mouth. It cannot have been painted from life; probably in those days nobody expected to sit for a painter. A portrait was a symbol, to indicate a man's rank and calling, and his special title to be painted, and was not supposed to counterfeit his personal peculiarities or the idiosyncrasies of his features. This picture, however, indicates the awakening of the idea of copying nature, and furnishes the little ray of light that shines with an undeserved lustre in that dim world of art. As a portrait it has some points in common with the portrait at San Francesco a Ripa in Rome, or that in the church of San Francesco at Pescia, painted by Bonaventura Berlingheri in 1235. An odd fact about these three portraits is that the beard is fair, whereas the biographer, Thomas of Celano, says that Francis's beard was black.

This awakening to nature, hinted at by the Subiaco portrait of St. Francis, is a tribute to the saint and to the sensitiveness of the painter. He must have seen Francis and he must have known that he was not like other holy men. Francis could not be represented by a symbolic image; frock, cowl, and cord were enough to mark another monk, but not him. Francis was felt to be a man apart, and portraiture only could fairly represent him. There is nothing of the sort in the case of the portrait of Cardinal Ugolino; and yet Ugolino was a very eminent personage, raised to a position second only to the Pope by kinship, character, and services. In painting him the artist made no attempt to delineate nature; he contented himself with the traditional representation of a great prelate. Ugolino is painted in the act of bending forward to consecrate the chapel. His big eyes, hawk nose, fringing beard, formal moustache, and well-defined ears repeat the features of eminent prelates both in mosaic and fresco. He is the ecclesiastical type, and much less eminent persons dutifully look very much like him; for instance, the attendant who stands next to Ugolino and holds his crozier, might be his younger brother. And yet it is commonly believed that the two portraits, St. Francis and Ugolino, were painted by the same hand.

South of Subiaco, a dozen miles across the mountains as the crow flies, on the summit of one of the outlying hills of the Sabine range, stands the little town of Anagni; a fief of the great House of Conti to which Innocent III, Gregory IX, and Alexander IV belonged. To the south the Via Latina passes through the plain on its way from Rome to Monte Cassino and Capua. Within a girdle of massive walls the little city lies along the summit of the hill; and on the very ridge the main street winds its way between two serried files of palaces and houses from the west gate of Ceres to Porta Santa Maria at the east. On the height, some one hundred and fifty yards from the Porta Santa Maria, stands the cathedral. This stern, gray, Romanesque building, — half church, half fortress, — which is arrogantly indifferent to the gentler aspects of ecclesiastical architecture, and plainly asserts that its bishop shall be more a soldier than a priest, has even to-day a rude, imperious dignity of its own. Hard by the church was the palace, now no more. The town was very strong, and therefore a favourite place of refuge for the Popes when threatened by the Hohenstaufens or by the citizens of Rome. Very famous scenes had been enacted in the cathedral; here Alexander III excommunicated Frederick Barbarossa, and here Gregory IX excommunicated Frederick II and began the great strife that ended at last with the destruction of the Hohenstaufens. Here also a still more famous scene was destined to take place, when the lay spirit, in its hatred against ecclesiastical domination, took a bitter revenge on Boniface VIII.

The crypt of the cathedral is honoured by the bones of St. Magnus, which were brought there from the neighbouring town where the saint had suffered a glorious martyrdom. As the church stands on a sharp slope, the crypt is high and makes almost a second church. The walls and ceilings of the crypt are covered with frescoes. These frescoes represent figures of saints, of Hippocrates and Galen, episodes from the Old Testament, from Revelation, and the story of the translations of the body of St. Magnus. Here, as well as at Subiaco, the critics see two painters and more, as there well may have been, for the crypt is large and the paintings are unequal. One of these painters gets the personality assigned him by the critics from the frescoes that depict the translations of the body of St. Magnus. This painter evidently had great respect for Byzantine traditions, and felt that there was something sacred in conventional rigidity; perhaps he learned his art in some of the Benedictine ateliers. The second, to whom are ascribed the figures of the saints, resembles in various matters of style one of the artists who painted at Subiaco, and shows the freer hand of the Roman school. Criticism of this kind comes from Italians chiefly and has a patriotic bias; it ascribes to Byzantine art a rigid, monotonous manner, and to Roman art whatever is in a freer, bolder, more independent style, and then assigns the painter to this school or that, according as he inclines one way or the other. The optimistic pilgrim, who is cheered by any touches of freedom, whether or not they are properly attributed to the native art of Italy rather than to the Byzantine tradition, feels vaguely that these dim, dull, smoked, restored frescoes in the crypt at Anagni, are the best of their day, that in them are signs of a coming change, encouraging indications that an old chrysalis is falling away from a living spirit within.

The old nurse Tradition, and the headstrong child, Genius, must quarrel sooner or later; but in the earliest years the one lovingly tends the other, and there is no need to take sides or painfully distinguish whether the nurse has or has not guided the baby fingers here or there. Necessarily Italian art was encumbered by the great Greek tradition that had flowed down steadily, if, indeed, in a sadly diminished stream, from the greatest of all periods of art; and, necessarily, as Italy grew in wealth and civilization while Constantinople waned, native artists began to assert their individuality, their Italian way of seeing things and of depicting them. The two systems jostled one another, as old tradition and young life do. Crabbed age and youth cannot live together, and youth is fated to triumph. Whether or not the critics can assign these frescoes to the old Greek school or to the younger Roman school, Roman art was still, as it always had been, the pupil of the elder.

It was altogether fitting that the infant genius of Italian art should exhibit its first signs of awakening life in the reign of the great Innocent. The causes of the birth of genius are always obscure; but here at least we know that the cradle for the divine infant was prepared by the Roman Curia. Innocent led the way in St. Peter's and St. Paul's; Gregory IX, as patron, encouraged by his sympathy, and doubtless with his purse, the work at Subiaco; and either he or some member of the House of Conti must have given the necessary impulse for the decoration in the crypt of the cathedral at Anagni. Thus we get the first clear view of the fact, which stands out so brilliantly at the end of the century, that under a normal development Italian art would have borne its brightest blossoms and its fairest fruit, during all its growth, in Roman territory under the patronage of the Popes. The great basilicas, doubly sacred now that Jerusalem was lost to Christendom, the monasteries in and around the city from Anagni and Subiaco to Assisi, offered endless opportunities for the decorative arts; and artists would have been drawn to Rome, as the centre, from all Italy. But politics, always reckless of civilization, wars with the Hohenstaufens, quarrels with the Roman Commune, prevented the smooth progress of art. Nevertheless, throughout the century and until the fatal exile of the Papacy to Avignon, ecclesiastical Rome is the real staff and stay of young Italian art.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DECORATIVE ARTS (1200–1250)

> Tout passe. — L'art robuste
> Seul a l'éternité,
>   Le buste
> Survit à la cité,
>
> Et la médaille austère
> Que trouve un laboureur
>   Sous terre
> Révèle un empereur.
>
> Théophile Gautier.

Other arts in the first half of our century were at very much the same stage as painting; if they appear to have succeeded better, it is because the tasks they attempted were simpler and demanded less skill. They, too, depended upon the great patron, the ecclesiastical order, and shared its fortunes.

In most little towns, where a cathedral or an important church was building, there were artisans,— artists perhaps I should say, — either in the town itself or in the neighbourhood, capable of building and of decorating in a simple fashion. In one town there would be a guild, in another a family, devoted to the decorative art; but as the demand for such work was far greater in Rome than elsewhere, so in Rome we find far the most famous school of decorators. These Roman artists, who proudly added to their names the title "Magister et civis Romanus," worked not only in Rome, but also in the towns near Rome. Sometimes they were architects and built porches, cloisters, or the ornamental fronts of churches; at other times they were decorators in marble or glass, and designed pulpits, reading-desks, episcopal thrones, Easter candlesticks, tombs, and pavements. The purely ecclesiastical character of their work shows how large a space the Church occupied in social life.

The Church was straining to give an ecclesiastical cast to all society; she sought to gather to herself in the domain of art the young ambitions and activities then afoot, just as she sought to gain complete control over education, and just as, more obviously, she was striving to lay hold on political power. The process was the result of an unconscious purpose, such as pushes great organisms on their paths; and essential parts of the process were to centralize power in the Papacy and make Rome a great ecclesiastical capital. With an imagination worthy of old Rome, the Papacy trusted in a time ahead when society should become theocratic, and Rome be not merely the ecclesiastical capital but also the political capital of the world. Among the immediate obstacles to this grandiose scheme were the feudal nobility and the Commune of Rome.

The nobles of Rome and of the country round, headed by the Anibaldi, Frangipani, Orsini, Colonna, Savelli, Conti and others, fiercely asserted their feudal rights and fortified themselves within their castles. In the city itself, dotted about within the wide circuit of the Aurelian walls, in among vineyards, market gardens, cattle paddocks, and rubbish, the ruined monuments of the ancient city had been transformed into fortresses. The Colosseum, the triumphal arches, the palaces of the Cæsars, were the keeps and donjons of rude barons who scarcely knew the majestical origin of their strongholds. More intractable still than the nobles, was the Commune. Like the cities of the north, the Commune of Rome, intoxicated by its ancient glory, asserted its independence and claimed to treat on even terms with Pope and Emperor; and yet it was forced again and again to realize that its prosperity depended on the Papacy, so that though it chased out the popes repeatedly and refused to acknowledge their authority, it repeatedly begged them to come back. An Innocent III might enforce his dominion and wield the right to appoint the Roman senators; but lesser popes were glad to escape to Anagni, Viterbo or Perugia, and dwell among more obedient people.

To meet these adversaries and convert turbulent Rome into a religious capital, the Papacy had not merely to establish a political party in the city, but also to create an ecclesiastical atmosphere — a custom of deference to priests, a habit of mind that associated prosperity with the coming of pilgrims and the dominion of the Church. One appropriate means was to strengthen the city churches. They were the ecclesiastical strongholds that should out-face the castles of the nobles and the Palace of the Senators on the Capitol. Preëminent among the Roman churches were the great basilicas, dedicated to St. Peter and to St. Paul; hardly second to these were St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and in solemn succession of dignity followed San Lorenzo, San Clemente, Santa Maria in Cosmedin, San Giorgio in Velabro, San Giovanni e Paolo, San Gregorio Magno, Santi Quattro Coronati, Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, and their fellows. The way to strengthen these churches was to make them rich and beautiful. Art (so the Curia determined) should be the handmaid of theocracy. This connection of the decorative arts with the great ecclesiastical movement of the pontificate of Innocent III bespeaks our attention for these arts, as much as do the arts themselves.

Of all this ecclesiastical decorative work, the pavements are the most familiar. Every traveller knows the marble pavements in the great Roman churches, the formal geometrical patterns, the round disks of red and green marbles, the curves and rectangles of mosaic. This fashion for pavements spread over Rome in the twelfth century. At that time, for one reason and another, there was a great deal of rebuilding or repairing, and many of the noted churches adopted what is essentially the same pattern in their marble decoration. A possible excuse for this monotony is that their marble quarries determined the shapes of the materials; the walls and floors of antique temples furnished slabs of rectangular shapes, and a column sawed across yielded disks of the same diameter. Yet excuses are idle; the fact was that the artists lacked all inventiveness. Each generation adopted the design taught in the ateliers; the craftsmen who paved one basilica copied the pavement in another. But in those days current notions on art were very different from what they are now. To-day we cry out for new things and our main fault-finding charges lack of originality; then the opposite was true, the cultivated public demanded obedience to authority.

In reading-desks, as in the pavements, there is monotony of form and ornament. The model which descends from the old rostrum came by way of Constantinople; it was adopted in Campania, and from there was carried north to Rome in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. There are a goodly number of these reading-desks in the old Roman churches. The practice was to set the ambone for the gospel on the south side of the nave, in order, as Innocent III says, that the reader shall speak towards the north against Lucifer, who said "he would sit in the sides of the north" (Is. XIV, 13). This was the more stately of the two, and was approached by two sets of steps and flanked by the paschal candle. The ambone intended for the epistle was placed across the nave opposite to it, on the north side. The most notable of all these reading-desks is that for the gospel in San Lorenzo. It was probably put there somewhere about 1249, in late execution of Honorius's plan for adorning the church. This reading-desk is about eleven or twelve feet long, and originally had, according to custom, two little stairways, one approaching the standing-place from one end, the other from the other. The front and the back are covered with marble panels of divers colours, ranged in formal pattern. Slabs of porphyry and *verde antico* alternate in squares and rounds; and in the spaces between these squares and rounds and along the borders run fantastic patterns in red, white, gold, and black. As usual an eagle, with wings half spread, forms the support for the holy book. It is handsome, but it follows the earlier models, such as the pulpit in San Clemente or Santa Maria in Cosmedin, with obsequious fidelity.

The canopies over the high altars display the same conventionality and conservatism. These, however, are of old Roman origin. They are little ornamental roofs, held up by four pillars and surmounted by pretty rows of pigmy columns; and on top is an octagonal dome, with a little lantern to crown it. This canopy is neither very solemn nor very noble, but it is light and graceful, and on its miniature scale has a charm comparable to that of Tuscan Romanesque architecture.

The one point in which Roman craftsmen of our century ventured to diverge from the practice of their predecessors was in the use of glass mosaics. The twelfth century decorators contented themselves with porphyry, serpentine, and other marbles of various colours; but as the ecclesiastical power became consolidated under Innocent III and felt the invigorating influence of the new mendicant orders, it demanded more luxury and ostentation. In order to meet this demand the Roman artisans adopted a gay mosaic embroidery compounded of enamel, gold, and many-coloured glass. The art of glass mosaics, lost in Rome during the dark ages, had been learned again from the monks at Monte Cassino, and from the artists of Sicily, where it had long been in familiar use or from the master mosaists of Venice; yet, loyal to the great classic past, the Roman artisans, like the painters of the Roman school, got their ideas of decoration chiefly from classical remains.

Of greater consequence than ecclesiastical furniture is the decorative architecture of this period. Here as elsewhere fashion required imitation of what had been done before. For instance, at San Giorgio in Velabro, the front porch, resting on Ionic columns, followed an earlier model; and in its turn determined the porch of San Lorenzo. More interesting than the church porches are the monastic cloisters. The little square garden of the monastery, shut in by dormitory, refectory, and church, was bordered by a covered walk. A colonnade held up the roof; carving or mosaic enriched the entablature. Within the enclosure, grass, trees, shrubs, creepers, flowers, and singing-birds made the seclusion fresh and agreeable. Here the brethren walked and talked about the prophecies of Abbot Joachim, or discussed politics and the affairs of the great world; and here (after the church itself was filled with graves or reserved for abbots and the departed great), beneath the pavement, on the side next the church, that they might be gathered under its wing even in death, their bodies were buried.

Roman artisans grouped themselves in ateliers and workshops; and their craft, like other crafts, usually descended from father to son. There are traces of various families that devoted themselves to decorative art; but one family is so much better known than the others that it has given a name to the whole school, not its family name, for artisans commonly had none, but the Christian name of that member of the family most prominently mentioned in the inscriptions which have come down to us. His name was Cosmas, or, in Latin, Cosmatus, which is the equivalent of the Tuscan Cosimo. From him the whole school of Roman decorators has been called the Cosmati. The genealogy of this family, though not free from doubt, for some critics think that there were two families, is usually given as follows: —

Lawrence
|
James the Elder
|
Cosmas
|
Luke   James, Junior   Adeodato   John

The founder of the family, Lawrence, belongs to the twelfth century and merely appears across the threshold of the thirteenth. He, his son James, and his grandson Cosmas, all worked as architects at Civita Castellana, a little town to the north of Mount Soracte. The two younger men finished their labours there in 1210; and about the same time they were at work in Rome, where they designed decorative bits of architecture, such as the ornamental doorway for the Society for the Liberation of Christian Slaves, that still stands hard by San Tommaso in Formis. Lawrence and James also made the reading-desk for the gospel and probably that for the epistle in the church of Aracœli. These desks (much altered now) follow the familiar Roman model, both in form and decoration, except that here, perhaps for the first time in Rome, glass mosaics are used for ornament.

By this time the family stood in such high repute that when the Benedictine monks of Santa Scolastica at Subiaco were rebuilding their monastery about the year 1235, they employed several of its members. The monastery of Sacro Speco, a little higher up on the steep ravine above the river Anio, had been recently rebuilt and decorated with frescoes of popes and saints; and the pious brethren of Santa Scolastica wished to possess a cloister which should enable them, in one respect at least, to outdo their neighbours. James the Elder designed one side of the new cloister, and after his death Cosmas, with his sons, Luke and James, Junior, completed the work. There is no special merit to distinguish this cloister from others; except that there is a touch of classic feeling in the design and decoration, which testifies to the strength of the classic tradition among Roman craftsmen, and confers an artistic justification to their title, "Cives Romani." At Anagni, too, when the bishop undertook to render the crypt of his cathedral worthy of its holy relics, some ten or maybe twenty years before the nameless painters were at work there painting the frescoes of St. Magnus and others, Cosmas and his same two sons were employed to lay the pavement. They followed the usual Roman ecclesiastical pattern both in the crypt and in the upper church.

Another family, the Vassalletti, though less well known than the Cosmati, was more richly endowed with genius. Inscriptions that bear the family name extend over a hundred years; it is therefore reasonable to infer that members of the family were decorative artists for at least three generations. The most famous work of the Vassalletti is the cloister of St. John Lateran, built mainly during the pontificate of Honorius III. Both in architecture and in decoration this cloister is a masterpiece: the delicate, graceful columns, the arches that follow one another like the melodious notes of a happy song, the well-proportioned entablature, the profusion of mosaic, the fanciful and charming decoration, the skilful carving, and the bewitching variety which seems to shift from hour to hour as sun and shade play upon the cloistered walks, unite to make it the chief glory of this Roman school and one of the loveliest spots in Italy.

These exquisite Lateran cloisters mark the highest accomplishment of art during the first half of our century; and though there is nothing organically new in them, by their lightness, their grace, and decoration, they constitute not merely a continuation of certain principles of classic tradition, but also a revival of art in Rome, a dawn, which but for untoward circumstances would have broken into a glorious day some threescore years or more before it actually did so.

It seems likely that two Vassalletti, father and son, had worked upon the cloister of St. Paul's, which was built a little earlier than that of St. John Lateran's, and there had learned their art, disciplined their faculties, and perfected their taste; and it is also likely that they were the artists employed by

Honorius III to erect the new portico in front of San Lorenzo and to make the rich panelling, that was once part of the chancel screen and is now set against the wall on either side of the episcopal chair. These brilliant artists had their atelier and assistants, and sometimes a poor bit of work was turned out like the little tabernacle in the church of St. Francis at Viterbo; but there must have been a number of excellent workmen, trained and refined by the work on the Lateran cloister, who would have carried on the admirable traditions of the atelier, had it not been for the evil fate that befell Rome. The Lateran cloister was finished about 1235; then came the long series of untoward circumstances, the atelier broke up, its artisans were dispersed. Nothing further bears the name Vassallettus except a paschal candle in the cathedral of Anagni carved in 1262.

These men and their fellows are less interesting to us, perhaps, for what they actually did than for their relations to the larger movements that encircle them. In one aspect they are soldiers of the Romanesque cause, diligently at work, digging trenches and throwing up redoubts as it were, to defend Italy from the mighty Barbarian style of the North that was threatening invasion. They had little chance to display their talents in architecture, for there were more churches than enough in Rome already and few other buildings were erected there, but in what they did, like the builders of the town halls in the communes of Lombardy, they upheld the cause of reason and moderation. In ecclesiastical furniture, they did not make pulpits, canopies, and chairs like the gables of a cathedral; they followed precedents, and preserved touches of Eastern colour, of Arabian fancy, elements of the better influences that had come from Constantinople as well as traditions of ancient Rome. If their art had been able to open and expand in the orderly sequence of favouring seasons, if it had proceeded unvexed until the moment was reached when Italy, ripe in wealth, in technical knowledge, in love of antiquity, could produce what we call the art of the Renaissance, with its architecture, its painting, its sculpture, its schools of decoration, then Cosmatus and Vassallettus would have been household words, and Rome an even greater treasure-house of beauty than she is.

At the beginning of the century such a prospect was within the bounds of reasonable expectation. The popes had adopted a policy that called for the generous employment of artists and artisans, and Roman art quickened under the stimulus. An artistic atmosphere was forming; artists were becoming men of consideration; there was an exciting sense that art was rapidly advancing, that Rome was to exhibit once more the magnificence of the Cæsars. With such a stimulating masterpiece as the cloister of St. John Lateran before their eyes, Roman craftsmen would soon have thrown off their timid habits of imitation, and then, going for schooling to antique remains, would have anticipated the general liberation of the arts that came at the end of the century. But the strife between the Papacy and the Hohenstaufens stopped short this movement. Wars, rumours of wars, the general disturbance of society, produced their disastrous effect. All Italy suffered, but Rome suffered most. Papal patronage, such as was given by Innocent III and his immediate successors, came to an abrupt end. Innocent IV was forced to live in exile; Alexander IV was shut out of Rome by a Ghibelline podestà; and the French pontiffs, Urban and Clement, were indifferent to the policy of making Rome beautiful. Not till the end of the century did Roman art lift up its drooping head. Then—

> Quali i fioretti dal notturno gelo
> chinati e chiusi, poi che il sol gl' imbianca,
> si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo, —

under the fostering hand of Roman-born pontiffs, the flowers of art began to spread their fair corollas in the sunshine of prosperity.

CHAPTER XXII

INNOCENT IV (1243–1245)

> Si, vendetta, tremenda vendetta
> Di quest' anima è solo disio,
> Di punirti già l' ora s' affretta
> Che fatale per te tuonerà.
>
> *Rigoletto.*
>
> Yes, revenge, fearful revenge
> Of this soul is the only desire,
> Already to punish thee hastens the hour
> That shall fatally blast thee.

As I have said, the wars between the Papacy and the Hohenstaufens cut short, almost as fatally as Atropos, the flowering of art; and chief among the destructive spirits who shut their eyes, perhaps rightly, to all except the political issue and trod under foot religion as well as the arts, stands Innocent IV. The Fieschi were a noble family of Genoa and the country near, and, if one may judge from the career of its most illustrious member, more given to the pursuit of tangible advantages than of dreams divine. Indeed, the fall from the magnanimous ambition of Innocent III to the fierce passions of Innocent IV, shows clearly how ill an effect this worldly strife was producing upon the Church. Innocent IV studied law at Bologna, and for a time was one of the canons of the cathedral at Parma under his uncle, the bishop. Going to Rome he held important offices during the pontificates of Honorius and Gregory, and won so brilliant a reputation as a canon lawyer that he earned the sobriquet, "The Enlightener of the World." He had a high temper, but otherwise he was quite different from Gregory; he had no piety, no love of religion, no sympathy for monks or mystics. He was a brave and haughty patrician, of crafty disposition and tenacious will. His personal morals were without fault.

Although the Genoese were for the most part strongly adverse to the Emperor, Innocent had always been on good terms with him; and Frederick was greatly pleased by the news of his election. He said of him: he is "one of the noblest men in the Empire, . . . a man who in word and deed has always acted with kindness and courtesy towards me. I have great hopes of peace; I shall reverence him as a father, and he will embrace me as a son." He also wrote to congratulate Innocent upon his election, as an old friend whose new name was a happy augury.

The causes of mutual distrust between the Church and the Empire were so deep that it was of little moment what a Pope's or an Emperor's sympathies were before election; afterwards, the two became unjust and hostile towards one another. Both Frederick and Innocent made a great parade of negotiating. Ambassadors went to and fro. One cannot help the suspicion that this diplomacy was so much jockeying for position. If peace had been the sole aim of each, the choice of ambassadors was, to say the least, singular; for the Emperor sent to the Pope the admiral who had captured the poor prelates off Monte Christo on their way to the council at Rome, and the Pope sent to the Emperor one of the very prelates who had been taken prisoners. Evidently there were reasons under the surface that induced them to make such choices. Each was playing a game; and the players were well matched. The Emperor proposed either to frighten the Pope into easy terms or to lay hands on him; the Pope manœuvred to bring affairs to such a pass that he should be able to put the Emperor in an unfavourable light before the world.

Frederick was quick-witted and his counsellors were astute, but they had an excessive confidence in their ability to overreach the Roman Curia. This disposition to underrate the sagacity of the Curia was part of Frederick's general contempt for the priesthood, and it was not justified. The Curia was well able to play the game of politics. In the deeper matters that concerned the religious spirit of Europe, and through that spirit the ultimate prosperity of the Church, the Curia sometimes behaved itself in an ignorant or reckless way; but in the fence of superficial politics, in the thrust, the passado, the puncto reverso, it was an accomplished master.

The wary antagonists circled about one another, each feeling the other's guard. There was talk of a meeting. Innocent went part-way to meet Frederick, but not beyond a day's ride from the coast, and dispatched an urgent prayer to his Genoese compatriots to send a fleet to his rescue. To capture the Pope might have served Frederick's purpose; to make the world believe that Frederick wished to lay sacrilegious hands on the high priest of Christendom would certainly serve Innocent's purpose. The Genoese fleet cast anchor within reach. Then Innocent made his lunge. He took horse by night and with a handful of men rode in hot haste across mountain and moor to the shore, got on board one of the Genoese ships, and sailed away. To make the insidious machinations of the Emperor look still more black, he hurried away from Italy across the Alps and took refuge in the city of Lyons, under the wing of France. The journey was severe, and on the way, Innocent nearly died. From this flight to the last day of his life, whether it was because he believed Frederick meant to seize him, whether he laid his proximity to death at Frederick's door, or whether he saw that the struggle was in its nature *à outrance*, Innocent hated Frederick with an implacable hatred, and, confounding the cause of the Church with his own thirst for revenge, made use of all her resources to bring about Frederick's ruin.

Once safely lodged in Lyons the Pope returned to the plan that Frederick had frustrated, and summoned an œcumenical council. It was a critical period in the history of Europe; for it was the first time that a council of the Church Universal had been convoked solely for a political purpose. Gregory IX was a good man, — even his adversaries admitted that he was "*apostolicus, sanctus et bonus*," — and in convoking a council at Rome, though he wished to transact business of state rather than of religion, he had cherished the hope of making peace; Innocent entertained no such idea, — he called the Church together as a war measure in order to condemn his enemy. The Council of Lyons is a summing-up of the consequences of the long rivalry between the Papacy and the Empire. Innocent's excuse for this misuse of his sacred office is that he really believed without a momentary doubt that the Emperor entertained the purpose, and strove directly and indirectly, by force and by fraud, to overthrow the Papacy and the whole ecclesiastical fabric.

The scene at Lyons was highly dramatic. The old quarters of the city lie in the plain, with the Rhone on one side and the Saône on the other; but St. John's quarter is on the right bank of the Saône between the river and the steep hill of the Fourvière. Here stood the new cathedral of St. John and a monastery, protected, together with the surrounding buildings, by a fortified wall. The whole quarter wore the grim and stern aspect of a fortress. The cathedral was not yet finished. The choir and the transepts, built before the architecture of the Île-de-France had imposed its taste upon Burgundy, are Romanesque, the nave is Gothic. So the building shows the particular charm and grace that bursts into flower when Gothic and Romanesque meet and mingle. In the cathedral of Lyons they meet and kiss by the triumphal arch, so that this seems a sort of Golden Gate where two intimately sympathetic aspirations unite in a common purpose of worship. The nave, rising above the ceiling of the choir, nobly shows the triumph of the Gothic. The walls were then majestic in their bareness; and the glorious glass of the windows gave a many-coloured splendour to the dark and solemn interior. It would be hard to imagine a spot better adapted for the meeting-place of pure-hearted men bent upon holy things.

On June 28, 1245, patriarchs, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, ambassadors from kings, envoys from cities, Baldwin, the Emperor of Constantinople, and various nobles, gathered in the great church. Thaddeus of Suessa was present as proctor for the Emperor. Nevertheless, the meeting represented the Church Universal in a lame and mutilated fashion; there were few prelates from Germany, none from The Kingdom, for fear of Frederick, and none from the Holy Land, as there had not been time enough for them to come. The Pope said mass and mounted his throne; Baldwin sat on his right hand. The choir sang *Veni Creator;* the Pope himself preached the sermon, taking as his text: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger." He then enumerated the five wounds of Christ: the invasion of Europe by the Tartars, the Greek schism, the spread of heresy, the new hordes of heathen invading the Holy Land, and for the climax, the wickedness of the Emperor. He described Frederick's wrongdoings point by point; he produced Frederick's letters to prove his charges, speaking with evident animosity. In fact, Innocent acted as prosecuting attorney and made no pretence at all of judicial impartiality. Thaddeus of Suessa spoke on behalf of his master; he denied or excused the various counts in the indictment, and asked for an adjournment in order that Frederick might have an opportunity to attend and plead his own cause. "God forbid," cried the Pope; "I fear his tricks; if he comes, I shall go, I am neither ready nor fit for martyrdom." It is unlikely that the Emperor had any intention of attending, for he had already written to the cardinals that he had given his envoy full power to appeal from the unjust trial by the Pope, to God, to a future pope, or to a future council. The request for an adjournment was probably made either to gain time, or else to get the advantage that would accrue from a refusal of the common right, which every accused man had, of appearing in person to defend himself. However, at the request of the ambassadors from the Kings of England and France, first one and then another brief adjournment was granted.

Frederick did not come; Thaddeus of Suessa conducted his defence. The Pope presented the case for the prosecution with great fulness. The evidence was marshalled to prove three distinct charges; first, that Frederick had violated his duty as a Christian and therefore deserved excommunication; second, that as King of Sicily he had been false to his feudal allegiance to the Papacy; and, third, that as Emperor he had failed in his fundamental duties, such as protecting the Church; and for these causes deserved to be deprived of his royal and imperial crowns. Certain witnesses testified against Frederick; but, as Frederick's acts were notorious, the Pope chiefly confined himself to documentary evidence to prove the existence of those papal rights which Frederick had infringed. He introduced letters and charters, written or granted by Frederick from the time of his imperial coronation, which related to the temporal domains of the Church; letters and covenants written or sworn to by Frederick which related to The Kingdom from a time before he went to Germany; charters to the Church granted by former Emperors; and various letters from the Kings of England, France, Aragon, and Bohemia.

The proofs furnished were not a matter of great consequence; the verdict of the Council was not to be determined by the weight or the relevancy of the evidence produced in court. There was a fact outside the record of charters and grants that told fatally against the defendant. Everybody present was thinking of their unfortunate brethren who had set out to attend the council in Rome. Excepting the cardinals who had been released to attend this council, and the French prelates set free after eighteen months at the urgent insistence of King Louis, the captive clergy were still in prison; some of them had died from privation and ill-treatment. Condemnation was a foregone conclusion. Thaddeus's defence was shouted down; he appealed to a future pope and a future council. Innocent pronounced sentence. He repeated the excommunication against Frederick, he released all his subjects from their allegiance, he proclaimed that those to whom the imperial election pertained should proceed to the election of an Emperor, and that he and the cardinals would choose a successor for The Kingdom. Thaddeus cried out, "This day is a day of wrath, calamity, and misery";

but the Pope was inflexible; he said, "My part I have done, let God bring his will in this matter to fulfilment"; the clergy chanted, "We praise thee, O Lord," and in tragic sign that hope was extinguished quenched their torches on the floor.

The sentence, which reverberated through Europe, raised three questions: Did the council have jurisdiction? Did the evidence justify the verdict? Did the offences charged warrant the punishment imposed? The ecclesiastical and the civil decrees stand on their several footings. As to the excommunication the Church was fully in its right. An œcumenical council had plenary jurisdiction over the admission or exclusion of Christians from communion with the Church. It is true that all Christendom was not represented at the council; but as to Germany and Sicily, Frederick was estopped from taking that objection, for his commands and menaces had kept the clergy of the Empire from attending; and at any rate, the Pope had no need of a consenting council before imposing the ban.

Jurisdiction to depose an Emperor was a different matter. The Popes had claimed such a right ever since the days of Hildebrand; they asserted that it was incident to their office. It was undeniable that an Emperor-elect did not become Emperor until he had received his crown from the Pope; on the other hand, the Popes certainly had no right to appoint an Emperor. The truth was that the relative rights of Pope and Emperor had never been settled; their respective claims to power had none of the certainty that attaches to modern ideas of legal rights, and there was nothing that could be called law to decide between them. The members of the council, however, had full confidence in their own authority; it seemed reasonable that there should be some power in Christendom to depose its elective head; and it would seem that Frederick admitted their jurisdiction. He appealed to a future council; and in complaining of the sentence took technical objections that did not touch the competency of the tribunal. From an ecclesiastical point of view the offence deserved the punishment meted to it. The Emperor had not only failed in his duty to defend the Church, but he had even persecuted her; he had prevented the meeting of the Church militant; he had put in prison prelates whose only offence was that they attempted to obey the Pope's summons. Moreover, as an excommunicated man, and perhaps a misbeliever, he was not a fit person to be monarch of a Christian empire and secular head of Christendom.

The deposition from the Empire was a grave matter, but as events turned out, the deposition from The Kingdom was a still graver matter. Upon that part of the council's judgment turns the whole question of right or wrong in the destruction of the Hohenstaufens and in the coming of Charles of Anjou. And it has been so common for sympathy to range itself against the Church in these affairs that the matter deserves special consideration. The deposition from The Kingdom was a question of feudal law. The relation of lord and vassal existed between the Papacy and the King; nobody disputed this. The Papacy was the lord suzerain of The Kingdom by universal consent. The whole world believed, as a definite historical fact, that the papal title originated in the grant of Constantine to Pope Silvester; but the origin of the title was immaterial, the Norman kings had acknowledged it, Frederick II himself had most solemnly avowed it. The Pope was his lord, he was the Pope's vassal. By feudal law and feudal custom the obligations inherent in that relation were clear and definite. Among the vassal's duties to his lord were these: to do him homage, to acknowledge his rights, to do him no wrong, and to pay the tribute that had been fixed. On the vassal's fidelity depended his title to his fief. If he turned heretic or if he turned traitor, his fief was forfeit. These rules were well settled wherever the feudal system prevailed. Count Raymond of Toulouse had been dispossessed for heresy, and the sentence had been confirmed by the Fourth Lateran Council, at which representatives from all Christendom, clerical and lay, attended. In a famous case from Greece brought before the King of France and his court, it was decided that if the relation of liegeman and lord had been fully constituted, and the liegeman then made war on his lord, the fief was forfeit.

Every code based on the feudal system accepted and confirmed these principles. It is provided by the *Assises of Jerusalem*, the body of feudal laws codified for the Latin Kingdom in the Holy Land, that a fief is forfeit if a liegeman turns heretic, if he denies his lord or lays violent hands on him, or takes the field against him, or fails to meet an accusation of treason in his lord's court when summoned. In such cases the feudal ties were broken, the fief reverted to the suzerain, and he had the right to grant it anew to a loyal subject. Bracton, the great commentator of English law, the predecessor of Coke, Blackstone, and Kent, in *De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ* (*circa* 1250) says: "Homage is the bond of law . . . reciprocal . . . by which the tenant in his turn is obliged and constrained to keep faith with his lord and render service due. . . . The tenant forfeits his fief if he does any grave injury to his lord, or sides with his enemy, in counsel or comfort, against him . . . or if he does aught to divest him of his inheritance, or if he lays violent hands on his lord." In Frederick's own code of laws, promulgated at Melfi in 1231, it is laid down: "Vassals must safeguard their lords in life and limb, from bodily capture and from injury to their honour. . . . Vassals shall not be privy in plot, consent, or knowledge, to their lord's losing his land, rather they shall warrant and defend it to the utmost of their power against everybody. . . . If a vassal shall commit a felony against his lord, . . . or having been thrice summoned shall not render service due . . . the lord may disseize him" (*Constitutiones Regni Siciliæ*, liber 3, titles 18, 19).

Such was the law; not even Thaddeus of Suessa or Pier della Vigna could dispute this. The question before the council was whether the King had violated his feudal duty toward his sovereign in so grave a particular as to justify disseizin; and the council was to judge the case on its own knowledge and belief. It was not limited, like our petty jury, to judge according to sworn testimony only, but rather like a jury of the vicinage to judge according to common knowledge. Most of the offences charged against Frederick were matters of common knowledge. He had not paid his feudal tribute for years; he had interfered with the ecclesiastical rights of his suzerain in Sicily; he had usurped the province of Benevento; he had prevented an œcumenical council; he had imprisoned Roman cardinals; he had made war on the Pope and invaded the Patrimony of St. Peter; and, according to dark reports, if he was not a heretic or a misbeliever, he was far more in sympathy with Mohammedanism than with Christianity. These charges the Emperor's proctors might meet with excuse and avoidance, with explanation and extenuation, with denials here and there on outlying matters, but at the core, by consent of all, the King of Sicily was guilty of fatal breaches of duty toward his suzerain lord. In this condemnation ended Frederick's long course of double-dealing, with the gentle Honorius, with the noble and fiery Gregory IX and with the hard-headed, hard-hearted Innocent IV; and from this condemnation flowed bitter consequences to Frederick, to his children, and his children's children.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE END OF FREDERICK'S LIFE (1245–1250)

Zeus, the high God! — whate'er be dim in doubt,
This can our thought track out —
The blow that fells the sinner is of God,
And as he wills, the rod
Of vengeance smiteth sore. One said of old,
"The Gods list not to hold
A reckoning with him whose feet oppress
The grace of holiness" —
An impious word! for whenso'er the sire
Breathed forth rebellious fire —
What time his household overflowed the measure
Of bliss and health and treasure —
His children's children read the reckoning plain,
At last, in tears and pain!
Agamemnon — E. D. A. Morshead.

The affair of the Council was badly conducted by Frederick. The assembled prelates were not an impartial body, they had not been convened for an impartial purpose; Frederick knew this, and he should have addressed himself over their heads to the outside world, for all western Europe was eagerly attending to what was said and done within the walls of St. John's cathedral. With England, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy for audience, Frederick might well have hoped to win the prize of popular sympathy. That public, true to human nature, was vulgarly interested in the criminal charges against the Emperor, his violated vows, his breaches of covenants, convention, and morality, but it was also deeply interested in two fundamental matters, its own material well-being and its spiritual well-being. The Emperor might have lifted the issues between him and the Pope up to the noblest concerns of body and soul; but the crafty, strong-willed Pope succeeded in keeping them down to the truth or falsity of the criminal charges against the Emperor.

Economic development was necessarily lay. Mammon, if one may so call the single-purposed spirit of gain, had no interest in ecclesiastical matters; its one desire was for order, for the removal of feudal exactions and of the feudal barons who stood like *retiarii* in the way, ready to enmesh the young limbs of trade in their fatal nets; it would give its sympathy to either power that would best procure order. The Church was no real friend of economic progress, and the Emperor might well have put her in the wrong in the eyes of Mammon. He might have professed to represent the cause of imperial order as it had been in the days of the Antonines, when all the world enjoyed the peaceful enforcement of law. But instead he insisted on obsolete prerogatives against the Lombard communes, ranged himself on the side of feudalism, and let the Church pose as the friend of manufacture and trade.

In spiritual matters, too, the Emperor wholly failed to rise to the height of the occasion. The Church, indeed, as all the world knew, had been false in many respects to her own professed doctrines, but she had some meritorious achievements to her credit in the popular mind: she sanctioned and upheld the Franciscan Order, and with all her faults and shortcomings she still proclaimed a reign of peace and good will on earth. To this ideal the Emperor presented no alternative, except so far as he practised an Epicurean freedom from all irksome restraints. This was the fault of the Emperor and of his lawyers; they misread the signs of their time; satisfied, themselves, with poetry, they cared little for visions beatific. It was not a fault inherent in the ideal of empire. Had Dante been living to put his passionate beliefs into words, he might not have modified the verdict of the council, but he would have affected the judgment of Christendom; for the judgment of Christendom upon Frederick, and even the judgment of the council, was based on things spiritual.

The old issue between an ecclesiastical and a lay organization of society had already been decided. In the time of Innocent III the clerical power had reached its flood, it was now on the ebb; modern Europe had been born and modern Europe was opposed to civil government administered by priests. Even by the time of Innocent IV the growth of manufacture and trade had rendered any such issue obsolete. Europe was stirring with productive energies, and on the question whether the Church or the Empire should hold the supreme temporal power, her sympathy was with the Empire. But as it is the wont of judicial tribunals, as well as, generally speaking, the wont of society at large, to decide questions according to old ideas and old customs, and not according to the exigencies of the present or the needs of the future, economic arguments would have been out of place. The council would not have listened to them, Europe might not have listened to them; but Europe, if not the council, would have given respectful attention to an argument to prove that the spiritual interests of Christendom would not be endangered by the triumph of the Emperor. For this the lawyers of Frederick's court were of no avail; and when Dante published his *De Monarchia*, the Empire had already been relegated to the limbo of antiquated things.

Nevertheless the *De Monarchia* shows the moral forces that might have been marshalled upon the imperial side. The value of empire, Dante says, must be judged by its bearing upon the goal of human civilization, which is to bring all blossomings of the human spirit to the fullest fruitage. For such fruitage universal peace is necessary, and unity under a single head, and the coöperation of all parts for the welfare of the whole. The independent parts cannot adjust their mutual relations unless they have some supreme court before which to bring them; and justice needs a judge furnished with supreme powers. And all through the argument in favour of a universal monarch Dante keeps in mind the final goal of human civilization: "Ripeness is all." Such arguments as Dante uses might seem to apply as well to the Church as to the Empire; but they do not, because the power of the sword is necessary to enforce peace and justice, and because (as he says) the history of the rise and culmination of the Roman Empire is proof that by God's will the Emperor is to be the universal monarch and that he derives his powers from God.

But Dante wrote two generations too late, and the decision of the council may be taken as the real end of the mediæval Empire. Men's minds were divided, and according to place, condition, rank, and circumstance, some men thought one way and some another, but on the whole the spirit of the age came to the opinion that the Empire was unfitted for the modern world then beginning, and the Council of Lyons gave rude expression to this opinion. In later generations Emperors came down into Italy, but never again in the gallant, masterful manner of their predecessors; and from the date of the decree of deposition Frederick himself was fighting for his crowns. So harsh was his punishment that it seemed as if a spirit of retribution were pursuing him to take vengeance for his wanton disregard of the spiritual beliefs of his time. Blow upon blow fell upon him. The first was a blow to his power and to his pride. Parma, on a sudden, turned from him and joined the Guelfs.

Parma, like most of her high-spirited sister cities, had been a member of the Lombard League against Barbarossa; but ever since Frederick II had raised his standard as a claimant to the Empire, she had inclined to his side. In the old days, before he had received the imperial crown, while he was still proclaiming that he owed his victorious career to God and to his venerable mother, the Roman Church, he had rewarded the city's loyalty by confirming her independent rights and privileges: "Our Serene and Royal Clemency is wont to dispense favours to its subjects and to confer abundant benefits on those whose faith and devotion to the Empire has always been found sincere and true; . . . So, We, mindful of the honest faith and devoted service which our beloved and loyal citizens of Parma have always shown to the Empire and, as We hope, will always show," . . . do grant and confirm, in due legal terms, upon the city a communal bill of rights. From that time on, side by side with Pavia, Cremona, and Modena, Parma had remained loyal to the Empire; and Frederick had continued his favour except for a momentary suspension at the time of his imperial coronation when the podestà had been disobedient to the Church.

Parma was a prosperous town, renowned for her cloth and wool; her trade was brisk, her citizens industrious. Set in a flat plain, her situation was not picturesque; but she had her share of civic pride and had striven to make her public buildings beautiful. Her cathedral, if not to be compared to that at Modena for charm or grace, was distinctly superior to its rival at Piacenza; and the marble baptistery was one of the finest in Italy. The population was not altogether pacific. The nobles, as elsewhere, were divided into two factions; one held for the Empire, the other inclined to the Church. The people, however, were generally indifferent to these quarrels. Society was undergoing a gradual transformation towards democracy. The guilds, fifteen in number, with the cloth-merchants, the money-changers, and the butchers at their head, had organized a people's party, very much as the guilds had done in Bologna; and they were more interested in trade than in the rivalry between Pope and Emperor, and kept aloof attending to their business, though force of circumstances was pushing them more and more to the Guelf side. The Pope had friends and relations in the city; his uncle had been bishop, and he himself had lived there; three of his sisters and a niece had married into the nobility; and the people's party, in their efforts to strengthen themselves against the nobility who were chiefly Ghibelline, had chosen his nephew as their leader. The Emperor's adherents, feeling the growing tension, behaved tyrannically; they took possession of the bishop's palace and of his revenues, imposed heavy taxes on the churches, and put guards in all the towers. The Guelf leaders took alarm and fled to Piacenza or Milan. In those cities, with the help of the papal legate, Gregory of Montelungo, they made ready an expedition to force their way back, and set forth on a Sunday. At that time, Arrigo Testa, a poet of the Sicilian school, who had, however, given far more of his time to his political career than to poetry, was podestà of Parma. On that very Sunday a gay wedding was going on, and there had been too much eating and drinking. In the midst of the revels word came that the "outsiders" (as a banished faction was called) were on the march to Parma. The wedding guests started from the table and, following Arrigo, sallied forth to meet the enemy: —

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness.

Perhaps the roistering young cavaliers sang Arrigo's song as they saddled and galloped away: —

Di me fermanza avete,
k' eo so in vostra tenuta;
però meo cor non muta
di far leale omagio.

You hold me bond,
Your vassal true am I,
And, so, my fixed heart
Doth pay all fealty.

The Ghibellines met the enemy a little beyond the river Taro; but the banquet had been a fatal preparation for the fight, wine had tamed their muscles if not their spirits, and they were driven back to the Taro and put to rout; Arrigo and other noblemen were killed, and the Church party swept on victorious into the city.

Parma was important strategically because it commanded both the Via Emilia and the road over the Apennines by Pontremoli into Tuscany; moreover, the revolt sorely wounded the Emperor's pride. He had gone to Turin, making ready for a dash over the Alps to Lyons, and was considering the risk of a war with France in case he should do so, when news of the defeat reached him. He turned round, summoned the Ghibellines from far and near, and laid siege to the town. Like circling hawks they stooped to his lure: his sons, the fighting Enzio, imperial legate in all Italy, Frederick of Antioch, imperial vicar in Tuscany, and young Manfred, still a boy, child of the beautiful Bianca Lancia; the swart Ezzelino, imperial vicar in the March of Treviso;

Uberto Pelavicini, imperial vicar in the Lunigiana; the brave Marquis Lancia, uncle to Bianca and captain of the Empire from Pavia to Asti; and his two most trusted counsellors, Thaddeus of Suessa and Pier della Vigna, were there. Loyal barons brought their troops, loyal cities sent contingents. On the other side the Guelfs answered battle-cry with battle-cry. Their two notable generals, Gregory of Montelungo, the papal legate, and the Marquis of Este, hurried with their forces to the defence of the city. Milan sent a thousand of her best knights, Piacenza sent four hundred, the Count of San Bonifazio came with a troop from Mantua, Ferrara too dispatched her quota.

The defences of the town were too strong to be carried by assault, it was necessary to lay siege; and as it was impossible to construct the besieging lines all around the town, the Emperor built an elaborately fortified camp, which he named "Victory," and maintained as close a blockade as he could. The siege lasted six months. The cruelty on both sides was very great. Frederick adopted a plan of executing two or four prisoners every day in full sight of the garrison, but desisted at the prayer of his Pavian allies. And when imperial spies, many of whom were women, came into the town hidden in loads of hay or in carts with false bottoms, and were caught by the garrison, they were tortured and burnt to death. Nevertheless the siege was tedious, and Frederick became careless. One day he weakened his lines by sending a detachment of troops to build a bridge across the Po which should be of service in the blockade, and he himself went hunting. The garrison took advantage of this chance; they made a sortie, carried the besiegers' lines, drove the imperial troops pell-mell, captured and burned the fort, got possession of the Emperor's crown and his royal insignia, and returned in triumph to the city. Thaddeus of Suessa was among the killed. The Ghibellines scattered in all directions and Frederick himself fled to Cremona. He wrote letters to belittle his defeat and explain how it had happened, and talked of renewing the siege; but it was a vain attempt to save appearances. The victory had been complete; Parma was lost, and what was worse, the Emperor's prestige was irretrievably hurt. The cardinal legate, Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, ignorant that an avenging destiny would consign him to hell by the side of Frederick II, marched triumphantly at the head of an army from Bologna through Romagna; and city after city — Imola, Faenza, Forlì, Forlimpopoli, Cesena — opened its gates and ranged itself on the side of the Church. A year later a more personal and a more tragic blow fell on the Emperor; at Parma he had lost Thaddeus of Suessa, now he lost his other most trusted counsellor, Pier della Vigna.

In the second round of the seventh circle of hell the souls of those who with violent hand have taken their own lives, miserably deformed into stunted trees, take root and put forth twigs. One of these plants spoke to Dante: —

> I am he, who held both the keys
> Of Frederick's heart, and turned them,
> Locking and unlocking, so softly

That from his bosom counsel I shut out almost every man.
I bore such great loyalty to the glorious office
That for its sake I lost both sleep and life.
The strumpet, that never from Cæsar's house
Has turned her wanton eyes,
(Common bane and vice of courts,)
Inflamed all minds against me;
And they, all flaming, set Augustus aflame
So that my happy honours turned to grievous woe.
My soul in disdainful disgust
Thinking by death to escape disdain,
Made me unjust to my just self.
By the new roots of this tree
I swear to you I never broke my faith
To my lord, who was so worthy of honour.
(*Inferno*, XIII.)

Pier della Vigna (1190–1249), miserably destined to become this lost soul, came from Capua. His father was in narrow circumstances, and Pier got his education as best he could. He became a notary, gave signal proof of his abilities, and was presented to the Emperor. A year or two later he was made judge, and after the treaty of peace with the Pope (1230), when the Emperor was able to give his attention to civil affairs at home, Pier rose to be one of his close counsellors, and took part in matters of the highest consequence. It was in these earlier years that he wrote poetry, exchanging sonnets with the Notary, with Jacopo Mostacci, and perhaps with the unlucky podestà, Arrigo Testa. He undoubtedly took an important part in codifying the Constitutions of Sicily (1231); and after that he was engaged in diplomacy. He went to England to arrange the Emperor's marriage with Princess Isabella, sister of King

Henry III; he was sent on embassies to the Pope and to the King of France. He was in intimate consultation with the Emperor about the proceedings at the Council of Lyons. It was he who wrote most important state papers for Frederick; it was he who was chosen to deliver official orations on the Emperor's behalf; it was he who composed street ballads to lampoon the friars. His star was always in the ascendant. In 1247 he was raised to be protonotary of the Empire and logothete of The Kingdom, high honours wrapped in the obscurity of obsolete titles. He had become the model for princes' favourites to fashion themselves upon. He was not only the Emperor's familiar friend, but he was or had been in intimate relations with the imperial family. He argues at length to the Empress that rose is a colour to be preferred to violet; he thanks Prince Conrad for the gift of a ring; he writes to King Enzio. He is on terms of very kindly intercourse with the most distinguished men in The Kingdom, such as the Archbishops of Capua and Palermo, as well as with the professors at Bologna and Naples. His praises were on the lips of all who hoped for preferment: "Nature, teeming mother," — so writes Nicolas de Rocca, — "has given birth to brilliant nurslings far and wide throughout the world; she has distilled a portion of her rich essence into the hearts of very many, but, outdoing expectation, she has brought together into one body what she had distributed among all, and produced Magister Pier della Vigna, more brilliant than all. . . . For the genius of happy knowledge, in its search for a resting-place, wandered all over, in the sweep of the heavens, in the depths of the abyss, and at last fixed its tents and circumscribed the bounds of its activity in him. . . . He is a second Joseph, to whom as a faithful interpreter Great Cæsar has committed the rule of the round world; he is the keybearer of the Empire, he shuts and no man opens, he opens and no man shuts; the tuneful trumpet of his eloquence, in speech sweet as honey, soothes the hearts of all that hear him, yea, as if by divine intuition he reveals whatever lies hid under the sun, excepting the seven seals of the closed book [Rev. v, 1–3]. . . . He is a Peter founded on a rock so that he shall establish others by the firmness of his faith; fixed in solid sincerity he shall be a foundation to others. Peter, the insignificant fisherman, prince of the apostles, having left his nets followed God; but this Peter does not leave his master at all. The old shepherd tended the Lord's flock; but the new athlete by the Emperor's side, planting virtues and extirpating errors, weighs whatever he says in the scales of justice. Peter of Galilee thrice denied his Lord; but God forbid that Peter of Capua one single time should deny his. O happy Vine . . . even the tongue of Tully would find it hard to set forth thy manifold virtues." And the learned Doctor Accursius wrote: "In the whole world there is no man alive who has a will more prompt to serve you than I, or takes more thought for your honour."

Fed upon phrases such as these, Pier floated on the full-blown bladder of imperial favour over a sea of glory; in January, 1249, he was with the

Emperor at Cremona, and no sign gave warning of impending danger. All of a sudden, in February, he was arrested on the charge of high treason, and his eyes were put out. With all light quenched, did he then remember his joyous youth and the lady to whom he wrote his love-songs?

Ch' eo non curo s' io dollio od ò martiro
membrando l' ora ched io vengno a voi;

I care not if I suffer pain or martyrdom
Remembering the hour in which I come to thee.

What Pier did to incur Frederick's suspicion is not clear. Various stories got abroad. One was to the effect that he had had treasonable dealings with the Pope, but there is no evidence now to support that theory; another, that he had amassed a great fortune and that Frederick coveted his wealth, but this supposition is merely an amplification of the saying attributed to Frederick: "I fatten pigs in order to feed on them." The third charged Pier with having instigated the Emperor's physician to poison him. Frederick himself seems to have believed this accusation. But Frederick was in no judicial mood. From nature he had received a passionate temperament, and ever since the Council of Lyons he was in a highly overwrought state. His wrath at being defied and foiled by churchmen, whom he loathed and despised, amounted to frenzy. When he first heard of Innocent's sentence of deposition, he behaved like a madman. He put his crown on his head, defied the Pope to take it off, and ranted like a third-rate actor. He had himself been treacherous all his life, and now the same cup was commended to his own lips. Many courtiers had already abandoned him. The Bishop of Ratisbon, Chancellor of Germany, went over to the enemy; so did Richard of Montenero, Master Judiciary of Sicily; the Bishop of Bamberg also, who had filled the high office of protonotary of the Imperial Court; and still others, like the Duke of Lorraine. In The Kingdom several nobles plotted to murder him; even his falconer, Ruggero de Amicis, the poet, was false; and after the defeat at Parma, Frederick felt that he could trust nobody. Envy, "the strumpet that never from Cæsar's dwelling turns her wanton eyes," stirred up enemies against Pier. However it may be, he was thrown into prison, blinded, and condemned to be paraded through The Kingdom and then put to death. He escaped this final ignominy by dashing his brains out against a stone. Dante believed that Pier was innocent, and though he puts him in hell as a self-murderer, he does not condemn him to the circle of traitors; and perhaps Pier della Vigna, as a stout partisan of the Empire, and as a poet, would rather have had his reputation cleared in Dante's judgment than in any tribunal whatsoever. In the *Divina Commedia* he is forever innocent.

In May of the same year another blow fell upon Frederick. His well-beloved son, the gallant, fair-haired, fighting Enzio, was made prisoner by the Bolognese. Enzio had been imperial lieutenant in all Italy, as such he had had chief command of the imperial forces in Lombardy, while Ezzelino da Romano was head of the Ghibelline party in the east, and the Marquis Lancia and Uberto Pelavicini to the west. Enzio is, perhaps, the most picturesque figure of all the gallant House of Hohenstaufen. Twenty-nine years old, he had long proved his abilities; he had won several victories on land, and he had been on board the imperial fleet which captured the unfortunate prelates. He had married Adalasia, heiress to the counties of Turris and Gallura in Sardinia, and his father had crowned him king. This performance added fuel to the quarrel with the Pope, for the Pope claimed the island as part of the papal domain and had expressly forbidden Adalasia to marry any man disloyal to the Holy See. A charming creature like Enzio, an Emperor's son, a conqueror and a poet, with "a lightsome eye, a soldier's mien, a feather of the blue," was not well fitted for strait-laced matrimony; or it may be that some father confessor or a friar got Adalasia's ear. At any rate, in a few years she returned to the Church party and received forgiveness from the Pope; and Enzio married a niece of Ezzelino's.

On May 26, 1249, the Bolognese, according to their annual custom, sent an expedition against Modena. Enzio rushed to the defence and attacked the enemy at Fossalta, a little place near where the river Panaro crosses the Via Emilia, a few miles southeast of Modena. The Bolognese were in greater numbers than he thought; his men were routed, and he was taken prisoner, together with four hundred knights and twelve hundred foot soldiers. There was great excitement and rejoicing in the Bolognese camp. The Council of Credenza and the General Council (for the regular political usages were observed in the field) assembled at the call of heralds and trumpeters, and a vote was taken as to what should be done with the prisoners. The question, put by direction of the podestà, was whether or not the prisoners should be turned over to the Commune; and the councils voted unanimously in the affirmative. Arrangements were then made for a triumphal entry into the city.

The bishop and all the citizens turned out to hail the conquerors. The gonfalonieri cleared the way, and the procession marched in military order through the gate and up the main street. First came the trumpeters, next a squadron of light horse, next foot soldiers, five abreast, crowned with oak leaves, then drummers and banner-men, after them the carroccio decked in scarlet, the standard of Bologna fluttering at the masthead, and round it a troop of picked men in armour with long swords, and following these King Enzio riding on a mule. It was a great day for the trainband guilds of Bologna. The other prisoners sooner or later went free; some were liberated at the command of the Pope, others bought their ransom; but, proud of having an Emperor's son for prisoner, Bologna never let Enzio go. He lived and died and was buried in Bologna. For twenty-three years he was lodged in the new palace of the podestà, in that part now occupied by the archivio notarile (for the building has been remodelled), whose windows look out on the Piazza di Nettuno. He had a hall above for exercise, and chambers below. He was treated kindly, though always under strict supervision. One of his poems still preserves the memory of his imprisonment: —

Va, canzonetta mia,
e saluta messere,
dilli lo mal ch' i' aggio:
quelli che m' à 'n bailia,
sì distretto mi tene,
ch' eo viver non poraggio.
Salutami Toscana,
quella ched' è sovrana,
in cui regna tutta cortesia;
e vanne in Puglia piana,
la magna Capitana,
là dov' è lo mio core nott' e dia.

Go, my little song
And greet my lord,
Tell him the ill I have:
He that has me in custody
Holds me so tight
That I cannot live.
Greet Tuscany for me,
A very queen is she,
In whom all courtesy reigns;
And get thee to flat Apulia,
To great Capitanata,
There where my heart is night and day.

The Emperor tried hard to effect Enzio's release; he begged and threatened, but in vain. The spokesman for Bologna, the celebrated lawyer, Roland Passegieri, whose tomb near the church of St. Dominic is one of the sights of the city, wrote back: "Your blustering words do not frighten us; we are not reeds of the swamp to be shaken by a puny breeze, nor shall we dissolve like a mist in the sun's rays. We will hold Enzio. *A cane non magno sæpe tenetur aper* — a little dog sometimes holds the wild boar."

The Emperor, in spite of these misfortunes, showed no signs of flinching. In Germany, his oldest living son, Conrad (for Henry, the rebel, had already died), fought the imperial pretenders whom the papal subsidies enabled to take the field, first Henry Raspe of Thuringia and then William, Count of Holland; in Italy, his son, Frederick of Antioch, the imperial lieutenant in Tuscany, and the Ghibelline chiefs, Ezzelino da Romano, Uberto Pelavicini, and the Marquis Lancia, maintained the war vigorously. Notwithstanding occasional victories Frederick was in a savage mood, and the Saracens, his most devoted soldiers, gave it full expression. A single instance will show their temper. They captured and took prisoner a zealous partisan of the Pope, the Bishop of Arezzo. They bade him publicly excommunicate the Pope, the cardinals, and other prelates, and swear fealty to the Emperor, and promised him if he would do this, not only immunity but riches. Yet strengthened by God's spirit, he answered that he had often excommunicated Frederick as a son and pupil of Satan, and on the spot he reiterated his anathema against him. Then they bound him to an ass, face down by the tail, and beat the ass in order to drive him through the streets to the gallows. Women and children wept at the sight, and the poor bishop sang *Te Deum laudamus;* the ass — so the report of the murder runs — would not budge, in spite of the goad, until the bishop had finished the hymn. When they reached the gallows a Franciscan friar shrived him, and he confessed that, though when free he had desired the glory of martyrdom, now the weakness of the flesh made him shrink from it. He was hanged like a common malefactor. The friars came by night and buried his body; the next day the Saracen soldiers dug it up and hung it on high as a warning to the Emperor's enemies.

The civil war, for such it was, though the fact that the Emperor had Saracens, Germans, and other foreign troops in his pay disguised its nature, continued in raids and devastations. It is hard to see how the cities fed themselves, and still harder to understand how they prospered, as some of them did. There was, of course, great difference in their circumstances. In Padua, which had fallen into the hands of Ezzelino da Romano, things went badly, the university dwindled, the new church in honour of St. Anthony, the miracle-working disciple of St. Francis, was left barely begun; whereas in Bologna, the guilds flourished, and the friars, both the Dominicans and the Franciscans, were able to keep busily at work building churches in honour of their respective saints. The balances of victory did not dip very markedly either way between the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. Each merely succeeded in harrying the other. Frederick himself, though he maintained a haughty front, felt the effect of his misfortunes. His health was poor; he went back to his kingdom, and there on his death-bed (so, at least it seems) he married Bianca Lancia, the mother of Manfred. This tardy marriage should have made Manfred legitimate; but the Church, either because she did not believe the report, or because Frederick was under excommunication, would not acknowledge his legitimacy. Frederick died on December 13, 1250. Manfred was with him at the last; and, according to Manfred's statement, his father received the rites of the Church. Perhaps Frederick yielded to the influence of Bianca Lancia, perhaps he wished to pave the way for a reconciliation of his sons with Innocent, perhaps in physical weakness he felt an emotional yearning for the religion of his boyhood, perhaps he had not freed himself wholly from the beliefs of his contemporaries; however that may be, it seems certain that during his life he was a disbeliever.

His body was taken back to Sicily, as was most fitting: from Sicily he had drawn his strength and his weakness, his intellectual curiosity, his love of poetry, his irascible temper, his oriental sympathies, and his misconception of the Christian sentiment of Europe. There, in the cathedral of Palermo, the body, wrapped in a rich cloth which was embroidered with inscriptions in the Arabic tongue, was laid in a porphyry tomb, with crown and sword beside it, near to the tombs of Frederick's father and mother and of his grandfather, King Roger. So ended the career of this remarkable man.

Frederick II was less a man ahead of his time than out of sympathy with it. The main impulses of the awakening world were economic, and the main need of economic development was the need of peace and order. An Emperor's task was to adjust the imperial system to these new forces. Had Frederick II been a great man, had he been endowed with a statesman's foresight, he would have perceived that the communes were admirably fitted to be the foundation stones of modern empire. The two powers, Empire and Church, — Imperium et Sacerdotium, — great disputants of the world's sovereignty, were evenly matched, the Empire striving to make the form of European civilization lay, the Church striving to make it ecclesiastical; and here, in manufacture and trade, were mighty secular forces, but the Empire, instead of opening its arms to them and welcoming them as allies, hoisted the old, outworn standard of feudalism and treated them as hostile, leaving the shrewd Curia at Rome to profit by its blunder.

The fault of getting into so hopelessly wrong a situation lay with Frederick. He should have accepted the communal spirit, he should have encouraged the growth of trade and the development of local self-government. His course was plain enough. The proper imperial function was to impose order along the high-road, over mountain pass, by river and by canal, to lay a strong hand on robber barons, on highwaymen and pirates, so that trade might travel whither it would without peril and bind all parts of the Empire together. The imperial duty towards cities was to protect them from foreign enemies and to sit in judgment upon their quarrels among themselves. It was not a proper function of Empire to impose a centralized authority on independent cities, to appoint their podestàs, and to stamp out all natural inclination for self-government; that was the function of tyranny. The regulation and management of local policy and city government constituted an important part of the conditions upon which trade and manufacture depended, and belonged of right to the citizens, to merchants, manufacturers, and artisans; the cities never disputed their duty of allegiance, all they insisted upon was the right of local self-government.

Frederick laboured under a gross misconception of empire and its functions; he looked back and not forward; he had a just conception of order and of the king's peace, but he wished to restore the old régime as it had been in the golden days before manufacture and trade dared raise their heads. So he set out to teach the young upstarts their place. And not only did he fail to understand the new spirit abroad in the valley of the Po, but he was equally blind to the power of the Church; he mismanaged the whole affair to such an extent that he drove these two separate bodies, which had no natural sympathy for one another, to make common cause against him. And so, his talents, capacities, and accomplishments wasted, he brought ruin upon his house.

CHAPTER XXIV

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN ITALY

Sorgono e in agili file dilungano
gl' immani ed ardui steli marmorei,
e ne la tenebra sacra somigliano
di giganti un esercito

che guerra mediti con l' invisibile:
le arcate salgono chete, si slanciano
quindi a vol rapide, poi si rabbracciano
prone per l' alto e pendule.

Carducci.

In quick succession rise and march
The huge steep marble pillars,
And in the sacred darkness seem
A band of giants

That meditate war upon the invisible:
The noiseless arches leap, dart hence
In rapid flight, then meet and kiss
Prone by the roof and pendulous.

Now that Frederick — *versipellis, vipera,* turncoat and viper, as he appeared to the Roman Curia, or *stupor mundi*, wonder of the world, as he was to the enemies of the Curia — has left the stage, politics may again withdraw for a time and give place to other threads that do their part, also, in weaving the pattern of history. And as the approaching fall of the Hohenstaufens now heralds the coming of the French, it is interesting to remark how for two generations and more events, that in themselves seem very remote from the shock of battle, have been gradually preparing the way for the substitution of France in place of Germany as the foreign nation of controlling influence in Italy.

For several hundred years, ever since the days of Otto the Great, Germany, of all foreign countries, had exercised the greatest influence on Italy. This was the necessary result of their political union. The Emperors, their lieutenants and imperial functionaries, brought with them the feudal system and its attendant usages; the soldiers of fortune and gentlemen adventurers, who followed their masters across the Alps and settled on territories given to them or conquered by their own swords, introduced German ways and habits of thought. Most of these immigrants, indeed, such as the Ezzelini of the March, or the Uberti of Florence, in the course of a few generations became Italians; but in the process they modified the society about them, and kept their aristocratic blood and aristocratic customs as distinct from the Italian *bourgeoisie* as possible. Under Henry VI fresh swarms of needy Germans settled in southern Italy and established themselves in stronghold and castle as the feudal nobility. In fact, including the earlier Lombard stock, the aristocracy of Italy, outside of Rome, was almost altogether of Teutonic descent.

In Sicily and the extremity of Italy other influences had been far stronger than that of Germany; the Byzantine Greeks, the Arabs, and the Normans had each in turn remodelled the country, but they did not go north of the river Garigliano. Venice, too, had been moulded and shaped by the civilization of Constantinople, but Venice can hardly be deemed an integral part of Italy before the beginning of the fourteenth century. As a whole, Italy had been seriously affected only by Germany.

But this influence was not the natural sympathetic influence of vigorous minds and characters upon minds and characters of the same or a similar kind. On the contrary, it was an influence derived wholly or almost wholly from the unnatural political union between two very dissimilar nations. This union between the two had been imposed on both by a long course of events; and they were a singularly ill-mated pair. The two peoples were different in character, temperament, taste, and habits. The Germans were a fighting people and despised the Italians, and the Italians, who were more refined, more subtle, more delicate than the Germans, hated them in return. The bond, however, was too strong to be broken by Italy alone, and Italy, even if she had been strong enough, was far from prepared for so revolutionary a project as the dissolution of the Empire. Nevertheless some Italians coquetted with the idea of playing off a rival against their master, and naturally turned to their neighbour to the north-west. In the days of Pippin and Charlemagne, when the Lombards were persecuting the Church, the Popes had called in the Franks; at the beginning of the century Innocent III called in a French baron, Walter of Brienne, to fight the German adventurers in Apulia; and, two generations later, Innocent's successors acted upon these precedents with sonorous effect. From that time on down to 1870, French interference was one of the controlling factors in Italian politics. But politics was not the only tie between Italy and France.

French civilization had already made its mark on Italy. For fifty years the poetry of Provence, as we have seen, had been a bond of union between the two countries. Troubadours had sung their Provençal verses from Verona to Palermo; and Italian imitators had crossed the Alps to attend upon the princes and ladies of Languedoc and Dauphiny. Other influences, less outwardly charming but more pervasive, were the various heresies that went to and fro, like moles working underground, joining together the Patarini of Milan, the Poor Men of Lyons, and their fellow sects in one common hostility to orthodoxy. Merchants, too, like Peter Bernadone, St. Francis's father, travelled habitually to France, and money-lenders from Asti and Vercelli plied their trade in rivalry with the usurers of Cahors. There was every reason for intimacy. The two were Latin peoples; their sister languages had not diverged very far from the parent tongue; close ties, whether of politics, commerce or literature, had existed from the time when the Romans made the southeastern corner of Gaul *Provincia Nostra.* If any foreign influence was to be dominant in Italy, it would be natural to suppose that it should be French rather than German. And now, at the close of the twelfth century, a fresh intermediary, quite different from politics, from classical memories, or poetical association, wrought a new link between France and Italy. The monks of Cîteaux crossed the Alps and descended from Burgundy into Italy, bringing Gothic architecture with them.

It seems odd, if one looks at the old Lombard churches in North Italy, that the Lombard architects did not devise a Gothic system of construction for themselves They had long used grouped piers, groined vaults, and transverse arches; they divided nave and aisles into bays; they constructed their vaulting with ribs; they built heavy buttresses to support the weight of the upper walls and roof. Time out of mind they had employed pointed arches to strengthen the foundation of their towers. But they did not take the necessary steps that enabled the architects of the Ile-de-France to develop the system of thrust and buttress by which piers and ribs uphold a mountain of stone. The genius of Italy never fully accepted, and certainly never mastered, the principles of Gothic architecture. There was reason for this. The authority of ancient Rome, still visible in many a majestic edifice, laid the heavy hand of its mighty tradition upon architect and builder. The great basilicas of Rome, the Byzantine churches at Ravenna, the Norman monuments at Palermo, the cathedral at Pisa, Sant' Ambrogio at Milan, San Michele at Pavia, San Zeno at Verona, San Marco at Venice, and the Romanesque churches in the cities of Emilia, had trained the Italian eye to the beauties of rounded arch and horizontal line, to calm, to tranquillity, to self-possession. But in the pause between the Romanesque schools of Lombardy, Tuscany, and Sicily and the birth of the Renaissance, in the two intervening centuries, from

1200 to 1400, a poor, shivering, inadequate Gothic established itself almost all over Italy. The Cistercian monks, men attached to what was familiar and sacred to them at home in Burgundy, brought with them into Italy their method of building churches, just as they brought the rule of their Order and their frock.

The monastery of Cîteaux was founded about 1100 in what was the old province of Burgundy. This new Order was the expression of discontent with the conditions in existing monasteries, where St. Benedict's rule was no longer strictly observed; it returned to the primitive idea of monastic life and renounced the more worldly ways that marked the rich abbeys of Cluny. Its aspirations woke echoes of sympathy everywhere; it prospered and multiplied; it sent forth colonies, daughters as it loved to call them; and they, in their turn, sent out many daughters far and wide, east, south, and north. Of all the colonies that went forth from Cîteaux, that of Clairvaux, founded by St. Bernard in 1115, was the best known and had the greatest influence. St. Bernard dominated the Church during the middle of the twelfth century, and the immense success of the Order was due to his world-wide renown. The first Cistercian monastery outside France was established in the northwest of Italy, not very far from Genoa; others soon followed, and St. Bernard himself founded that of Chiaravalle (Clear Valley) a few miles from Milan. Within two hundred years there were some fourscore Cistercian monasteries in Italy; and from the very beginning there was much coming and going between the Italian monasteries and the mother abbeys at Cîteaux and Clairvaux, more especially as the Cistercian monks were very loyal to the Papacy.

Before the beginning of the thirteenth century the Italian houses of the Order had been recognized by the Papacy as bodies to be encouraged and cherished. The Popes were glad to have such faithful servants near at hand, and by papal influence various troops of Cistercian monks were lodged in abandoned or half-abandoned monasteries on the borders of St. Peter's Patrimony. Some of these monasteries, were in ruins and had to be rebuilt. Such was that at Fossanova, which is about seventy miles south-east of Rome, not far from the town of Piperno; the rebuilding took about twenty years, and the church was consecrated by Innocent III in 1208. Already before this time the great architecture of the Ile-de-France, which was carrying all before it in the north, had affected the Burgundian style; and the Cistercian architects were touched with its spirit. It was one thing, however, to build a Gothic church in northern France, or even in Burgundy, and another to build a Gothic church south of Rome. Nevertheless the interior of the church at Fossanova, with its lancet windows, its ogival arches, its vaulting, and its clustered piers from which the ribs run up, shows at a glance the familiar Gothic forms. The outside makes a feeble pretence, with some buttresses and gables, to support the effect of the interior; but the chapter house both in its plan and in detail is pure French Gothic. Another Cistercian monastery, at Casamari (so called because the villa of Marius had once stood there), barely twenty miles north of Fossanova, was founded by Innocent III, and consecrated by Honorius III in 1217. The church there, with its pointed arches, its clustered columns, its vaulted bays groined and ribbed, is in the interior to all appearance a Gothic church. As early, or perhaps earlier than either of these churches, is Santa Maria a Fiume, a Gothic church in Ceccano, a little hillside town near by. But it is necessary to keep repeating that the Gothic architecture in Italy is merely Gothic to the careless eye; it has little or none of the organic structure of the true Gothic style; it is an affair of decoration, of finish, of hypocritical conformity, and fundamentally has but very slight and casual relations with the scientific construction of the Gothic builders.

The monks of Casamari in 1208 founded the abbey of Santa Maria d'Arbona, which is across the Apennines, in the Abruzzi, near Chieti. Farther north in the Marches, near Ancona, is a second Chiaravalle, with a church also in the Gothic style, and near Siena the monastery of San Galgano. These Cistercian monasteries set the fashion for church building in their neighbourhoods; perhaps they provided the architects. And churches, little and big, showed, in pier, vault, gable, and arch, the pervading influence of the Northern architecture.

In the north the first church that shows Gothic forms is Sant' Andrea at Vercelli, a small town near the border of Lombardy and Piedmont, midway between Milan and Turin, on the road towards the Mont Cenis Pass. One story is that its founder, Cardinal Guala Bicchieri of Vercelli, a famous diplomat who had been sent by Innocent III to France on the matter of King Philip's divorce, and to England to crown King Henry III, brought an architect back with him from England; another, that he went to the canons of the monastery of St. Victor at Paris and asked them to help him. A third theory declares that the design is merely a natural outgrowth of the Lombard Romanesque. However that may be, the first abbot was a Frenchman, Tommaso Gallo, "*cunctis in artibus peritus*," and it may be that he ordered the plans and had a finger in them himself. The façade, except for the two slim towers, has the barn front, the single gable, the blind arcade, the round arched doors, the pilasters, that characterize the Lombard churches; but the choir is very like that of the cathedral of Laon, the interior is Gothic, and there are flying buttresses. At best, Sant' Andrea, though related to the great cathedrals of the North, is a very poor relation; and it is only fair to remember that at the time it was built the cathedrals of Paris, Rheims, and Amiens were all unfinished.

So far the Gothic style was virtually limited to Cistercian churches and chapter houses, and to such parish churches as were near enough to succumb to their prestige. But after St. Francis's death, his Order, which had supplanted the Cistercian Order in popularity and importance, also adopted, in the timid Italian way, the Gothic style as the accepted monastic ecclesiastical architecture. The first Franciscan church was built at Assisi and marks the first great ecclesiastical step which the young Order took. Francis had entertained the same ideas on the simplicity becoming a house of prayer that the founders of the Cistercian Order had had, only he pushed his ideas further still. The early Cistercians made scanty concessions to the human taste for beauty in architecture; but Francis wanted no concession at all. All his life he denounced show, worldliness, vanity, and whatever could betray the worshipping spirit into a momentary infidelity of inattention. Bare walls, a bare floor, a bare altar, and the ineffable presence of God flooding His house, were what Francis demanded. Nevertheless, out from the hill at Assisi, stands the mighty Franciscan monument, one great mass—churches, campanile, monastery, and supporting masonry—in bold defiance of difficulty and danger and of the creed of the saint in whose honour they were built.

That the new Order dedicated to holy poverty should become the great Gothic builder in Italy shows how quickly the waters of the spirit had flowed down from their mountain height to the level plain of common men. Indeed, a great change had come over the Order. While it consisted of Francis, Brother Leo, Brother Angelo, Brother Rufino, Brother Bernard, and their fellows, the little band was animated solely by the spirit of love and worship; but when high and low came trooping in to take the vows, the spirit of vanity, pride, luxury, and ostentation entered also. Two men are mainly responsible for the rapid triumph of the spirit of the world, yet both were loving and admiring friends of

Francis, Gregory IX and Brother Elias. The Pope was a good man, religious, ascetic even, but he was absorbed in his ecclesiastical empire and its affairs; to him the Order had become an instrument to be used to maintain and extend the power of his empire. Brother Elias was a man of somewhat similar character; energetic, masterful, capable, confident in himself, he was sure that he knew what would be best for the Order. To him Francis was utterly unpractical, a visionary, a saint; and regardless of Francis's ideas and wishes, he determined to build a monument that should do honour to the memory of the saint and worthily represent the power and influence of the Franciscan body. He had been made vicar-general of the Order during Francis's lifetime, and though after Francis's death another brother was elected minister-general, nevertheless he continued to act as the Pope's lieutenant and to govern affairs at Assisi. Elias was in charge of the building at the time of making the plans and during the first ten years of construction.

Francis died on October 3, 1226. On July 16, 1228, the Pope canonized him; and the very next day laid the corner-stone of the new basilica. The architect is unknown. Vasari states that a German, one Jacob of Meran, was the original architect, but Vasari's narrative is confused and highly improbable; besides, there is no trace of German architecture in the building. Herr Henry Thode has made an excellent argument to prove that Jacob of Meran is a mythical person. Filippo di Campello, mentioned in connection with the church in 1232 and 1253, has been thought to be the architect, but the notices are not definite, and the church of Santa Chiara at Assisi, which he built afterwards, is so vastly inferior that it is difficult to believe that he could have designed the great basilica. Another name suggested is that of Brother John of Penna, but there is little to support this theory. Others, drawing their inference from the Gothic elements in the upper church, think that there must have been a French architect. The question is not very important, because the construction of this noble edifice, with whatever praise or blame attaches to it, is due to the energy and ability of Brother Elias.

The basilica of St. Francis consists of two churches, one built over the other. The land falls away so rapidly that while the eastern door of the upper church opens on the terrace above, the south door of the lower church opens on a lower level. The reasons for the double church are tolerably clear. First, the plot of land was given, a site which offered an incomparable opportunity for a bold builder like Elias; and the steepness of the hill rendered necessary either a large crypt or a lower church. Second, a double church had a special significance. The monastery of Sacro Speco, at Subiaco, built in honour of St. Benedict, the founder of the whole monastic system of the West, had two churches, one above the other. To follow that same plan would proclaim a happy parallel between St. Francis, the founder of a new great order, and his illustrious predecessor. The cathedral at Anagni, also, had a crypt so large as virtually to be a lower church; and Pope Gregory, a native of Anagni, who took the keenest interest in the new basilica, may have insisted upon following this precedent, especially as such a plan met the needs of the site.

The lower church is dark, solemn, and majestic; its vaults, austerely noble, even beautiful, impose silence and reverence. Its architecture, except where later bays and chapels have been added, is pure Lombard Romanesque. In the upper church, on the contrary, the nave lifts exultingly its pointed vaulting; shafts, ribs, windows, and, more than all, the apse, proclaim the triumph of the Northern ideas of ecclesiastical architecture. The exterior of the building has little of the Gothic about it, and the campanile is wholly in the Lombard style. The church is, in truth, far more Italian than French, and yet the French element is there, so that perhaps the most appropriate word to describe its architecture, one that asserts its Italian spirit, yet does not forget its relation with France, and at the same time serves to distinguish it from the Cistercian Gothic which preceded it, is Franciscan.

The bold position of the church, its noble unity, its harmonious combination of certain minor Gothic attributes with the fundamental character of Lombard construction, its beauty, and its dignity, make it most impressive. Time has expiated Brother Elias's infidelity to Francis's memory, and we may be permitted to be unreservedly grateful to that stirring spirit for erecting a monument which has helped perpetuate the name of the saint. It will not let his own name pass unremembered.

The Franciscan churches certainly followed the lead of the Cistercian churches. They exhibit various points of resemblance, just as the ideas and practice of the Franciscans resembled in certain matters the ideas and practice of the Cistercians. And there was perhaps some other obscure influence at work in favour of the Northern fashion of construction; for the primitive churches which Francis, in the first passion of his conversion, rebuilt with his own hands, have the pointed vault. This may have been due to the general French prestige that radiated from the civilization of Provence, or, indeed, to some Cistercian monks, or even to the chance presence of some Cistercian builder, for it is hard to suppose that Francis had an intuitive capacity to build in a strange style.

The basilica itself owes its noble effect to the daring use of a difficult situation, and could serve as model but to few churches. The main current of Franciscan architecture adopted a different system; in fact, it divided into two styles, of which one prevailed in Tuscany and Umbria, and the other in the northern part of Italy. The former, truer to Francis's idea of poverty, aimed at the simplest and most economical form of church. These churches were simple oblong buildings with wooden roofs: their transepts, which projected more or less, resembled the top bar of the letter T; the apse, which was barely more than a chapel, was vaulted, and on each side of it, to right and left, lesser chapels opened on the transepts like little booths ranged on one side of a street. Such was the type of the church which

Brother Elias built at Cortona, as well as of those at Prato, Volterra, Pistoia, Pescia, Pisa, and Siena, and also of various Dominican churches in the same region.

In almost every city and town in Italy both orders began to build; both built in rivalry, and both followed the same general architectural designs. This Tuscan-Umbrian style attained its best in the church of Santa Croce at Florence, which Arnolfo di Cambio, the great Florentine architect, began in 1294. The vast size of the church, which is near four hundred feet long, the plain, flat wooden roof over the central nave, and the stern simple pillars, express dignity and solemnity. The huge space is so obviously due to the mere desire to provide room for a worshipping throng and not to any vainglory, and the quiet space and noble amplitude are so soberly adapted to induce peace, contemplation, and prayer, that the ideal of St. Francis suffers less here, in his largest church, than in many another. Santa Croce is commonly called a Gothic church, but the adjective has strayed far from the meaning it bears in France or England; this Franciscan Gothic has a vault over the apse, a gable at the end, some pointed arches, a few Northern decorations, and no more, to entitle it to the name. Indeed, the main body of Santa Croce follows the traditional form of the Roman basilica.

In North Italy all the cities built churches to St. Francis and to St. Dominic. In among the trading guilds and brawling nobles, as early as 1220, the monks, barefoot, frocked, and corded, went about founding missions and making proselytes. At first the Franciscans built little chapels or accepted borrowed churches; then, as the Order grew, they built new churches of their own. In general trend this architecture follows the Cistercian model and preserves in one way or another certain characteristics of the Gothic style, but some Franciscan churches struggled for simplicity and followed a sort of modified basilican type. One of the first cities to build a great church to St. Francis was Bologna. St. Francis had been in Bologna more than once; there, in the piazza before the palace of the Commune, "shabbily dressed, mean in station, ugly of face," but shining in the glory of his enthusiasm, he had preached a notable sermon on angels, men, and demons. His disciples went to Bologna in the very beginning of the movement, and built a monastery larger than the parent model at the Portiuncula; they even dared to name a cell in which Francis had slept, "Francis's cell," as if he had had a place which he called his own. When Francis heard of it, in great indignation he ordered the brethren out and forbade them to live in such "sumptuous palaces." The second experiment in establishing a house for the friars was more successful. A short distance out of the town, Brother Bernard of Quintavalle, the earliest disciple, took up his abode in a little monastery beside a little church that had been given to him and his brethren, and there he lived for twenty-five years; but now that all of Bologna, not devoted to St. Dominic, was devoted to St. Francis, this church was both too little and too inconvenient for the citizens and students. The Commune gave a new site hard by the city, just outside the walls, opposite the western gate, Porta Stieri.

The new church, built of brick, was begun in 1236, and Innocent IV consecrated the high altar on his return from Lyons, although the roof had not been finished; in 1263, thanks to an annual contribution from the Commune, the whole edifice was completed. The architect was from Brescia, Marco by name; and the church is not Italian, but French. Marco da Brescia followed the models of the famous Cistercian churches at Clairvaux and Pontigny, and he went beyond them in real Gothic construction. Nave and aisles, pillared and vaulted, carving within and flying buttress without, follow the usual Gothic style; and the choir has round it, in the fashion specially characteristic of northern France, a half-circle of radiating chapels. The church, which has undergone the most degrading vicissitudes of fortune, gives little of the feeling of noble simplicity which it must have had in its first youth; on the contrary, it leaves the impression of having succumbed to the misadventures of life, and presents a bald, dull, dejected appearance to the visitor.

After the church was erected the usual buildings gradually grew up beside it, a monastery, an hostelry for strangers, an infirmary, a cloister; and close by these buildings, all enclosed in the monastery wall, were the courts, the garden with its fruit trees and cypresses, the graveyard with its graves. Here many of the great jurists of the University were buried, sometimes in stately tombs raised high on columns and canopied after the Gothic fashion. There lay the bones of the learned Accursius, the great interpreter of Roman law, and in the same tomb was buried his son, Francesco. Hard by Odofredo was buried; and close beyond Odofredo's tomb lies that of Rolandino dei Romanzi, author of the first treatise on criminal law, *De origine maleficiorum*. Doctor Rolandino Passegieri, the spirited statesman, who in the name of the Commune of Bologna answered the Emperor's threats and refused to set Enzio free, belonged to the third order of St. Dominic, and his bones were buried in a canopied tomb near St. Dominic's church. These tombs are now in the heart of the city, for patriotism taking the fragments that remain, has reconstructed the old memorials and set them among the famous sights of Bologna.

On the whole, the Cistercian French tradition made itself felt in all important ecclesiastical architecture of the thirteenth century; and yet the Franciscan churches share the charming characteristic of almost all Italian architecture, a self-indulgence in personal taste and a sacrifice of principle to caprice. They prefer to carry out the idea of the moment rather than the rules of orthodox practice. The Franciscan church erected at Padua in honour of St. Anthony is immoderately eclectic; it takes its choir from the French style and its cupolas from St. Mark's at Venice. But its irregular aspect is perhaps due to the various periods of its construction. Begun shortly after St. Anthony's canonization in 1232, it was soon interrupted by the wars of the ferocious

Ezzelino, and afterwards straggled on through centuries. Perhaps the fantastic influence which the saint exercised on the popular imagination also touched the architects.

This ardent young Portuguese, after having spent eight years over his books of theology, was suddenly aroused by the news of the martyrdom of some Franciscan friars in Morocco; profoundly moved, he travelled to Assisi, and there he underwent the usual experience of those who listened to Francis preach the love of Jesus. He abandoned theology and the world. But the new spirit in the Franciscan Order, fanned by Gregory, then Cardinal Ugolino, and Brother Elias, was flaring up; men of theological learning were necessary for the new purposes of the Order. Anthony's genius for oratory was discovered, and he was sent about from city to city preaching peace, excepting in the south of France where his religion obliged him to hammer the heretics. In this respect Anthony is the great link between the Dominicans and the Franciscans. For a time he was a reader at the University of Bologna; but preaching was his vocation. At last he settled in Padua, where old Salinguerra was lording it, and there after two years he died. Miracles immediately proved his sanctity, and later, as years went by, more and more marvellous stories clustered about his memory until legend, which in the stories about St. Francis is refined and delicate, passed into a degenerate baroque, and lost all human lineaments. If St. Anthony's legend, however, does not explain the wayward, fantastic, architecture of his church, his career helps justify the ecclesiastical exploitation of the Franciscan movement. The extraordinary emotional effects of his preaching before enormous crowds was the ecclesiastical answer to the Ghibelline allegation that only the authority of the Empire could establish peace and maintain order. The Church, through Anthony and other friars both Franciscan and Dominican, said, in effect: we appeal for order to a higher principle, we ask for a more secure and a nobler basis for social regeneration, we call upon men to obey God and to love one another; then, and not till then, will peace flourish in Italy.

Both orders of mendicant friars most successfully appealed to the emotions, and the results are apparent to this day in the numberless churches that sprang up everywhere. The most important church that followed those at Bologna and Padua before the end of the century is the Dominican church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence. In Milan a large Franciscan church was built which no longer exists. Everywhere the mendicant orders preserved the great French monastic traditions of church building. Even at Rome, in the very presence of the mighty basilicas, the pointed arches and the dark solemn vaults of Santa Maria sopra Minerva show how firmly the Dominican monks held their architectural faith.

In this way, throughout the greater part of Italy, the monastic churches, by their deferential acceptance of the architectural ideas of Burgundy ar
Ile-de-France, indicate how the deeper so

were gradually preparing the way for French policy to play its decisive part. The pointed arches of the Cistercian monks, like the songs of the troubadours and the heresies of the Cathari, lead to the battlefields of Benevento and Tagliacozzo, to the French tenancy of St. Peter's chair, to the outrage at Anagni, and to the Babylonish captivity at Avignon.

CHAPTER XXV

THE PROGRESS OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER (1226-1247)

O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. — Isaiah XLVIII, 18.

THE course of pointed architecture from the Cistercian monasteries at Fossanova and Casamari to the basilica at Assisi and the Franciscan churches in Bologna, Florence, Rome, and elsewhere, is interesting as a movement in architecture, a foreign invasion; but its significance is as the outward embodiment of the great unrest in religious life, the discontent of the human heart with what it had and a desire for something new and strange; and the very incongruity between the Italian and the Gothic elements seems to typify a fundamental discord. The amazing vigour of the two new orders — for the Dominicans pressed hard on the heels of the Franciscans in public favour — is proved by many things besides the churches, which, big and little, rose up in city, town, and village; and this vigour bears pathetic testimony to a widespread desire for peace, for calm, for security, for freedom to live in amity with the people of the next city and with one's own neighbours shut in by the same walls. But one head, one organization, one rule, cannot compel unity of spirit. Many joined the orders from a love of religion or from some other strong emotional impulse, but many more from mixed motives. In fact, it became almost the fashion to belong to the third order in one of these two fraternities. The consequences of rapid growth were disastrous, at least to the Franciscan Order. Differences were emphasized, contrary beliefs were magnified, dissension prospered, and the two parties, the worldly-wise and the zealots, the right and the extreme left, as we should say, became more and more estranged.

St. Francis had recognized the need of greater worldly wisdom than he himself possessed in the government of the Order, and several years before his death had entrusted Brother Elias with the duties of minister-general; and Brother Elias acted as minister until the general chapter held in the spring of the year following Francis's death. By that time the zealots had begun to express their dissatisfaction and to organize a political campaign against the worldly-wise. Perhaps it was then that Brother Leo wrote his recollections of St. Francis, now called *Speculum Perfectionis*, for in some respects the book seems to be a partisan tract written to expose the contrast between the ideals of the saint and the ideals of Elias. At any rate the brethren who were of the same way of thinking as Leo were strong enough to defeat Elias and to elect their candidate for minister-general, John Parenti, a man, however, of no great force of character.

The defeated party did not rest idle. Gregory IX was behind them, and at his request, one of the brothers, Thomas of Celano, a man of literary education, composed a biography of St. Francis, which may be considered a sort of official biography, written, but by no means unworthily, from a point of view favourable to the worldly-wise party. The new life displayed a strong bias towards Brother Elias; for instance, according to Thomas of Celano, St. Francis gave his special blessing to Brother Elias, while according to Leo's biography he gave his special blessing to Brother Bernard of Quintavalle, the first disciple and one of the zealots. The success of this book, as well as the Pope's support, and the general feeling that executive talents of a high order, such as Elias notoriously possessed, should not lie unused, kept Brother Elias in his office as head of the works at Assisi, and at the chapter of 1232 caused his election as minister-general.

Elias was a very gifted man. If one were to prolong the parallel between the stories of St. Francis and of Christ, which the Franciscans have always loved to draw, one might almost compare the rôle of Elias to that of St. Paul, so powerfully did he influence the Order during a few years, and so insistent was he on missions to foreign lands. Elias was born hard by Assisi, his mother's city. His father came from near Bologna. In early manhood Elias earned his living as a mattress-maker, and then as a schoolmaster. He was eager to get a good education, and managed to go to Bologna, where he obtained the post of *scriptor*, a special officer charged apparently with certain duties of a notary or of a reader. He acquired a reputation for learning; even his enemies admitted his knowledge, which the zealots no doubt regarded as one sin the more.

The election of Elias marked the complete triumph of the worldly-wise and the discomfiture of the spiritual-minded. The only element in his policy which received the approbation of the whole Order was that he supported and advocated foreign missions with all the native energy of his character. During his administration the doctrine of poverty was radically changed, or rather it was thrown overboard. The Order not only accepted property, but begged for it. The legal distinction between the ownership of land and the use of land, by which the technical property of land is vested in a trustee and all the beneficial use of it in the *cestui que trust*, was employed to evade the fundamental principle of the Order. Gregory IX sanctioned this device, and Innocent IV confirmed it. The title to land was taken in the name of the Pope, and the brethren occupied the land and acted in every respect as owners except in accepting the name of property-owners. The same contrivance was resorted to for personal property. The title was taken in the name of some trustee, who was declared by papal edict responsible to the Order. In this way a veil was thrown over the violated vow.

The rule also was remodelled in the interest of the world and of the Church, and the passionate testament of the founder was left to be cherished by the scanty band who persisted obstinately in their belief that it is possible to realize a kingdom of heaven on earth. The little chapel of the Portiuncula was no longer suffered to retain the name given it by St. Francis, *Caput et Mater Ordinis;* that title was taken from it and bestowed upon the great, new basilica rapidly building under the energetic control of the minister-general. It would be unjust to think either Pope Gregory or Brother Elias indifferent to Francis's memory; they could not act otherwise than they did because they entertained an unshakable belief in the impracticability of Francis's ideas. Besides this, the Pope could not have been blind to the very great importance of the wandering friars in his struggle with the Emperor. Not only in Italy, but also through all Christendom, the friars pleaded and preached the papal cause; and the most capable and distinguished members of the Order, Brother Elias, Brother Anthony, — St. Anthony of Padua, as he is now called, — and John Parenti, who for a short time was the minister-general, were employed on political errands.

The zealots did not accept with meekness the triumph of the worldly-wise. A little incident shows the temper on both sides. At the beginning of the work upon the basilica, Elias put up a marble box in a conspicuous place for public offerings; Leo, scandalized and indignant, broke it, and Elias had Leo beaten. Feeling ran high. The zealots endured as best they could several years of Elias's administration, and then the most fervent disciples of the Franciscan ideal — Leo, Angelo, Masseo, Cæsar of Spires — disregarded his authority and agitated openly against him. Things came to such a pass that Elias asked for special authority to punish them, and the Pope granted his request. Cæsar of Spires was put in prison; and his gaoler, mistaking or pretending to mistake his stepping out of doors for an attempt to escape, struck him with a club and killed him. Elias put others also in prison, some he unfrocked, and some, under pretence of missionary work, he exiled. But at last the tide turned; different motives affected different men, and there were so many motives at work that a majority of those who had a right to attend a chapter-general ranged themselves in opposition. The clerks, jealous of their clerical prerogatives, were offended because Elias admitted laymen to the Order and, more offended, because he appointed them to important posts as readily as he did clerks. Others were displeased by his overbearing manners or his neglect of the common conventionalities of monastic life; for Elias lived in comfort and in luxury, he had pages to wait upon him, he went about on horseback and never on foot, he neglected to make his ministerial rounds from monastery to monastery, he dined alone, and kept one brother, with a special gift for cooking, as chief cook. But more than other faults, his arbitrary conduct irritated the brothers.

Under Elias the Order was not a fraternal, democratic body, but a monarchy, in which Elias's single will was law. He did not convoke the chapters-general; he appointed and removed provincial ministers at his good pleasure; and he was always demanding money for the basilica. Some suspected that the moneys contributed were ill-used; others, who would not go so far as to entertain that evil suspicion, thought that without gifts a petitioner got no hearing. Others gossiped that Elias meddled with alchemy. But of all the measures and doings that brought him unpopularity, one in chief caused his fall. This was his system of visitors. He appointed a set of officials for each province to go about and inspect the monasteries. These visitors sometimes stayed for weeks at a monastery; they heard complaints, changed regulations, and made a report to Elias. Naturally the heads of the monastic houses got angry, and were quite ready to join the opposition to the minister-general. The ministers across the Alps were especially hostile.

A chapter-general was held in Rome in May, 1239; and charges against the minister-general were laid before the Pope himself. The leader of the malcontents was Brother Aymon, an Englishman, professor at the University of Paris; a strong majority supported him. The moment was critical for the Papacy; the desperate struggle with the House of Hohenstaufen had begun, not two months before the Pope had excommunicated the Emperor, and he could not afford to disregard the will of an angry majority. Besides, Elias had been a somewhat lukewarm partisan of the Papacy, he was even on friendly terms with Frederick. Whatever force, much or little, was to be given to the charges against Elias, Pope Gregory, under the pressure of political exigency, could come to but one conclusion. He stated that "he had put in Elias as minister-general because he thought the whole Order wanted him, and now that Elias displeased them, he relieved him of his charge." The Pope's statement shows how complete was the papal control over the Order.

That the fall of Elias was not due in the main to the zealots, but to the opponents of autocratic rule, appears from the fact that the new minister-general Albert of Pisa (1239–1240), and his immediate successors, Aymon, chief of the malcontents (1240–1244), and Crescentius of Jesi (1244–1247), all belonged to the practical party, and that under Innocent IV the rule was not stiffened, but on the contrary still further relaxed. Nevertheless the true disciples of St. Francis continued to struggle, and in the end their time came. In 1247 they elected Brother John of Parma minister-general.

Elias, after his deposition, retired to Cortona, on the southern borders of Tuscany, where he founded another church in honour of the saint whom he loved in his own way; but he quarrelled still further with the brothers opposed to him, and in fear or anger or hope of revenge, fled to the Emperor Frederick, who had always liked him, finding something sympathetic perhaps in his energetic and authoritative character. The Emperor received him warmly, and employed him on a diplomatic mission of importance. To consort with a man under the ban of the Church was an act of ecclesiastical rebellion, and Gregory excommunicated him as a renegade. Nevertheless Elias still had faithful partisans, and after the election of Innocent IV to the Papacy, a movement was set on foot to reinstate him in the Order. John of Parma, a noble and generous person, begged him to come back, but in vain. He was recalcitrant, and his enemies were unforgiving. He died in 1253 in enmity to the Order, but reconciled to the Church. At his last communion he asked to hear the penitential psalms, and after hearing them exclaimed, "God have mercy upon me, for I am a sinner." One month later, on May 25, Innocent IV consecrated the Upper Church of Assisi, the great memorial to Brother Elias as well as to St. Francis.

John of Parma, the new minister-general elected in 1247, was a very different sort of person. He was a holy man, and believed with all his heart in the ideals of St. Francis. On his election Brothers Egidio, Masseo, Angelo, and Leo burst into transports of joy because they thought that in him the spirit of St. Francis had returned to triumph upon earth: "*Bene et opportune venisti sed venisti tarde* — You have come well and opportunely, but you have come late." And John of Parma did his best to fulfil their hopes. He went about from monastery to monastery urging the brethren to return to the teachings of their founder; he comforted the sorrowful, rescued the wicked from their wickedness, ministered to the sick, cherished the weak, and gladly taught the ignorant. Best of all, he was as enthusiastic in his acceptance of the doctrine of poverty as Francis himself. He wrote a little book entitled, *The holy commerce between St. Francis and Lady Poverty*. He says: "Among the shining virtues that prepare in man a dwelling-place for God and show him the most excellent and expeditious way to come to God, Holy Poverty stands preëminent, and by a special grace surpasses in desert all other virtues, since she is the foundation and guardian of them all. Among evangelical virtues she comes first in place and in honour. They that build upon this rock need not fear the fall of rain, the beating of waves, or the blasts of wind that threaten ruin. And she deserves her honour, since the Son of God, the Lord of righteousness, the King of glory, working His work of salvation in the world sought her, found her, and clave unto her with an especial love."

The triumph of the spiritual-minded in the Franciscan Order did not mean the triumph of peace. Perhaps these zealots were not without a touch of spiritual pride. They were now free to extol poverty to their hearts' content, they were free to live, like the old Greek hermits of Calabria, in remote places, singly or in twos and threes, and to do whatever might seem best to conduce to a direct communion with God; but they could not help noticing that their doctrines and practices, which they had received from St. Francis, and he had had from the Gospels, were markedly different, if not from the doctrines at least from the practices of the worldly-wise part of the Order and also from the practice of the Church. They professed humble obedience to established authority, but their notions were fatally at odds with the orthodox ecclesiastical system, and they did not forbear to lay stress on the disagreement. Here were irreconcilable elements doomed to rend the Order for hundreds of years. It almost seemed as if St. Francis had followed the footsteps of his master even to the point of bringing not peace, but a sword into the world. Aspirations to realize a kingdom of God on earth as St. Francis understood it, and the practical sense of sagacious men, and the greed and desires of ambitious men, strove and struggled with one another. Not only within the Order was there dissension; but also without, between the Order and the ecclesiastical world.

The enormous popularity of the Order had, as it were, shifted the centre of gravity in religious matters. The parochial congregations were diminished, the priests' revenues fell off, their privileges tumbled in value. Almost everybody went to hear the friars preach, almost everybody gave offerings and alms to the friars, almost everybody wished to be shrived and buried by them. The secular clergy were injured in their immemorial fees and perquisites. Besides this, the more fiery monks, like Anthony of Padua, denounced in unmeasured terms the riches of the priesthood, their sensuality, and their lust of power. The secular clergy were not only hurt in property and in their dignity, but they were insulted besides. A shriek of indignation went up from Sicily to England; the friars thundered back counter-denunciations. The secular priests, the Benedictine monks, the Emperor's courtiers, vied with one another in reproaches, making little or no distinction between the zealots and the unscrupulous, worldly-minded men, who had joined the Order in such large numbers. They accused the friars of avarice, rapacity, hypocrisy, of insinuating themselves into the confidence of simple women, of superstitious sinners on their death-beds, of credulous kings; they charged them with the seven deadly sins; they likened them to wolves in sheeps' clothing, to whitened sepulchres, fair on the outside, but within full of dead men's bones. It is hard to say what truth, and how much, lies under these angry words. On the one hand, there were men like John of Parma, true, pure, honourable, devoted; on the other, there were many men in the Order utterly devoid of principle, who had joined it from vulgar motives. And there were many, who, whether they were men of principle or not, brought down upon themselves and their Order all kinds of opprobrium because they were tax-gatherers, employed by the papal court to collect, in disregard of precedent, by stretch of power, by hook and by crook, enough money to supply the swelling needs of the papal exchequer. Naturally the popes inclined to back the friars through thick and thin, not merely because they found the friars serviceable tax-gatherers and news-bearers (or, as their enemies said, scandal-mongers), but because they recognized the immense importance of keeping the friars' genuine religious fervour tightly harnessed to the papal car. In this way currents and counter-currents troubled the religious waters, rendered turbid enough already by the war between the Papacy and the Hohenstaufens.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DISCIPLES OF JOACHIM (1247–1257)

> As ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay
>   With canvas drooping, side by side,
> Two towers of sail at dawn of day
>   Are scarce long leagues apart descried;
>
> At dead of night their sails were fill'd,
>   And onward each rejoicing steer'd —
> Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd,
>   Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd!
>
> A. H. Clough.

Dissension did not confine itself to disputes as to whether the ideas and practices of the Franciscans conformed with the ideas and practices of St. Francis, but reached out to the more serious question as to whether the doctrines of the Order conformed with the doctrines of the Church. The outside world, censorious and jealous, as I have said, — the secular clergy, the Benedictine monks, the university professors, — did not stop to discriminate between the spiritual and the worldly-wise parties in the Order; wherever they found a cause or an excuse for an accusation, they flung the accusation at the whole Order. It was absurd to charge the spiritual-minded brethren with avarice, and it was absurd to charge the worldly-wise with false doctrine; but jealousy blindly threw her calumnies at the whole Order without discrimination. The spiritual-minded, it is true, laid themselves open to a certain suspicion of deviation from orthodoxy; in their desperate hopes to find a world more in sympathy with their ascetic ideals, some of the brethren, here and there, laid hold of the old ideas of Abbot Joachim. This was dangerous ground. Nobody could pretend ignorance of the fundamental orthodox belief. The Lateran Council, under the guidance of the great Innocent III, had stated this belief explicitly: —

"We firmly believe and unfeignedly acknowledge that the very God is one only, eternal, immeasurable, unchangeable, incomprehensible, omnipotent, and ineffable, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost; three persons, indeed, but one essence, substance, or nature; the Father unbegotten, but the Son begotten by the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeding equally from both, without beginning and without end; the Father begetting, the Son begotten, and the Holy Ghost proceeding; of one substance, coequal, co-omnipotent and co-eternal; one source of all things; the creator of all things, visible and invisible, spiritual and corporeal, who by His omnipotent power in the beginning of time out of nothing created both the spiritual and the corporeal creature, to wit, the angelic and the earthly, and afterward the human, made of the spiritual and the corporeal. The Devil and other demons were created by God naturally good, and of themselves they became bad. Man sinned at the suggestion of the Devil.

"The Holy Trinity, individual according to its common essence and separate as to its personal qualities, by Moses first, and in the due order of time by the holy prophets and its other servants, laid the foundation of the doctrine of salvation for the human race.

"And finally, Jesus Christ, the only begotten son of God, incarnate by the Holy Trinity acting as one, conceived by the Virgin Mary through the operation of the Holy Ghost, made very man, composed of a rational soul and human flesh, one person in two natures, pointed out the way of life more manifestly; who the while according to His divine nature was immortal and unsusceptible of death and pain, and yet He himself according to His human nature subject to pain and to death; who, also, for the human race suffered upon the cross and died. He descended into hell, He rose again in the flesh, and ascended both in the spirit and in the flesh, to come at the end of the world to judge the quick and the dead and to reward each according to his works, the evil as well as the good, who shall all rise again with their own bodies which they now wear that they may receive according to their works, whether they shall have been good or evil, the latter with the Devil to everlasting punishment, the former with Christ to glory everlasting.

"There is one Universal Church of the Faith outside of which none shall be saved, in which Jesus Christ, the sacrifice, is the priest, whose body and blood are verily contained in the sacrament on the altar under the form of bread and wine, the bread by divine power transubstantiate into His body and the wine into His blood so that for the fulfilment of the mystery of union we may ourselves receive from

His Nature what He Himself received from ours. And therefore none can celebrate this sacrament except the priest who was duly ordained according to the keys of the Church, which Jesus Christ Himself gave to the apostles and their successors.

"The sacrament of baptism, which both for children and adults shall be celebrated in water with invocation to God and to the undivided Trinity, to wit, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, by whatever rite conferred according to the forms of the Church, avails for salvation. And if after baptism any one shall fall back into sin, he can always reinstate himself by true penitence."

This definite creed of the Church was obviously out of accord with Joachim's somewhat fantastic doctrine; the creed was eminently *Christian* and revolved upon the part played by Christ in the scheme of salvation and not upon that played by the Holy Ghost. The doctrine of the Trinity in itself was a nice matter, and for persons not endowed with a special gift for theological orthodoxy it was better to let it alone; Abbot Joachim had been condemned by the Lateran Council for his attempt to meddle with it. But the peril of meddling with orthodox truth became vastly more perilous when practical consequences began to flow from this meddling; and the peril was insidious because it was easy for a credulous mind, with a will to believe in happier things, to slip and slide from Joachim's less unorthodox theories to his more unorthodox speculations.

In John of Parma's time Joachim's ideas, distorted, and mingled with many spurious additions, took definite heretical shape. For years strange prophecies, fantastic interpretations of prophets curiously classed together, — Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Merlin, the Erythræan Sibyl, — had been passed round under Joachim's name; wandering friars had carried these notions from monastery to monastery; and many of the spiritual-minded began to think that the time was at hand which Joachim had foretold, when Antichrist should come, and after Antichrist the new dispensation of the Holy Ghost. Some went into the matter of exact fulfilment and applied the verses of Isaiah or of Revelation to local events then happening, to the Emperor Frederick, to the length of his life, to the manner in which he should die, and so forth.

Brother Salimbene, of Parma (the Franciscan monk whose memoirs are the most famous of the century) records how widespread these ideas were and what a strong hold they had taken. For instance, he draws the following picture of a Franciscan monk of the Joachimite faction in 1248.

Brother Hugo, of Digne, a famous preacher, was sojourning at Hyères, a little town in Provence on the Mediterranean coast. Several other monks of different orders were there at the same time; some had gone on purpose to see him, others were there in the course of their journeyings. One day these monks were chatting together after breakfast, and one of them, Brother Johnny, a chorister from Naples, a Joachimite, said to a Dominican: "Brother Peter, what do you think of Abbot Joachim's doctrine?" Brother Peter answered: "I care as much for Joachim as I do for the fifth wheel of a coach." At this Johnny ran off to Brother Hugo's room, and cried, in the hearing of all: "There 's a Dominican monk here who does n't believe in Joachim's doctrine!" To this Hugo answered: "What 's that to me? If he does n't believe, that is his lookout. When troubles provide his eyes with powers of sight, they will open. But bid him come and discuss. Let 's hear what he does n't believe." The Dominican consented, but reluctantly, partly because he thought meanly of Joachim, and partly because he did not think there was anybody in the house who was his equal in knowledge either of the humanities or of Holy Scripture.

When Brother Hugo saw him, he said: "Are you the man who does n't believe in Joachim's ideas?"

Brother Peter: "Yes."

Brother Hugo: "Have you ever read Joachim?"

Brother Peter: "Yes, I 've read him carefully."

Brother Hugo: "I believe you 've read him as a woman reads the psalter; when she 's come to the end she does n't know what she read at the beginning. There are many who stand over a book and do not understand it, either because they despise what they read, or because their foolish hearts are in the dark. Now, tell me what you want to hear about Joachim, so that we may know what you don't believe."

Brother Peter: "I want you to prove to me out of Isaiah, according to Joachim, that the life of the Emperor Frederick will end at the age of seventy, and also that he cannot die except by the hand of God, — I mean by a natural death."

Brother Hugo: "Very good. Only listen patiently and don't interrupt with vexatious questions, for it is necessary to approach Joachim's doctrine with an open mind.

"Abbot Joachim was a holy man and he said that the future events which he prophesied had been revealed to him by God for the good of men. As regards the true sanctity of Joachim's life, besides what we are told in his biography, I can cite one instance, which shows his extraordinary patience. When he was a simple monk, before he was made abbot, the brother in charge of the refectory was angry with him, and for a whole year always put water in his cup for him to drink, in order to serve him with the bread of tribulation and the water of anguish. Joachim bore this patiently without a complaint. At the end of the year, however, he sat next the Abbot at table, and the Abbot said to him, 'Why do you drink white wine and not give me any? Is that your good manners?' The blessed Joachim answered, 'I was ashamed, Father, to offer it to you, because my secret is my secret.' Then the Abbot took Joachim's cup to try the wine and took a sip, and perceived that it was a pretty poor affair. So when he had tasted the water (not converted into wine) he said, 'What is water, but water?' and turning to Joachim, 'By whose authority do you drink this drink?' and Joachim answered, 'Father, water is a very temperate drink, it does not impede the tongue, nor cause intoxication, nor babbling.' But when the

Abbot learned from the other brothers that this wrong had been done Joachim out of malice and spite by the brother in charge of the refectory, he wished to expel him from the Order; but Joachim flung himself at the Abbot's feet and besought him so earnestly that the Abbot forbore to expel the wrong-doer. Nevertheless, he scolded him good and hard: 'You have violated the rule and so I impose this penance, that for a whole year you shall drink nothing but water, because you have despitefully used your neighbour and your brother.'

"Now about the life of the Emperor Frederick, that it shall end according to Isaiah, you have it in the place where he speaks of the burden of Tyre, Isaiah, chap. XXIII, vv. 13–15: 'Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people was not, till the Assyrian founded it . . . And it shall come to pass in that day, that Tyre shall be forgotten seventy years according to the days of one king.' . . . Remark that in this passage Joachim understands the 'land of the Chaldeans' to be the Roman Empire and by 'the Assyrian' Frederick himself, and by 'Tyre' Sicily; he understands by 'the days of one king' the whole life of Frederick, and he takes seventy years as the term of life fixed by Merlin.

"As to the prophecy that Frederick cannot be killed by man, but only by God, Isaiah says, chapter XXXI, 'the Assyrian shall not fall by the sword of a hero, nor shall the sword of man devour him. And he shall not flee from the face of the sword, and his young men shall be tributary. And for fear his strength shall pass, and his princes flying shall tremble. The Lord hath spoken, whose fire is in Zion and his furnace in Jerusalem.' All this was fulfilled in regard to Frederick, especially at Parma, where he was routed by the garrison and his fort 'Victory' was destroyed; and [afterwards], for the barons of his kingdom often wanted to kill him, but they could not."

Brother Peter: "You can tell all that to those who believe you; but you can never persuade me to believe you."

Brother Hugo: "Why not? Don't you believe the prophets?"

Brother Peter: "Of course I do, but tell me is what you expound to me Isaiah's original meaning, or is it an inference, twisted and distorted, or interpreted, so as to apply?"

Brother Hugo: "That's a sensible question. I answer that it is an application of Isaiah's statement. . . . In Holy Writ besides the literal or matter of fact meaning, there are allegorical, analogical, tropological, moral, and mystical meanings; and therefore the matter is judged more useful and more noble than if, squeezed and compressed into one meaning only, it could only have a single signification. Do you believe this, or does your skepticism go so far as to deny that?"

Brother Peter: "I believe that and I have often taught it, because that is the teaching of the theologians; but I should like you to explain a little more clearly about the seventy years that Isaiah predicates under the allegory of 'Tyre,' and about the days of 'one king' that he predicates under the figure of the Emperor."

Brother Hugo: [avoiding the question] "The things that Merlin, the inspired English prophet, prophesied about Frederick I, and about Henry VI, his son, and about Frederick II, will be found to be true. But let us leave side issues and stick to those with which our discussion began. Let us, therefore, take up the four periods which Merlin predicates in speaking of Frederick II. First he stated, 'In thirty-two years he will fall'; that may be understood to be from his coronation as Emperor to the end of his life, because he reigned thirty years and eleven days [21] and then was not believed to be dead, so that the prophecy of the Sibyl should be fulfilled which says, 'It shall be rumoured among the people, he lives and he does not live.' [This conversation took place in 1248, and Frederick died December 13, 1250. The passage is very obscure; perhaps Salimbene altered and botched it at a later date.]

"Merlin's second period is: 'He shall live in prosperity seventy-two years.' As Frederick is still living those who survive him will see how that comes out.

"Merlin's third period is: 'And two times quinquagenarian he will be treated gently.' That must not be understood as twice a quinquagenarian, as that would make him a hundred years old, but as fifty and then two, that is fifty-two years old. That number may be reckoned from the year in which his mother was married [1185] up to the eighteenth year of his reign [1237, the date of Frederick's defeat at Parma], which makes fifty-two years. . .

"Merlin's fourth period for Frederick is: 'And after the eighteenth year from his anointment, he will hold his kingdom in spite of envy.' This is fulfilled in respect to Gregory IX with whom Frederick quarrelled so that the Pope excommunicated him, and yet he still holds his realm in spite of the Pope, the cardinals, and the princes of the Empire."

When Brother Peter heard this he began to mutter ambiguously: "Many foods are in the Tillage of the Fathers; but one kind is better than another." Brother Hugo answered: "Don't tamper with Holy Writ; but give your authority as it stands in the texts; you have left out the end of one verse and the beginning of the other. Give the first verse as the Wise Man gives it in the Proverbs, chapter XIII." ["Many foods are in the Tillage of the Fathers; and some mix them together with lack of judgment." Prov. XIII, 23.] Brother Peter, hearing this, did as some do when they are getting the worst of an argument, he began to upbraid and said, "It would be heretical to take the words of infidels for testimony; I mean Merlin, whose testimony you have quoted." At this Brother Hugo got very much provoked, and said to him: "You lie, and I will prove that you have lied ever so many times." Hugo then began to quote poetry, and Peter, hoping to better his side of the argument, had recourse to the texts of the saints and the sayings of philosophers; but Brother Hugo, who was most learned in all those matters, quickly got him entangled and shut him up.

Such disputes must have taken place in many a monastery; they do not, as we look through the haze of time and changed ideas, seem edifying, but, at least in those cases where one of the disputants was as amiable as Brother Peter, no harm was done. At other times, speculations with very little savour of orthodoxy were whispered about in northern Italy and in Provence, old homes of heresy; and, at last, these whisperings took definite shape. One of the believers in Joachim's prophecies, Brother Gerard, of Borgo San Donnino (a little town on the Via Emilia nearly midway between Piacenza and Parma), wrote a book called *The Introduction to the Eternal Evangile.* Nothing could have been more radical, more revolutionary, than this book. It flung down a challenge to orthodox Christianity. Brother Gerard's plan was to publish Joachim's authentic works, *The Concord between the Old and New Testaments*, *The Commentary on the Apocalypse*, and *The Psalter of Ten Chords;* and by way of preface he wrote an introduction of his own, in which he not only explained Joachim's doctrine, but went so far as to assert that these treatises of Joachim's actually constituted *The Eternal Evangile* which was destined to supersede the previous two evangiles, the Old and New Testaments. This substitution of a new régime for the Christian régime, this revolutionary coming of the Holy Ghost, necessarily overtoppled the whole fabric of ecclesiastical Christianity. Under the new dispensation the Franciscan friars would supersede the priests and all the official hierarchy; bishops, cardinals, the Pope himself, would follow the Levites of the Old Testament into the limbo of cast-off things. Even the revered name of Joachim could not veil the awful nakedness of this heresy.

The doctors of the University of Paris, the great centre of theology, shared to the full the dislike which the secular clergy entertained towards the friars. Both Franciscans and Dominicans, having already forced their way into every diocese and parish, were also forcing their way into chairs of public instruction in Paris. The doctors were jealous and angry. They had now an opportunity of revenge. No doubt they persuaded themselves, as persons animated by righteous indignation often do, that they acted from a sentiment of impartial justice. The cause of scholasticism was threatened by mysticism, the cause of the Church was challenged by a new heresy; and the professors of the University girded themselves as champions of orthodoxy. William of Saint Amour, a noted professor of philosophy, a doctor of the Sorbonne, and rector of the University, preached against the book and sent a committee to lay charges before the Pope. Brother Gerard had not put his name to the book, but it was obviously written by a Franciscan friar of the spiritual-minded party. This was the main reason that induced the University of Paris to attack the book; they could not attack the Order directly, for it was too strongly entrenched in the good graces of the Papacy, and had not exposed itself to any legal complaint, but they could attack it indirectly through this extravagant book, that showed itself, like the heel of Achilles, defenceless to a well-directed shaft. Feeling ran high. The hate of the accusers was so strong that, according to the papal bull which judged the charges, they falsely and maliciously altered the meaning of the text. The Pope appointed a committee of cardinals to examine the charges; the committee acted prudently and reasonably, they found nothing heretical in the text of Joachim's books, but they condemned the introduction. The Pope confirmed their findings; but though he condemned the heresy, he was careful not to let the condemnation hurt the Brothers Minor. "We wish," the bull says, "to keep the name and fame of the Poor of Christ, the Order of the beloved Brothers Minor, always unhurt and untouched, . . . therefore we command you by these presents to proceed so prudently, so cautiously, in the execution of this apostolic mandate that these Brothers shall incur no opprobrium, no ill-repute, and that their rivals and detractors shall not find means to speak ill of them."

Brother Gerard was deposed from his office of lector, deprived of the rights to preach and to hear confession, and of other sacerdotal prerogatives, also. His book was condemned to be burnt. This punishment satisfied the demands of ecclesiastical justice; but the worldly-wise party in the Order were not appeased. They thought that the fanaticism or stupidity of Brother Gerard in propounding a heresy, with which they had no sympathy, brought the Order into disrepute, and they punished him on their own account. He was put in prison, set in the stocks, and served with "the bread of tribulation and the water of anguish"; and finally when he died his body was denied consecrated ground and the rites of ecclesiastical burial.

Brother Gerard was not the only one to suffer. William of Saint Amour, the professor, also went too far. Encouraged by his success against poor Gerard, he published a very violent book against the mendicant orders. The Pope would not tolerate such a plain breach of his command. The professor was turned out of his chair; he was stripped of his rights to preach and to teach, and even banished from France. And the quarrel did not stop there. The two wings of the Order clashed again; the seeds of discord sown even in Francis's lifetime brought forth a fresh harvest of docks and darnels. The heresy of the *Eternal Evangile* was too useful a weapon to be lightly abandoned. The worldly-wise party attacked the minister-general, John of Parma. Without doubt a majority of the brethren, probably a large majority, was opposed to him. Many found his strict observance of the rule irksome. They had asked for relaxation, and he had refused to grant it. Some, under pretext of serving a bishop or other prelate, had attempted to shirk prescribed duties; some had tried to organize independent groups within the Order; some had wanted to establish new provincial districts in foreign parts; but John of Parma had sternly held them to obedience. In retaliation they charged him with sundry misbehaviours: that he had rejected all interpretations of the rule, even those that had received papal sanction; that he had added to the rule, as if they were a part of it, the provisions of St. Francis's testament; that he had predicted (poor man) a division in the Order; that he shared certain heretical opinions held by the disciples of Joachim ; and they demanded his removal. The poor minister-general, conscious as he must have been of the contrast between the ascetic ideal of St. Francis and the practical duties incumbent upon the minister-general of a great order, just as Francis himself had felt it, and not wishing to retain the office if he did not fill it acceptably, yielded to the clamour against him and resigned. The Pope, Alexander IV, who doubtless regarded the resignation as desirable under the circumstances, accepted it; and Brother Bonaventura, the saintly scholar, who had already made a great reputation at the University of Paris, was elected in his stead.

Brother John, once again a simple friar, found greater pleasure in his freedom than he had ever done in his high office. He betook himself to the hermitage at Greccio, the spot where his beloved master, St. Francis, had celebrated the manger scene in memory of their common Master, and there lived as a hermit; but, though he refused high honours that were afterwards offered him, he did not wholly forsake the world, and he was greatly beloved by the highest dignitaries. Innocent IV, hard hater that he was, loved Brother John like his own soul, and was wont to kiss him when they met. Other popes, cardinals as well, and even the Emperor of the Greeks, Vataces, to whom John went upon an embassy, entertained great affection for him. He died a very old man in 1298.

CHAPTER XXVII

MANFRED (1250–1260)

Biondo era e bello e di gentile aspetto,
Purgatorio, III, 107.

Fair he was, and beautiful, and of noble aspect.

Lo cavalero più fino,
Ch'è fiore gibellino
Sovr' ogn' altro latino
Old Sienese Rhymes.

The cavalier most fine,
He is the flower Ghibelline
Beyond every other Latin.

It is necessary to return to the political situation. The last act of the great drama of the Hohenstaufens in Italy draws to its close. On Frederick's death, his son Conrad IV, who had already been crowned King of the Romans, was confronted in Germany by the pretender, William of Holland; but Conrad's title was generally acknowledged. His life, however, was short, and he played but a brief part in the history of Italy. Manfred is the last notable Hohenstaufen champion, and there are few more dashing and charming figures than he.

As gallant as his brother Enzio, as well endowed perhaps with intellectual gifts as his father and less treacherous than he, Manfred doughtily maintained the high Hohenstaufen tradition; and the verses of Dante, who met him "fair and beautiful and of noble aspect" at the foot of the Mount of Purgatory, have given an immortal glamour and pathos to his name. Elsewhere Dante speaks of those "two illustrious heroes, the Emperor Frederick and his high-born son Manfred, who showed the nobility and rectitude of their characters, and, while fortune remained loyal to them, attached themselves to the higher pursuits of man and scorned what was unworthy."

Besides what Dante says there is abundant testimony from both Guelf and Ghibelline to Manfred's rare and attractive qualities. In person he was of medium height and agreeable presence, with light hair like all the Hohenstaufens; his face was comely, his cheeks ruddy, his eyes sparkling, and his complexion very fair. According to a Guelf chronicler: "He was proficient in the liberal arts, the first among the nobility in courage and diligence, and he was handsomer and more gifted than his brothers; he might well be called the Lucifer of his family." And a Ghibelline says: "Nature endowed him with all the graces, and fashioned all parts of his body in such well-according beauty that there was no part that could be bettered." This same Ghibelline historian, partly out of sentiment and partly, unless I do him wrong, to show his own literary talents, adds: "He was so like his father that he was well called Manfred, *Manens Fredericus*, as if Frederick still remained in him, or *Manus Frederici*, the hand of Frederick, or Menfred, *mens Frederici*, the mind of Frederick, or *mons Fredirici*, the monument of Frederick." But for a dearth of vowels he would have gone on further;

yet he has said enough to show that in the opinion of Manfred's contemporaries Frederick had left a worthy son. Even the court poet of his successful rival cannot forbear to praise him:

Biaus chevaliers et preus et sages fu Mainfrois,
De toutes bonnes teches entechies et courtois;
En lui ne faloit riens fors que seulement fois,
Mais ceste faute est laid en contes et en rois.

A handsome cavalier, knightly and wise was he,
With all good qualities endowed, and courtesy;
He had no lack, except one single thing,
— True faith, — an ugly fault in count or king.

The poet spoke truly. Manfred's lack of faith, in its larger sense of submission to the papal creed, political as well as theological, cost him his crown and his life.

Manfred was but nineteen years old when his father died, but even then he showed that he had inherited his father's suppleness and readiness of resource. During Conrad's stay in Germany he acted as royal lieutenant in The Kingdom; and there was much to do, for, as soon as Frederick's strong hand was still, revolts broke out in many places.

There were various reasons for these revolts. The population of Sicily and southern Italy was ignorant, fickle, passionate, and without perseverance or endurance; it was cowardly, and yet eager for vengeance; it was neither homogeneous, nor steadied by the inheritance of a common tradition; and the more turbulent spirits always hoped for better things from a change of masters. Frederick's government had been a personal one, based on his power to maintain it, and not upon any loyalty in his subjects; and he had not had many friends. The clergy with a few exceptions, and the monastic orders, were his enemies. The cities resented his refusal to let them have the communal franchises that the North Italian cities enjoyed. The barons bore with ill-will the loss of ancient feudal privileges, and hated his plan of a strong central bureaucratic government. All feared him, and all suffered under his heavy taxation. Naples, the chief city of the mainland, faithful to its old traditions of independence, and Capua as well, always inclined to the anti-Hohenstaufen cause. On the other hand, Frederick had saved the peasantry from the tyranny of the barons, he had given the mercantile cities peace and therefore better trade, and he had established a code of laws that was a marked improvement on the heterogeneous legislation that preceded it. But among the forces working for or against the Hohenstaufens there was one factor steadily at work stirring the people to hostility and revolt. The Papacy, during Frederick's lifetime, had not been idle, and now that he was dead it did not sit with folded hands; Innocent IV believed that his opportunity had come and proposed to make the most of it.

Manfred, however, was personally popular; he had two sets of soldiers on whom he could rely, his Saracens and his German mercenaries; and by the time that affairs north of the Alps permitted his brother Conrad, the new king, to come down into Italy, he had already reduced almost all The Kingdom to obedience. Conrad completed the task and then tried to come to terms with the Pope. Both Conrad and Manfred realized the power of papal hostility, and by diplomacy, blandishments, and proffers of submission, strove to appease it, but in vain. The Pope pretended to entertain Conrad's propositions for peace, but he cherished an implacable hatred in his heart against the Hohenstaufens, and held fast to his resolve to execute the sentence of the Council of Lyons and drive them from The Kingdom. To this end he sought help from France and England; as suzerain with an empty fief on his hands, he offered the Sicilian crown in turn to Charles of Anjou, brother to King Louis IX of France, to Richard of Cornwall, brother to Henry III of England, and to Henry's son, Prince Edmund. The terms of the offer provided that the recipient was first to conquer the crown and then receive it from the Pope. Charles of Anjou was not at the time free to consider the offer; Richard of Cornwall remarked that his Holiness had graciously granted him the moon with permission to go and get it, but foolish King Henry was delighted to make his second son a king, and accepted.

On Conrad's death two years later, the whole face of affairs was changed. There was no soldier king to be fought; the heir, Conrad the younger, was a little baby; and Innocent altered his plans accordingly. Without communicating any change of plans to England (for it was well to have two strings to one's bow), he secretly decided not to confer the vacant kingdom upon a new vassal, but to enter into possession himself as suzerain and annex it to the Papal States. The prospect looked very favourable because Conrad, who out of jealousy had become estranged from Manfred, had appointed by his testament a German baron, Berthold of Hohenberg, regent during the minority of his son Corradino, and, following the example of his grandfather Henry VI, had put Corradino under the protection of the Church. With this situation before him, Innocent perfected his plans, and when he felt ready to put them into execution, announced that the kingdom had devolved upon its suzerain, but that when Corradino came of age he would consider his claims; and with fresh energy the double-dealing priest continued to push his intrigues with the disaffected barons.

The situation was serious for the Hohenstaufen cause. Berthold of Hohenberg, timid, incompetent, and treacherous, gave up the regency to Manfred, who, with the suppleness so characteristic of his father, bent to the storm and accepted the claim of the Pope, on condition that he should become the Pope's vicar. The Pope came down in triumph and entered Capua. Manfred was ill at ease; he felt that he was encompassed by enemies and traitors, but trusting in his own adroitness he hoped to come out unscathed. Chance or fate abruptly ended the situation. The Pope certainly played false. Manfred had plighted fealty to the Pope "saving the rights of Corradino," and then he was abruptly asked to take the oath with no saving clause; besides this, the Pope, after he had confirmed, or promised to confirm, Manfred in some disputed barony, juggling with words, granted the barony to a nobleman subservient to himself. This caused bad feelings between Manfred and his rival; and, as ill luck would have it, Manfred and his men while riding on a narrow road came suddenly upon the usurper. Manfred probably was not to blame, he was too prudent to be guilty of so dangerous an act; but his men raised a shout, set upon the nobleman, and killed him. The Pope affected great displeasure, and summoned Manfred to appear before him for trial at Capua. Manfred hesitated; he stopped a little way out of the town, and asked for some modifications of the Pope's summons and an assurance of fair play; he got an unsatisfactory answer. His friends were frightened, and counselled flight. He had to act promptly. He made ostensible preparations to obey the Pope, and then, with a scanty train, galloped off by night. His flight remained unequalled for adventure and romance in Italian history until Garibaldi's flight from Rome in 1849. His goal was the town of Lucera, in Apulia, across the Apennines, and about seventy-five miles northeast of Naples, as the crow flies. This town was famous in papal diatribes and a scandal to Christendom, for there, a generation before, Frederick had stationed the Saracens whom he had removed from Sicily. Ever since then the town had been a Saracen stronghold and devoted to the Hohenstaufens. John the Moor, a henchman of the old Emperor, was governor. There, more than anywhere else, Manfred felt that he would be safe. Troops of the Pope, or men-at-arms in the service of Berthold of Hohenberg, who now made common cause with the Pope, infested the high-roads. It was impossible to say what the peasants would do. Two young noblemen, familiar with the road to Lucera, for it led past their paternal estates, volunteered to act as Manfred's guides. The fugitives passed the town of Nola (where Augustus Cæsar died), and then they were obliged to take a circuitous course to avoid strongholds and towns held by enemies. Even so their road ran directly under one of the hostile castles, and they were obliged to strike into the woods. The peaks of the Apennines are here over four thousand feet high, and the climbing is hard for horse or man. The moon shone clear but its light gave a spectral look to the precipitous rocks, and in the darker recesses added to the difficulty of the way. In one place they were nearly forced to abandon their horses. At daybreak they came again on a road, but it led them directly to an enemy's castle. Challenged, they answered that they were Hohenberg's men, and they were permitted to go in single file by a narrow path around under the walls. The pack-mules, which were ahead, balked, and the men in the rear thought that the garrison had ambushed them. It was a false alarm, the garrison suspected nothing; and the little band kept on till it reached the estates of the two young noblemen. Here their two wives, handsome, high-bred ladies, welcomed the Prince with great loyalty, and he did them the honour, in his chivalrous way, to seat one on his right hand and one on his left, during breakfast. The meal was hasty; and Manfred hurried on to the house of other friends, where he passed the night. At sunrise the next morning he was in the saddle again, keeping his company in fighting array and sending out scouts. Enemies were all about. One town reported that the papal army in the neighbourhood had given it till the day after to-morrow to surrender; the next had already sworn allegiance to the Pope. In the third, Manfred's scout found the townsmen in an uproar; the papal and the national parties were fighting for the mastery. The national faction, hearing that Manfred was near, sent a messenger to beg him come to secure the town for his cause. Manfred's men were delighted to have an opportunity to strike a blow at their enemies, but the sudden report that five hundred of Hohenberg's soldiers, barely five miles away, were coming up, obliged them to take another direction. Manfred then made his way eastward past Monte Volture, where, some thirteen hundred years before, the pigeons had covered with fresh green leaves a little boy, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, who had fallen asleep on the mountain-side tired with play. And from Monte Volture he pushed on to Venosa, the town in which that little boy had been born. From here he meant to go due north to Lucera, where he expected to be received by John the Moor with open arms.

John the Moor had been bred in the Emperor's palace, he had been loaded with favours by the Hohenstaufens, and had protested that he would do all he could for the Emperor's son; but when he heard that Manfred was a fugitive, and that fortune smiled upon the papal cause, he put one of his household, another Saracen, Marchisio, in his place as custodian of the town, made him swear that he would let no one, not even Prince Manfred, enter during his absence, and posted off to make terms with the Pope, sending false word to Manfred that he was going on his account. There seemed to be no loyalty to a losing cause anywhere in the Hohenstaufen dominions. Nevertheless, even after Manfred heard of John the Moor's treachery, he still entertained a hope of getting Lucera. That was his only chance. In Lucera was his father's treasure; and there, if anywhere, were friends, for the Saracens could hope for but little from the Pope. He sent scouts to learn what the feelings of the garrison were toward him. The scouts reported that they entertained great good will and marvelled that he had not gone there sooner. On hearing this, for security's sake, as he could not tell whether to trust the peasants of the country, he gave out that he was going south, and with very few attendants rode north at night toward Lucera. It was dark and rainy, the little band could not even see one another, and had to ride side by side and keep calling out, in order to stay together. They lost the road and wandered off into the fields. Luckily one of the party had been a master of the hunt for the late Emperor and recognized familiar ground. He managed to lead them to a deserted hunting-lodge, where, somewhat imprudently, they made a big fire, dried their clothes, and spent the rest of the night, both man and beast thankful for repose. Hostile troops, some belonging to the papal army, some in the pay of Hohenberg, were only a little way to the right and to the left. Before dawn they were off again and rode to within a mile or two of Lucera. Here Manfred stationed his troop, while he and three soldiers, one of whom spoke Arabic, rode on to the town. The guards were on the alert; so Manfred halted and the soldier who knew Arabic rode alone to the gate. There he called up: "Your Prince, the Emperor's son, is here, open the gate." The guards hesitated, and Manfred rode up. Still they were doubtful, and sent a man to notify Marchisio, the castellan. Then one of them spoke up: "Marchisio was charged by John the Moor not to let any one, even the Prince, enter the city, and he will not give the keys, but on the contrary, he will do all he can to keep the Prince from coming in. The best thing is for the Prince to get in any way possible, for once in, all will be easy."

It happened that there was a gutter under the gate to carry away the rain-water; and when the gate was shut there was just space for a man to crawl in on his belly. The same guard called down: "Let the Prince come in by the hole under the gate; let us get him in any way we can." Manfred dismounted, and was about to lie down and crawl in, when the guards, mortified at the sight, cried: "Never shall our Prince enter the city like that." They broke open the gate, picked Manfred up in their arms, and carried him triumphantly into the town. Marchisio rushed out to stop them, but the crowd would not tolerate disrespect; they forced the castellan off his horse, down upon his knees, and made him kiss Manfred's feet; they then conducted Manfred with cheers into the royal palace.

From this time Manfred's fortunes rose. His possession of the royal treasure enabled him to hire troops and to seduce detachments of the enemy. He gained a victory over one division of the papal army, and frightened the cardinal in command so badly that he fled in terror. This must have been bitter news to the Pope, who lay dying in Naples in the palace that had once belonged to Pier della Vigna. He had spent all his pontificate in one prolonged endeavour to break the House of Hohenstaufen, and just as he thought he had attained his dearest wish and was about to annex The Kingdom to the dominions of St. Peter came the report of Manfred's victory.

Innocent IV was succeeded by Alexander IV, a member of the great House of Conti and nephew of Gregory IX, but he was not in the least like his fiery and magnanimous uncle. Alexander was a man of peace, a simple man, unequal to his great task. He attempted to follow Innocent's deep policy and tangled himself in intrigues. He entertained diplomatic relations with Manfred, asserted his kind regard for Corradino, but at the same time he was doing all he could to persuade the King of England to fit out an expedition for the conquest of Sicily.

In spite of the efforts of Alexander IV, Manfred proceeded successfully. As regent in his nephew's name he established his authority throughout The Kingdom; but that title was not satisfactory, either to himself or to the realm. A king's vicar never has an authority as imposing as that of the king himself, and it was no time for a child to be at the head of a distracted state. Besides, Corradino was a German, and Manfred an Italian. The perplexities of the situation, the avowed hostility of the Pope, were cogent arguments that Manfred should assume the crown; the barons urged him. A rumour spread abroad that the young king was dead, and Manfred profited by the occasion. He was crowned King at Palermo August 10, 1258, to the apparent satisfaction of The Kingdom.

The Guelfs said that Manfred himself started the report that Corradino was dead. The accusation, indeed, wears the badges of probability; the Emperor Frederick would not have hesitated. But Manfred's reputation suffers sorely from his final defeat. His enemies had not only opportunity, but every motive to send the grossest slanders current through Italy. They accused him of murdering his father, his brother Conrad, his younger brother Henry, and Henry's sons. The noble Dante believed that his sins were horrible, but not bad enough to condemn him to the pains of hell. However the usurpation may be judged morally, its political wisdom was abundantly proved. Manfred became a power throughout Italy.

The new sovereign, as arch enemy to the Papacy, was the natural head of the Ghibelline party from his kingdom to the Alps, and Manfred, half from his own volition and half dragged on by the current of events, gradually took that position. He cherished a secret ambition to become King of Italy, and perhaps higher yet; therefore he strove to rise above the limitations of party leader and to play the part of supreme moderator between the contending factions. He affected to regard himself as his father's heir and assumed imperial prerogatives. His first step was to appoint Percivalle Doria, the troubadour, vicar-general in the Duchy of Spoleto, in the March of Ancona, and in Romagna. His next step in this policy, and the most difficult, was to take part in the affairs of Lombardy; and by singular caprice the goddess of circumstance seemed to foster his high ambition. For the moment in all the northeast of Italy ordinary political ties were broken, and a great movement was afoot animated by a single purpose to a common end.

For years Ezzelino da Romano had been growing more fierce and terrible. The death of the Emperor seemed to stir him to greater suspicion and to still bloodier deeds. Perhaps some homicidal mania touched his restless brain. His energy became furious, and though he took precautions to guard himself from sudden attack, he displayed a satanic recklessness in creating enemies. His creatures, Ansedisius, the worthy nephew, and others, fulfilled his slightest wish, "desiring more to please him than to please God." Conspiracies, or rumours of conspiracies, against him were horribly punished. "It is impossible," says Rolandino, "to make mention of all and singular of those in Verona and Padua who were beheaded, or broken on the rack, or dragged on the ground, or burned to death, or blinded or horribly mutilated. Lord Figura de Belludis, a wise and worthy gentleman, was tortured to death in the castle at Padua, and then his head was struck off in the public square. The like was done to Otho de Zambo; the like to Monriale de Plebe. Bonifacinus de Robegano, who had been one of the knights in the service of the podestà, was dragged through the city at a horse's tail by the podestà's creatures, his head was cut off and his body burned in the courtyard. The next month seventeen men in one day, almost in one hour, were flogged to death in the public square of Padua, then fires were lighted all about and their bodies burned piece by piece. . . . Where now are the innumerable, the laudable, multitude of citizens, cruelly scattered and killed before their time? Where is the abundance of riches? Where are the towers and edifices of Padua, its houses and places, its palaces and pleasant habitations? By wicked deeds they have been swept out of Padua, out of the whole March of Treviso, and not by barbarians or Jews, not by Medes or Saracens, not by Scythians or Britons, not by Tartars or Chaldeans."

If Ezzelino's cruelty stirred the people to revolt, his treatment of the clergy and his protection of heretics aroused the Papacy. On the death of the Emperor, Innocent IV had fondly hoped that all Lombardy would welcome the Church and make submission; on the contrary, Ezzelino and Pelavicini showed themselves stronger than before, and there was danger that all Lombardy would be lost to the Church, not only politically, but also in matters of religion. These Ghibelline chiefs laid heavy hands on churchmen and church property, they chased away unwelcome bishops and priests, they refused to repress heresy, protected heretics, and would not suffer the inquisition to take its ferret ways. They did not propose to persecute subjects who would never desert them for the Church. Pelavicini was bad, but Ezzelino was far worse. Ezzelino refused the last rites to persons condemned to death; he parted husbands from their wives and forced them to marry other women; he himself believed only in astrology. Under him the fair region from Verona to Padua was become a second Languedoc, a refuge and breeding-place of heresy: and to the Church heresy was far more dangerous than the Hohenstaufens; they attacked her walls from without, but heresy sapped them silently and secretly within.

Matters had become too fearful to be borne. Pope Innocent IV had proclaimed a crusade, and Alexander IV took up the cry. He called on the cities and nobles of the north to take the field against this devil incarnate, bade them assume the cross, and promised the indulgences granted to crusaders that crossed the sea. The faithful of the regions roundabout banded together, nobles and gentles, burghers and peasants, Brothers Minor, Dominicans, Benedictines, Cistercians, priests, all took the cross: —

> Vexilla regis prodeunt
> Fulget crucis mysterium, —

and they set forth "like the Children of Israel against the Philistines." Success blessed their first campaign;

they captured Padua. The messenger who bore the evil tidings to Ezzelino was hanged on the spot; and of eleven thousand Paduans, whom he got into his clutches, not two hundred ever went home to Padua. This was not all; Ezzelino and Uberto Pelavicini having joined forces, defeated the crusaders and made themselves masters of Brescia. This was a sad blow; but it may be, as Rolandino says, "the part of divine mercy to remedy monstrous evils gradually, to send deserved punishment in due time, and after long waiting to allay grave anxiety almost as it were by surprise." His theory found justification in the immediate sequel. Ezzelino, too domineering to share with Pelavicini, turned him out and kept the prize for himself. In his exasperation Pelavicini made common cause with the Church party. Every man's hand was now against Ezzelino, and King Manfred could safely approve the confederates.

Ezzelino still bore himself as dauntlessly as the day on which he struck down with his own sword one of the Emperor's German knights who had laid violent hands on an Italian lady; he gathered his soldiers together and watched the heavens. Then when the signs were propitious, Sagittarius in the ascendant, the sun in Virgo, the moon in Scorpio, Saturn in Aquarius, Jupiter *retroguardus* in Libra, he started his campaign, and the rival armies marched and countermarched in the pleasant land through which the Adda runs down from Lake Como to the Po. During a skirmish an arrow struck Ezzelino in the left foot. His soldiers were frightened, but not he: "He hid the pain of his wound in his stout heart, like a strenuous athlete who comes back hurt from the arena and puts on a brave and spirited demeanour so that those who have staked their hopes on him shall not lose confidence." But nothing was of avail, for "the hour was at hand which God himself had provided from eternity for the safety of Lombardy."

Ezzelino marched to the fatal crossing of the Adda. If men could but foresee the future, says Rolandino (who, like the men of his time, saw strange affinities between ideas where we can only see wretched puns upon words), all Italy would have longed for that *crossing* as all good men had longed for the redemption of the first man Adam by the *cross* of Christ; and he also discovered a coincidence of good omen in the names Adam and Adda. The two armies joined battle; fortune went against Ezzelino. His soldiers were scattered, and all his enemies converging pressed towards the spot where he was, "as all ponderable things converge and press towards the centre of the earth." In such straits, with his own people round him, the old warrior tried to make his way to Bergamo, not as if in flight, but rather as if the horses were proceeding hither or thither careless of direction. But the Marquis of Este, feeling that the end of a lifelong rivalry was at hand, together with Uberto Pelavicini, Buoso da Dovara, and all the chivalry of the Lombard plain, eager for revenge, rushed in like dogs upon the quarry. One soldier, burning with revenge, though Ezzelino was defenceless, dealt him two or three blows upon the head; and "whoever it was [for Rolandino cannot forbear his admiration of the old man's mettle] deserved no praise, but rather the shame of a caitiff act." The crowd pressed about, like birds of the night, chattering, shrieking, threatening, to gaze upon this man, horrible, terrible, and famous above all the other princes of the world; but Azzo of Este, Uberto Pelavicini, Buoso da Dovara, and all the knights assembled, would not permit so renowned a man to be maltreated by the actions or words of the insistent crowd. They bore him honourably to the tent of Lord Buoso and gave him in charge of the best physicians. But in vain; Ezzelino, wounded or not, could not have lived in captivity; he died in a few days and was buried with due honour.

As the Empire ended with Frederick, so the old feudal sentiment of dependence upon the Empire ended in Italy with Ezzelino. The other party chiefs, like Uberto Pelavicini, Buoso da Dovara, Martino della Torre of Milan, Ghiberto da Gente of Parma, belong to the newer period coming in, when the Empire had become an idea for the imagination to play about rather than a practical political factor, and petty tyrants set up their dynasties in the Lombard cities not as integral parts of a great system culminating in the Emperor, but as local seigneurs each for himself. Ezzelino had much in common with the men of this new type; they were self-dependent, individual, and he was the extreme type of individuality pushed, except for this one tie with the Empire, to its loneliest terms, a hero for Nietzsche. But with this attitude towards the Empire, Ezzelino had a touch of the romantic feelings that we associate with the chivalric side of the feudal system. He had ideas of honour, however hard it may be to trace them in his doings; "it behooves us, he said, to live with honour — *vivere cum honore*," whereas such an idea never seriously crossed the minds of the men of the newer type. He has a touch of kinship with the spirit of Frederick Barbarossa; they belong to the school summed up by Machiavelli.

Curiously enough, on Ezzelino's overthrow Uberto Pelavicini established a redoubtable power in Lombardy, stronger even than that which the Emperor Frederick had exercised; he held dominion over Milan, Cremona, Piacenza, Brescia, and Tortona. Nothing could show better than this union of Milan and Cremona under one lordship what strange bed-fellows the course of Italian politics flung together. Nevertheless, taking matters on a large sweep as we must, the sympathies and general policy of the Lombard cities, Guelf and Ghibelline, look comparatively stable. Though lord of Milan, Pelavicini must certainly rank as a Ghibelline chief. He was excommunicated by the Church and on the best of terms with Manfred. Manfred wished him to bar the way against any invader — Prince Edmund, perhaps — who should come to claim the crown of Sicily, and Pelavicini wished Manfred's aid against the Pope and Alphonso of Castile or any possible Emperor who might invade Italy at the Pope's bidding. The two were bound by the only bond that held strong men in those days, the bond of common interest.

The Ghibelline star was in the ascendant; and Manfred's hopes shone bright. Through his friendship with Pelavicini he was a power in Lombardy; he had strong friends in Piedmont; he had made an alliance with Genoa, and a treaty with Venice. And to crown his prosperous career came the great Ghibelline victory at Montaperti, which compelled the proud city of Florence to receive his royal lieutenant and all Tuscany to submit to his will as if he were Emperor.

It is now high time to turn to Tuscany, a province which at about the end of Frederick's reign comes forward into the main current of events.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TUSCANY (1200–1260)

Salutami Toscana,
quella ched è sovrana,
in cui regna tutta cortezia.

King Enzio.

Greet Tuscany for me,
A very queen is she,
And in her reigns all courtesy.

In early days Tuscany had been a marquisate. The last marquis was the father of the Great Countess Matilda; and she inherited from him this province and much broad territory besides. Matilda died (1115) a few years after she had attended the ceremonies at the duomo of Modena; and on her death the cities that had been under her dominion became to all intents and purposes free and independent. The Papacy and the Empire both claimed to be the rightful heir of her scattered domains; and in the disputes between the two, the cities found their opportunity. The marquisate continued, nominally at least, to be a fief of the Empire, and imperial governors rode down across the Apennines into the valley of the Arno, but they accomplished little. Under the stimulus of self-government, manufacture and trade grew apace, and their growth shaped and determined Tuscan history. Economic forces, pushing their way to sunshine and air, displaced the old order. Produce demanded a safe road to market.

The country barons, perched on hilltops, like eagles in their eyries, treated high-road, ford, and mountain pass as opportunities to levy what tolls they pleased. As soon as trade reached adolescence, the old system became intolerable. The early history of the cities is little more than a record of feats of arms against these barons; every spring or oftener the citizens sallied forth to lay siege to a castle or scale the walls of a fortified grange.

In the course of time the barons of the country roundabout were compelled to take up their abode within the walls, for part of the year at least, and become citizens. These unwilling immigrants naturally contracted friendships with the aristocracy of the city; together they made the patrician class, and clung to the feudal system. Next in the social scale, the principal burghers — bankers and merchants — made common cause with the lesser nobility, and constituted the upper middle class; below them came the bulk of the middle class — artisans, craftsmen and the lesser traders; at the bottom were the labouring class which possessed little or no political rights.

While these distinctions of rank and wealth divided society horizontally, as it were, into classes, a political division cut athwart class distinctions and divided each city into two political parties. It is hard to say what started political disagreements; nobles fell out with nobles, neighbours with neighbours. They were all quick in quarrel. Men joined this party or that for local or personal reasons, but having become members of a party they adopted all its cries and shibboleths. Politics were based on appetite. A sea-coast city, like Pisa, which had received generous charters from the Emperor and hoped for special privileges in the Sicilian ports, professed loyalty to the Empire. An inland city, like Florence, that feared lest she should be forced to give up imperial territory which she had seized upon during the Empire's weakness, turned to the Pope for support. The smaller towns sided with either power that would aid them against their ambitious neighbours. The baronage, always at enmity with the cities, naturally inclined to the Empire. And so in Tuscany, very much after the same manner as in Lombardy, two great political parties ranged themselves against one another. All the cities, however, as well as all the barons, recognized that as a matter of political theory they were parts of the Empire, and in times of peace rendered lip service to imperial authority.

The Empire not only claimed ultimate sovereignty over the cities, but an immediate jurisdiction over the small places and the country districts in between them; and during Frederick's reign the imperial lieutenants exercised authority over these domains, as well as certain sovereign rights over the cities, such, for instance, as imposing podestàs of the Emperor's choice. When, however, the imperial power was in abeyance, as after Frederick's death or during his wars with the Papacy, the cities at once forgot all memory of feudal allegiance, fought one another for the strips of imperial possessions that lay between them, and the loveliest province in the garden of the Empire was rent into angry pieces. From the mountains to the sea a score of petty sovereignties spent blood and treasure in heroic efforts to increase their territories.

The province of Tuscany is separated from Lombardy by the curving chain of the Apennines. After the traveller has crossed the pass near Pontremoli on the way southwest from Parma, he has done with waveless plains and descends into a lovely land of mountains, hills, and valleys, of bank and brae. Here the Arno for a hundred miles and more winds its many-coloured way westward to the sea. In those days it ran by noble forests as well as castles and towered cities. Dante thought but ill of the people it passed by: for, according to him, from the sources of the Arno in the Apennines until the river renders up its waters to the Mediterranean, all men shun virtue as they shun a snake. The Tuscans are so vile that it seems as if Circe had foully metamorphosed them. The river first flows past the inhabitants of the Casentino, "dirty hogs more worthy of acorns than of food made for human use;" lower down it comes upon the people of Arezzo, "curs that snarl more than their power warrants," and turns its course westward to avoid them; it then passes the accursed town of the Florentines, "dogs that behave like wolves," and descends at last to the citizens of Pisa, "foxes so full of cunning that they are afraid of nothing" (*Purg.* XIV).

But the outside of things, whether created by nature or the hand of man, from the leaning tower of Pisa to the gracious foothills of the Apennines, tell nothing of this depravity; sunshine and cloud, stone pine and flowing river, are in conspiracy to make us think that even in the thirteenth century Tuscany was not wholly unlike the earthly paradise; and every Tuscan city has now, and probably had then, her own way of making the traveller believe that it was for him rather than for any one else that she had built her churches and her palaces, her fountains and her towers. In all the Empire there was no fairer province, and we should be far from the truth if we accepted Dante's angry words without qualification.

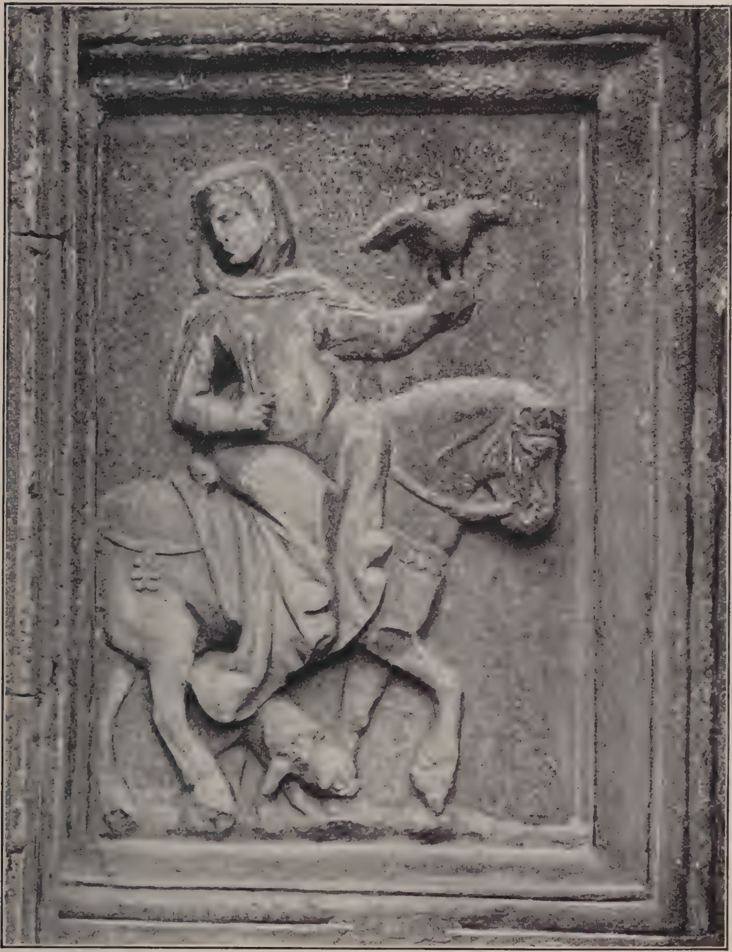
Arezzo, once one of the old Etruscan cities, is memorable to sonneteers and lovers as the birthplace of Petrarch, and to school-boys as that of Mæcenas "descended from ancestral kings," the friend and patron of Horace. In the first half of our century she had no permanent political relations; she took podestàs from Florence, Pisa, Perugia, Orvieto, Viterbo, Rome, Milan, Bologna, and Modena. And, though she opened her gates to the Emperors that came, Otto IV and Frederick II, she exhibited rather scant loyalty. When Frederick left after a brief visit in the troubled year, 1240, he railed against her: "Store-house of honey! — bitter as gall; a new people shall come and possess this land." Of her sister cities the nearest, as usual, were her worst foes. During the reign of the Emperor Frederick Siena was her chief enemy, but after Frederick's death Florence took Siena's place. And with regard to internal politics, in Arezzo, as in every other city, there were always two quarrelling parties; sometimes one, sometimes the other, was in power.

But Arezzo has a special interest as a place where the arts were cultivated. Margheritone, celebrated in his day, who painted many portraits of St. Francis, as well as Fra Guittone, head of the Tuscan school of poetry that succeeded the Sicilian school, was born there. Fra Ristoro, a learned man of scientific tastes who wrote a kind of encyclopædia on the *Composition of the World* (1282) was another citizen. So was the alchemist, Griffolino (*Inf.* xxix–xxx). And there was a group of virtuosi in Arezzo, whose enthusiasm for art tells us more about the first dawn of the Renaissance than all the chroniclers. Fra Ristoro has left an account of them in connection with a discovery of antique vases: "These are made of terra cotta, delicate as wax, perfect in form and of every variety. And on them are drawn or engraved all sorts of plants, with leaves and flowers, all kinds of animals that you can think of, wonderful in every respect, and so perfect that they surpass the work of nature. Two colours were used, blue and red, chiefly red; and these colours were luminous and very delicate, and so excellent, that though they were underground, the earth did them no hurt. They were found as fresh in colour as if but recently made. . . . I examined many of these vases; some of the figures on them were slim, some fat, one laughed, another cried, one was old, another a baby, one nude, one draped, one in armour, another not, one afoot, one on horseback; and there were battles and attacks, admirable in every detail; combats of fishes, birds and other creatures, all wonderful. There were scenes of hunting, hawking, and fishing, so good in every respect that one cannot imagine it. . . . A large part of a vase came into my possession on which the designs were so natural and delicate, that when the connoisseurs saw them they screamed and shouted aloud for joy, and were quite beside themselves, and became perfectly dumbfounded; but the ignoramuses would have broken it to pieces, and flung them away. When such fragments came into the possession of a sculptor, a designer, or of some one who knew about them, he preserved them as if they were sacred, wondering how any men could in a vase, by colour and design, have wrought such delicate art. They all said, 'These artists were divine, or else these vases came down from heaven'; for they could not understand how such vases could be made. It was surmised that this noble delicacy in art had been divinely granted to the city, on account of the noble situation in which the city stood, because noble artists delight in a noble land and a noble land demands noble artists."

Pisa, at the Arno's mouth, was one of the three great seaboard towns of Italy, and in the common judgment she and Florence were the two noblest cities of Tuscany. Her fame spread wherever traffickers sailed, from the Phœnician coast —

> To where the Atlantic raves
> Outside the western straits.

Her merchant galleys and her fighting ships were familiar sights off the Balearic Islands, Sardinia, and Sicily, or riding at anchor in the ports of Tripoli, Constantinople and Acre. Powerful abroad she made herself beautiful at home. She, too, cultivated the



Giovanni Pisano

Alinari, phot.

LADY HAWKING
Panel from Fountain at Perugia

arts. Several Pisans belonged to the Sicilian school of poetry. Giunta Pisano is one of the earliest painters whose names have come down to us. Bonanno, a worker in bronze, had been chosen to cast the doors of the cathedral at Monreale. And when the Dominicans at Parma wished for a bell that should be heard as far as Reggio, they employed a bell-maker of Pisa. But neither in excellence nor in renown could any of these arts match with Pisan architecture. There is no group of sister buildings in all Europe, — cathedral, baptistery, and bell-tower, — comparable with hers; nor is there any building west of the Parthenon that fetches its colour from fairyland so direct as they, when their marble walls shine in the setting sun with a tender golden glow, as if the imprisoned genius of light were trying to force his way through alabaster doors. One thinks of Pisa as once a mermaiden, combing her golden hair with a golden comb upon a summer's day on the banks of the Arno, and metamorphosed by some enamoured god into a beautiful city out of revenge for her disdain. Pisa, like Siena, was steadfastly loyal to the Empire, not from sentiment, but because she desired privileges in Sicily, and because her rivalry with Genoa constrained her to take the side opposed to that which Genoa took. While the Hohenstaufens prospered she prospered, but after their overthrow her fortunes sank before the rising power of Florence and the fierce enmity of Genoa; for, as Bro. Salimbene says in his memoirs, "There is a natural hatred between men and snakes, dogs and wolves, horses and griffins, and so there is between Pisa and Genoa, between Pisa and Lucca, and between Pisa and Florence."

To the north of Pisa, barely ten miles in a straight line, but separated by Monte Giuliano (*Inf.* XXXIII, 30), —

> per che i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno, —

lies Lucca, a city that casts a particular spell upon the traveller. The cathedral of St. Martin's is not beautiful like that at Pisa, but its picturesque, irregular façade, with its great arches cramped and squeezed by the massive campanile, and its pretty arcades that rise in tiers from the portico to the roof, have a familiar, friendly air, not untouched by simple nobility, and with a special persuasiveness induce one to linger. The round apse, too, is full of charm. In fact the building is well worthy, in its simplicity and dignity, to house *Il Santo Volto*, the sacred crucifix carved in wood by Nicodemus, so the story ran, on which the people of Lucca called for help in time of trouble. No other church in Lucca has as much exterior charm as the duomo; but San Frediano, if on the outside it lacks in grace and in the noble effect of good proportions, has a serene and massive solemnity within that no church in Tuscany and few churches elsewhere can match. There is a stoic nobleness in the long nave that runs, unvexed by transept, to the apse, and in the walls that mount solid and severe from the arcades of the nave to the roof, broken only by small clerestorey windows; and these stark, bald, walls in their archaic simplicity are of so stern a grandeur that the church would seem the habitation of some unmerciful deity, if it were not that the arcades themselves are light and full of grace, and that the floor as it approaches the altar mounts one step, then, farther on, four more, and then three and three again, as if, gathering courage as it went, it rose in adoration under the mystical impulse of a great yearning.

To-day the cathedral, San Frediano, San Michele, and their sister churches, seem what they are, mere monuments; but in those days they were places of social gathering. All Lucca was sociable, fond of seeing what was going on. And the churches were the indoor places for people to meet, just as the piazza was the outdoor place. Almost the only music was heard in the churches, and the people of Lucca were very fond of music. At the Franciscan monastery there, Bro. Vita made a great reputation as a singer. He sang most sweetly. "When he wished to sing [I quote Bro. Salimbene again] the nightingale, trilling in the hedge or on the blackberry bush, gave way, listened intently, and would not stir from its place; afterwards it would resume its song, and so the two, nightingale and monk, sang in turn their sweet, enchanting songs." The churches were the art galleries, for all the sculpture and painting were there; they were the theatres, for such theatrical performances as there were — little plays on sacred subjects, — were given in them under the charge of the priests. Magistrates, for lack of a public hall, sometimes exercised their functions there; guilds often met in them; and general meetings of the citizens were held in the cathedral. Ecclesiastical festivals brought the churches familiarly into domestic life; and the common people spent more than half their summer evenings on the piazza in front of the duomo. Patriotism, pride, and a fond affection for familiar things, clustered about the famous churches of every town, and made them more than home to the citizens.

Pistoia, halfway between Lucca and Florence, but a little to the north, sitting at the feet of the Apennines, was Ghibelline, for the simple reason that her two neighbours, Lucca and Florence, were Guelf. In those days, when her monuments were young,—her cathedral, her mighty tower, Sant' Andrea, San Bartolommeo in Pantano and San Giovanni Fuorcivitas,—the city, so far as the builder's art could make it, must have been, if not charming, at least picturesque; and the zest for life and fierce power of hate of her people in those keen days gave her a quality of her own. Dante, whose judgments often seem so harsh to us, for our dull consciences are seldom roused to more than placid disapprobation, is at least just and true in his measure of the thrills of life; his fine spirit was tuned to the electrical animation of mere living and his records of life's intensity are the truest we have. But, except in his measures of the vibration of passion, he was as unjust to Pistoia as he was to Arezzo, Florence, and Pisa, and all the country through which the Arno runs. In the circle of thieves, beset with serpents, most horrible, Dante met — and the meeting was for the sake of an opportunity to berate Pistoia — a soul who in life had stolen the treasure of a church (*Inf.* xxiv, 124–26): —

"Vita bestial mi piacque, e non umana,
sì come a mul ch' io fui; son Vanni Fucci
bestia, e Pistoia mi fu degna tana;"

"Bestial life pleased me, not human,
Like the mule that I was; I am Vanni Fucci,
A beast, and Pistoia was a fit den for me."

Dante was so passionately sensitive to passing emotion that each moment of life came before him as part of eternity, charged with the awful seriousness of everlasting things, and every petty sin dragged at its heels an infinite consequence of evil and woe.

Ahi Pistoia, Pistoia, che non stanzi
d' incenerarti, sì che più non duri!
(*Inf.* xxv, 10–11.)

Ah, Pistoia, Pistoia, why dost thou not resolve
To turn thyself to ashes, so that thou shalt exist no more!

It would be fanciful to suppose that all thirteenth century Italy shared Dante's passion; but it would be equally wrong to suppose that Dante was wholly apart from other men and that their pulses beat as temperately as ours. The world was young, life was running strong, every to-morrow was big with possibilities, energy seemed to hold all glory in its hand; and the people in these little towns were aquiver with excitement. The *Divine Comedy* is not merely the summing-up of mediæval religion, or the expression of mediæval belief in moral law, it is the index of the human passions of thirteenth century Italy; beyond comparison, it is the most important historical record of the time.

West of Arezzo and about thirty-five miles due south of Florence lay Siena, the most gifted and most charming of all the hill towns of Italy, as loyal to the Empire as Cremona or Pavia, and as proud as the proudest city of them all. She, too, in those days was the gayest of the gay. There the *Brigata Spendereccia*, the Company of Spendthrifts,—Stricca (*Inf.* XXIX), "who knew how to make his expenses *moderate*," Niccolò, the gourmet, who invented a famous dish flavoured with cloves, Caccia of Asciano, who squandered vineyard and forest, Abbagliato, proud of his wit, Lano (*Inf.* XIII), who finally took his own life, and their comrades,—sowed the wild crop of golden oats that brought forth a harvest to be reaped in hell.

> Or fu giammai
> gente sì vana come la sanese?
> certo non la francesca sì d'assai.
> (*Inf.* XXIX, 121–23.)

> Now was there ever
> People so light-minded as the Sienese?
> Certainly the French not near so much.

Siena had her serious side as well, and she meant to prove it to the world by her new cathedral.

In ancient times, so the story went, on the top of one of the hilly summits of the city, there had been a temple dedicated to Minerva. When Siena became Christian a church built in honour of the Virgin Mary had succeeded to the temple. This church had long been too small to hold all the people of the city, and it was determined to build in its stead a new cathedral. This was begun before 1245. There is no record of any definite design and none of any architect. The cathedral was the work of the city very much as the basilica at Assisi, begun at about the same time, was the work of Bro. Elias. There was a master in charge of the works, there was a committee of nine elected by the several districts of the city to consult with the master and determine what had best be done, there was a committee of three, appointed by the great council, to act as treasurer; the administrative officers of the city were charged with making all needful provisions for the work, and the podestà was sworn to see that the master of the works and the committees performed their duties. The cost was to be met by various means: the city itself should pay the salaries of ten master workmen, and carry the marble from the quarry; owners of beasts of burden should fetch two loads of marble every year; subject towns, villages and barons were to make offerings of money, candles or wax; and every inhabitant, between the ages of eighteen and seventy, must offer a wax candle on the vigil of the Madonna of the Assumption. These candles were sold and the proceeds paid into the church treasury. Besides the receipts from these imposts, the bishop and clergy contributed, while the faithful made oblations or bequeathed legacies.

The people, urged on by zeal for the glory of the Virgin and by desire to rival Pisa and outdo Florence, pushed the work apace, and by 1259 the nave was finished. The organic construction follows the general method of Lombard ecclesiastical architecture; but in the ornamental details a touch of the Gothic style shows itself. This Gothic influence, feeble as it was, could not have come in any direct channel from France, for the staunch imperial city would have rejected any such interference of an alien race. It probably came by way of the neighbouring monastery of San Galgano, for the Gothic style had been brought there from the southern monastery of Fossanova by Cistercian monks; and at this time, when the main structure of the cathedral was definitely determined, a monk from San Galgano, Fra Melano, was master of the works, and later other monks from there succeeded to his office. However that may be, while Fra Melano was in charge the Gothic influence must have been hardly perceptible; the decoration of finials and gables belongs to a later date.

The building was not very well done; perhaps there were too many committees of citizens with a right to intermeddle. Some critics said that the vaults were cracking and would fall. All the master workmen were consulted; they reported that the alarm was unfounded, that the vaults need not be taken down, because the new adjoining vaults would strengthen them. By this time Florence and her Guelf allies menaced the city, so that the building must have been delayed for a time; but the war was quickly ended by the victory of Montaperti, and the work went on again. A couple of years later there are records of work done on the roof, and in 1264 the cupola was finished. The interior seems to testify to the agitated times through which the city was passing, for there are many little irregularities in the piers, in the curves and angles of the vaulting ribs, and most of all in the cupola itself. These frequent irregularities may be due to subtle art, perhaps to carelessness, or perhaps to the changing tastes of the citizens' committees that succeeded one another rapidly; they give a picturesque and fanciful appearance, but the alternate courses of black and white marble require a special and peculiar taste. The front of the cathedral was a plain brick wall, awaiting marble decoration, for according to the Italian fashion the façade was mere ornament and had no organic part in the construction of the edifice. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the cathedral of Siena was proof of a rich and proud commonwealth and of the character and energy of its citizens.

Though devoted to the Empire, Siena was no friend to the feudal baronage: she was a commercial town, her aristocracy was chiefly composed of bankers and traders. The Buonsignori, Cacciaconti, Squarcialupi, Tolomei, and Piccolomini had financial and commercial relations of great consequence with France and England. During the pontificate of Gregory IX, some of her bankers, for instance Solafica Angiolieri, grandfather of the poet Cecco Angiolieri, handled part of the papal funds; and in England, representatives of the great Sienese houses received and transmitted revenues collected for the popes, and incidentally obtained large gains by putting their own money out at usury, for in England the rate was high.

With Siena, as with all other trading towns, the first great need had been to sweep away from the neighbourhood of her gates the feudal barons who infested the roads and laid toll on passing merchants. Chief of these feudal barons were the Aldobrandeschi, whose seat was to the south at Santa Fiora, in the Tuscan Apennines. Their dominion extended westward past Campagnatico and Grosseto to the sea, and eastward commanded the high-road to Rome. They reckoned their castles and strongholds by the hundred, and maintained the predatory habits of mediæval nobles in all pristine simplicity. By constant guerilla war these turbulent barons to the south were muzzled; but the warfare to the north against the rising greatness of Florence was more serious. Disagreements as to dominion, rivalry in trade, contention for control of the high-road that led to Rome, the leaning of one to the Empire and of the other to the Church, maintained a state of mutual hatred and of frequent war.

In domestic affairs at Siena, as elsewhere, wealth determined political power; little by little traders raised themselves to an equality with the landed baronage. By 1240 the chief body in the government, the Council of Twenty-four, was evenly divided between nobles and burghers. The two political parties were called the *Milites*, Knights, and the *Popolo*, the People; but these names are misleading, for political divisions did not coincide with class distinctions. It often happened that aristocrats, like Provenzano Salvani who rose to almost supreme power, were on the People's side, and that rich burghers and many men of the lower classes sided with the Knights. A year or two after the battle of Montaperti the government stood on a broader base than before, but it remained staunchly aristocratic. The Council of the Bell, a large body of three hundred members or more, became the main organ of administration and legislation; while two great guilds, the *Bankers* and the *Retail Traders*, had a special share in the government, their consuls being *ex officio* members of the Council of the Bell, and of the Committee on Legislation. Siena has been called a city of shop-keepers, but the government was in the hands of the aristocracy of finance.

Siena was a bold and proud city; both she and Pisa would have laughed with incredulous scorn at any prophecy that they should both become tributary to their hated neighbour.

CHAPTER XXIX

FLORENCE

Ai dolze e gaja terra fiorentina!
fontana di valore e di piagenza,
fiore de l' altre, Fiorenza!
qualunque à più savere ti tene reina;
formata fue di Roma tua semenza,
e da Dio solo data la dotrina.

CHIARO DAVANZATI.

Alas! Sweet and gay Florentine land!
Fountain of valour and of pleasantness,
Flower of all others, Florence!
Whoever hath most wit holds thee for queen;
Thy origin was wrought by Rome,
And thy genius given by God himself.

NONE of the Tuscan cities, not Siena crowned with towers, nor Pisa with her marble beauty and her adventurous traffickers, can hope to rival Florence, Rome's most famous and most beautiful daughter. Her leadership was not in the arts. The baptistery and San Miniato, with all their feminine charm, cannot be put in the same rank with the edifices at Pisa; she had no painters, and no sculptors, of note. She had, indeed, produced poets in abundance, but none of conspicuous talents. Her virtue lay in her energy, her industry, her intellectual curiosity, her self-confidence, her optimism, and her large ambitions. Her people were shrewd, quick-witted, gay and jovial. Friar Salimbene, who was well acquainted with half the cities of Italy and France, can never say enough of their gibes and bursts of merriment.

But notwithstanding her joy in living, her intellectual curiosity and her interest in poetry, the most significant circumstance in Florence was the growth of wealth. Production increased, the population multiplied; many new processes in manufacturing were devised; efficiency and economy were introduced; the system of banking was improved and expanded. Experiments of many kinds, many happy inventions, preceded so much success. But little record of all this industry, of the lives of merchants, artisans, and inventors, remains. There are a few feudal grants, a few deeds of conveyance, books of mercantile accounts, minutes of expenses, that bear witness to the daily affairs of bargain and sale, of warehouse and counting-room; but for the most part the chroniclers and historians are taken up with war, and in particular with the strife between the two great political parties. Politics were almost synonymous with war.

In the city of Florence this division into parties was suddenly lighted up, at least according to Giovanni Villani, the historian, by a romantic tragedy. In the year 1215, about the time when young Frederick II was on his way to be crowned King of the Romans at Aachen, and King John of England was in momentous conference with his barons at Runnymede, a young gentleman of Florence, Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti, was betrothed to a girl of the Amidei family, who were of kin to the renowned Uberti, the most powerful family in the city. Unluckily for Florence, a match-making mother, Lady Gualdrada Donati, persuaded the fickle young fellow to jilt the girl and marry her own beautiful daughter. It was a churlish and dangerous act on his part. The Amidei were people of consequence:—

> La casa di che nacque il vostro fleto,
>   per lo giusto disdegno che v' ha morti
>   e posto fine al vostro viver lieto,
> era onorata ed essa e suoi consorti.
>   O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti
>   le nozze sue per gli altrui comforti!
>
> (*Par.* XVI, 136–41.)

> The house of which was born your weeping,
>   (Because of the righteous indignation which slew you
>   And put an end to your joyous life)
> Was honoured, both it and its allies.
>   Oh Buondelmonte, how wrongfully thou fledst
>   Marriage into it at the persuasion of another!

The kinsmen of the jilted girl took great offence, and met together to decide what should be done. Mosca de' Lamberti said, "a thing done is finished." Down in the eighth circle of Hell, where lie Mohammed, Bertran de Born and other sowers of discord, Dante met a ghost, with both hands cut off, waving his bloody stumps, who cried:—

> "Ricordera' ti anche del Mosca,
> che dissi, lasso! 'Capo ha cosa fatta',
> che fu il mal seme della gente tosca."
>
> (*Inf.* XXVIII, 106–08.)

> "Thou wilt also remember Mosca,
> Who said (alas!) 'A thing done is finished'
> Which was the seed of evil for the Tuscan people."

The others assented to what Mosca said, and on Easter morning they lay in wait by the statue of Mars at the head of the Ponte Vecchio; and when young Buondelmonte, dressed like a bridegroom all in white, came riding across on his white palfrey, they dashed out. Schiatta degli Uberti struck him from his horse, Mosca and Lambertuccio degli Amidei threw themselves upon him, and others besides shared in the murder. So, anger and vengeance widened the split between the political factions. The Buondelmonti and their friends ranged themselves with the Church party, while the Uberti and other patrician families drew closer together on the side of the Empire. It was in Florence, according to Salimbene, that the names Guelf and Ghibelline were adopted. He says: "In Florence the Church party was called Guelf and the imperial party Ghibelline; and from these two factions the parties in all Tuscany have been named and are so named up to the present time, and all have drunk from the cup of the wrath of God, and have drunk it to the dregs." It must be remembered that political parties then, as political parties do now, found their active members among those whom we call politicians, or else among the men who profited by the success of the party, and that the term Guelf party, for instance, usually refers to the active members of the party and not to all: when we read a statement in Villani's history that the Guelfs were expelled from a certain city, it simply refers to the men of political consequence in the party.

From the time of the Buondelmonte murder till after the Council of Lyons (1245), when the Emperor turned his attention to the city, the politics of Florence both at home and abroad concerned themselves mainly with manufacture and commerce. Feuds between families, jealousies between ambitious noblemen, glitter with dramatic glamour and divert the attention from the workings of economic forces, but those forces pursued their course steadily both within the walls and without. The guilds grew in wealth and power; the bankers extended their financial operations far and wide; the wool merchants imported raw woollen cloth from Holland and Flanders, dressed it, dyed it, and sent it out again east, west, and north; other trades followed their lead. Little by little these guilds grew to be the main strength of the state, and more and more gave an anti-feudal complexion to the city's policy.

Florence's two principal antagonists were Siena and Pisa. To the south Siena was her competitor for the possession of various castles and villages that lay between them. To the west, Pisa was mistress of the sea and wished to add to her maritime commerce the command of inland trade; whereas Florence, mistress of the inland trade, wished free access to the sea. Pistoia, too, from jealousies bred of neighbourhood and conscious inferiority, was hostile to Florence. The consequence was a long series of petty wars. The headings of Giovanni Villani's chapters read: How the first war began between the Pisans and the Florentines; How the Pisans were defeated by the Florentines at Bosco castle; How the Florentines sent an army against Pistoia and took the castle of Carmignano; How the Florentines went to war with the Sienese; and so on. These wars terminated to the honour of Florence, for though the political parties in the city were sharply marked, and there was no love lost between the patrician families and the trading class, nevertheless all acted together as fellow-citizens against a common enemy.

The course of Florentine history was rudely disturbed at the beginning of 1248. The Emperor, furious with the Pope, and wishing to strike a hard blow at the Church party in Tuscany, intrigued with the Uberti, urged them to seize the city, and promised aid. The Uberti, ever ready for a fray, gave the signal to the Ghibellines, and attacked the Guelfs in every district of the city. For three days the fighting kept up; mangonels discharged bolts and stones from the towers, archers shot their arrows from window and roof, and round the barricades in the streets men fought on foot with sword and pike. At last the promised imperial forces came, Frederick of Antioch, one of the Emperor's bastard sons, brought up sixteen hundred German horse, and decided the victory. The Guelfs fled and left the city in possession of their enemies. But the rule of the Ghibelline nobles was short; on the Emperor's death the people opened the gates to the exiled Guelfs, and, for the moment making common cause with them, set up a government known as the *Primo Popolo*, the first popular government, because the people, or rather the upper middle class, shared the power with the nobility.

The constitution of the *Primo Popolo* was somewhat like the constitution of Bologna after the popular revolt in 1228, but Florence preceded Bologna by several years in the appointment of a captain of the People. As in Bologna, the government was a sort of partnership between the commune and the confederated guilds. The podestà with his two councils, representing the aristocratic party of the old régime, formed the *Commune;* while the captain of the People, with his two councils, representing the men of business, constituted the *People.* Control of the soldiery was divided. The podestà commanded the cavalry, composed of knights and gentlemen, who for convenience may be called the regular army, while the captain of the People commanded the trainbands. To complete the government, there was a board of Ancients, and a privy council; and finally a parliament of the enfranchised citizens, which sometimes had the privilege of voting aye or no on important matters.

The *Primo Popolo* made a great name for itself. The new government drew upon the energies and abilities of the trading classes as well as of the nobility, and raised Florence to the first place among Tuscan cities. It extended its dominion over castles and towns near and far; it brought Pisa and Siena to terms. It began the palace of the podestà, now the Bargello, it built the bridge, Ponte alla Trinità, it erected walls to defend the district across the Arno; and achieved its most enduring title to fame by coining the florin, a new coin of pure gold, with the lily of Florence stamped on one side and St. John Baptist on the other. The swelling trade of Florence soon sent these florins far and wide. Commerce needed such a coin and even rival cities made use of it, to the proud satisfaction of all patriotic Florentines, as this anecdote, told by Giovanni Villani, shows: "Some florins were brought to the King of Tunis, who was a wise and worthy man; he was much pleased with them, tested them, found them of the finest gold and praised them very much. He had his interpreters explain to him the stamp and the words, and learned that they were 'St. John Baptist' and, on the lily side, 'Florentia.' Seeing that it was the money of Christians, he sent for Pisan merchants and asked them, what rank this Florentia, which had coined these florins, held among Christian cities. The Pisans answered contemptuously: 'They are our inland Arabs,' which was tantamount to saying, 'Our men of the wilderness.' The king remarked shrewdly: 'It does not seem money of Arabs; and you, Pisans, what gold coins have you?' At that they were ashamed and had nothing to say. Then he asked if there was any merchant from Florence about, and a man from Oltrarno [the district across the Arno] was found, Perla Balducci, a very intelligent man. The king questioned him concerning the condition and position of Florentines, whom the Pisans made out to be their Arabs; and he answered sensibly, describing the greatness and magnificence of Florence, and how Pisa in comparison was not half of Florence in power and in people, that the Pisans did not have any gold money, and that the florin was a sign of the superiority of the Florentines and of the many victories they had won against the Pisans. At this the Pisans were put to shame, and the king, on account of the florins and of what our intelligent citizen had said, gave the Florentines free entry and permitted them to have business houses and a church in Tunis and the same privileges as the Pisans. And I learned this fact from Perla aforesaid, a trustworthy man, whom I met in the office of the Priory in the year of Our Lord, 1316, he being ninety years old, and in good health and possession of his faculties." Indeed the florin at this time sums up the history of Florence.

The city was nothing like as large as it is now. The walls ran well within the sites of Santa Croce to the east, of the Palazzo Riccardi to the north, and of Santa Maria Novella to the west; the main city, excluding Oltrarno, measured about a thousand yards east and west by eight hundred north and south. *In poca piazza fa mirabil cose:* within this little space the people of Florence were destined to achieve a glory second only to the glory of Athens.

For ten years the *Primo Popolo* ran its brilliant career. Then the see-saw of politics shifted its balance under the rising fortunes of King Manfred. The bold Uberti, restless intriguers, and their fellow nobles, conspired to overthrow the popular government; the plot was discovered, one of the Uberti was killed in fight, another caught and beheaded, and the rest with their adherents fled to Siena. Here, in contravention of a treaty between Florence and Siena, they were hospitably received by the haughty Ghibelline leader, Provenzano Salvani. This provocation was hardly needed to prick the two cities to a quarrel, for war was the normal relation between them. Each side raided the territories of the other. The Florentines in one foray captured the royal banner of King Manfred, who had sent some troopers to Siena. The Sienese gave back as good as they got, at least so their report went. A member of the rich mercantile house of the Cacciaconti wrote to his factor in France that the Florentines were afraid: "We wish you to know, Giacomo [he writes], that we are put to great expense and ado, on account of the war with Florence. It will make a big hole in our purse, but we will scotch Florence so that we shall never have to pay attention to her again, if God will only keep King Manfred from harm, God bless him. . . . In the city are eight hundred horsemen to bring death and destruction to Florence. And know that they are so afraid of us and of our cavalry that they all disappear, and no matter where they are never wait to meet us. When we marched to Colle, they withdrew horse and foot as far as Barberino; but when we had completed our devastations and had returned to Siena, they advanced again. As soon as we heard this, all went out, cavalry and infantry and marched against them. We proceeded as far as Poggibonsi; there we learned that they had fled and gone away. We sent our infantry back to Siena, but our cavalry went in pursuit, and chased them like cowards from hill to hill, and we went burning and ravaging within four miles of Florence. So you can see that they are afraid of us, and you may be sure that this year, please God, we will give them the *malanno* [a fearful curse]."

These forays were of little military consequence; both sides prepared for a great battle. The Sienese obtained reinforcements from Pisa and other friendly towns, together with the eight hundred German cavalry sent by King Manfred. The burghers of Florence called on all the Guelf towns of Tuscany to send aid. Two Guelf nobles, Count Guido Guerra, almost the only member of his house to espouse the Guelf cause, and Tegghiaio Aldobrandi, spoke loudly against the expedition, for they understood the great superiority of the German mercenaries and the Ghibelline Knights over the Florentine militia; but in vain. Every city of Tuscany under Guelf dominion, — Lucca, Pistoia, Prato, Volterra, San Miniato, San Gimignano, — sent up its tale of men; Perugia from Umbria, Orvieto from St. Peter's Patrimony, and even Bologna from beyond the Apennines, furnished troops. There was scarce a family in Florence that did not contribute one or two men at the least. Dante's uncle, Brunetto di Bellincione, Coppo di Marcovaldo, the painter, the poets Chiaro Davanzati and Pallamidesse fought in the battle. There were said to be three thousand horse and thirty thousand foot. The Ghibellines were greatly outnumbered, but Count Aldobrandino of Santa Fiora, Count Giordano, King Manfred's cousin, Farinata degli Uberti, head of the family, and Provenzano Salvani, was each a host in himself, and the Ghibelline nobles were far better disciplined than the Florentine troops.

The Guelf army marched on Siena with the gay gonfalons of the trainbands fluttering over each company and the great red and white banner of Florence flying at the flagstaff of the carroccio; everybody felt confident of victory.

In Siena there was much alarm. Within the duomo the clergy, led by the bishop, barefoot, walked round in solemn procession, singing hymns and praying that as God had been pleased to deliver Nineveh through the fasting and prayer of her people, so might He now be pleased to deliver Siena from the malignant wrath of the Florentines. And outside, through the city streets, the head of the council, the venerable Buonaguida, barefoot, bareheaded and in his shirt, led a great crowd to the duomo, saying: "Virgin Mary, aid us in our great need and rescue us from the paw of these lions that seek to devour us." At the door the bishop met Buonaguida, and the two marched in front of the procession to the altar of the Virgin, where they knelt and prayed. Buonaguida prostrated himself at full length and said: "Virgin, glorious queen of heaven, mother of sinners, I a miserable sinner give, grant and enfeoff thee with this city of Siena and its territory; and I pray thee, sweetest mother, that it may please thee to accept it, although our frailty is great and our sins are many. Consider not our offences. Guard the city, I beseech thee. Defend and save her from the hands of the perfidious Florentine hounds, and from all who would oppress her or subject her to suffering and ruin." The bishop then mounted the pulpit and preached a most beautiful sermon, admonishing the people by good examples; and he begged and commanded that all should embrace one another, forgive all injuries, go to confession, take communion, and all be good friends, and that they commend the city to the protection of the saints.

When the bishop had finished his discourse, the crowd fell into line, — the crucifix at the head, a band of monks, the cross of the duomo, a company of priests, the red banner, the bishop barefoot and Buonaguida in his shirt, the canons of the duomo barefoot and bareheaded, a multitude of women also barefoot, many with their hair dishevelled, — and so the procession wound through the city, all singing hymns or repeating paternosters. Other means were not neglected. A very rich banker, Messer Salimbene dei Salimbeni, lent 118,000 gold florins to the state without interest, in order to enable it to pay the soldiers. He brought the money on a cart covered with scarlet and decked with olive branches. Attempts also were made, not without success, to stir up treason in the Guelf army. The German mercenaries were given double pay and bidden make mince meat of the malignant Florentines; the Italian troops were marshalled and harangued; all feasted upon many kinds of roast dishes and excellent sweets, and drank good wines most abundantly. Thus fortified, in the name of God, of the Virgin Mary and of St. George they marched to the fray.

The Florentine army had halted four or five miles east of Siena, near the heights of Montaperti and not far from the river Arbia. The stories of the battle disagree. The victors ascribe the victory to their valour and to that of their allies; the vanquished attribute it to the defection of their own men. According to Villani, as the Sienese drew near, many men of Ghibelline sympathies in the Florentine army, both horse and foot, went over to join them; and at the onset, when the German cavalry were charging, some of the Florentines, Ghibellines at heart, turned traitors and one of them, Bocca degli Abati, smote off the hand of the horseman who was carrying the banner; the banner fell, no man knew whom to trust, all was confusion. The Florentine cavalry fled first; the foot-soldiers followed. The rout was complete; the slaughter was so great that the Arbia ran red with blood. Florence lost "the flower of her youth," and her allies were scattered far and wide. No attempt was made to defend the city; the exiles returned triumphantly, and established their own government with Count Guido Novello (a kinsman of Guido Guerra) as podestà on behalf of King Manfred. The Ghibelline chiefs held a council of war, and all were of the opinion that Florence, their arch enemy, should be razed to the ground, excepting only Farinata degli Uberti, who said that he would defend her with his sword, even if he had to fight alone (*Inf.* x, 91–93):—

"Ma fu' io sol colà, dove sofferto
fu per ciascuno di torre via Fiorenza,
colui che la difesi a viso aperto."

But I was the only man there, where it was agreed
By every one to do away with Florence,
Who defended her openly face to face.

By his opposition the city was saved, but she was obliged to give up her conquests; and all Tuscany, even Lucca, became subject to Ghibelline dominion.

King Manfred's star was in the ascendant. Uberto Pelavicini and Buoso da Dovara upheld his cause in the north; his daughter Constance married Prince Peter of Aragon; the rival candidates for the Empire, Richard of Cornwall and Alphonso of Castile did nothing to assert their titles; Corradino was still a little boy, too young to set up any claim to the Sicilian crown; the King of England was so busy with his rebellious barons that he had no thought or means to spare for the furtherance of his son Edmund's claim; and Pope Alexander IV was a mild old man of small danger to anybody. Turn in what direction he would King Manfred found the sky blue and cloudless. He hunted with his hounds, he followed his hawks, he smiled his winning smile at many a lovely lady, he wrote sonnets, and in the cool of day he rode out into the country with his Sicilian minstrels, singing canzoni and strambotti. Like his father he encouraged the things of the mind. Clad always in green, with his fair hair and his merry blue eyes, he was in his epicurean way as charming a person as any in Europe, excepting only the noble, religious, King Louis of France. These two, even in their charm, were as unlike as men can be; in their youth, while the gay Italian boy was singing his songs to the ladies of Apulia, with dusky Saracens on guard at the castle gates, King Louis was sacrificing health, wealth and the lives of innumerable Frenchmen in the deserts of Egypt to the glory of God. And destiny, or rather the Church, dealt a poetical judgment of her own kind to each. Manfred she cursed, dethroned, and hounded to death; Louis she blessed and canonized.

END OF VOLUME I

ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER I

THE INTERMEDIATE POETS

Let us now praise famous men . . . such as . . . set forth verses in writing. — Ecclesiasticus, XLIV.

The Sicilian school of poetry fell with the fall of the House of Hohenstaufen, but its influence still lingered on even after new schools had arisen, and showed itself in a few faithful disciples here and there. Of these laggards Dante has lifted one, Bonagiunta of Lucca, to a high place in the palace of fame, less to do him honour, than to use him as a beacon by which to mark the progress of poetry. In point of time Bonagiunta belongs with later poets, Guido Guinizelli, Dante himself, and Cino da Pistoia; but his lack of sincerity, and his clinging to the Provençal manner are badges that manifest the old poetical habit of Jacopo da Lentino, the Notary, and his school. Yet in his lifetime he had his admirers, whose taste in poetry was fashioned by what they had heard when they were boys, men who judged it a great compliment to liken him to the troubadours, Folquet of Marseilles and Pierre Vidal. Bonagiunta, too, was by profession a notary; apart from this the records show little except that towards the end of the century he had some duties of superintending the works on the church of San Michele in his native town. It is also said of him that though ready with rhymes he was readier with the wine cup. His poems, such as are left, are his real record; and if he is far inferior to the later poets of the "sweet new style," at least he seems as good as those of the school to which he belongs.

Quando vegio la rivera
e le pratora fiorire,
e partir lo verno k' era,
e la state venire,
e li auselli in ischiera
cantare e risbaldire,
no mi posso sofferire
di farne dimostrança;
k' io agio odito dire
c' una grande allegrança
non si po ben covrire,
cotanto s' innavança.
E l' amança
per usança
c' ò de la frescura,
e li alori
c' ò de' fiori,
rende la verdura,
sì m' incora
e innamora,
ke mi disnatura;
und' io trovo novi canti
per solaço degli amanti,
ke ne canti
tuctiquanti.

When along the river side
I see the fields with flow'rets pied,
And the winter gone away
And the summer come to stay,

And the birds in merry band
Sing and carol through the land,
I cannot hold back
From joining with the jolly pack;
For I have heard men say
That on a jocund holiday
They cannot outwardly conceal
The inner merriment they feel.
And the affection,
Through recollection
Of this fresh scenery,
With the laurel
(Wholly floral)
In its greenery,
Plucks up my soul
To Love's control,
And maketh a new man of me.
Wherefore I sing new songs
To comfort lovers' wrongs,
And sing away
The livelong day.

These verses sound poor enough in the bald English translation; but if a street singer, as sometimes happened in Lucca or Bologna, "was a handsome man, clad in samite, with a coronal of flowers on a good head of fair hair, well combed, and in his hand a lute, wonderfully made, painted and inlaid with ivory," and if this baritone or tenor stood in the piazza before the cathedral in Lucca or in front of the palace of the podestà in Bologna, and trolled out the easy Italian rhymes, one would surely have joined the crowd about him and applauded with all the people of the neighbourhood.

With Bonagiunta we take leave of the Sicilian school and its royal memories; yet before going on to the next school, which is in the main contemporary with the Italian career of Charles of Anjou, some notice perhaps is due to those poets who have not been assigned to any school by the text-writers. Of these there were many; some wrote religious poetry, some didactic, and others popular poems and songs or ballads. They were, for the most part, poets little known outside of their own neighbourhood; and though unclassified seem to come as close to nature as the poets of the schools. I quote from a poem called *Proverbia que dicuntur super natura Feminarum*, Proverbs on the nature of Women, written perhaps by a native of Cremona, Messer Girardo Patecchio, who wrote a poem often referred to by Bro. Salimbene, *The Book of Ennui*, and also had put into rhyme the Proverbs of Solomon: —

Levaime una maitina a la stela diana,
entrai en un çardino q'era su 'na flumana,
et era plen de flore aulente plui de grana;
colgaime su le flore apres una fontana.
Oi deu, com de grande gloria era plen sto çardino,
de bele erbe aulente e de flore de spino,
e de rosignoleti qe braiva en so latino,
lo merlo e lo tordo cantava sopra l pino.
Sicom eu repausavame sovra le flor aulente,
un pensero veneme qe me torbà la mente,
de l'amor de le femene, com este fraudolente;
quand l'om en elle enfiase, como l mena rea mente.

I got up in the morning beneath the star of day,
I went into a garden that by a river lay,
And it was full of flowers sweeter far than hay;
I lay me down on flowers just where the fountains play.
  O dear, how full of glory that garden seemed to me,

With lovely fragrant grasses and hawthorn budding free,
And nightingales that trilled aloud their sweet latinity,
And blackbirds, too, and thrushes upon the tall pine tree.
While I am lying resting upon the fragrant herbs
A sudden thought comes to me that my peace of mind disturbs,
About the love that women give — how fraudulent are they!
How, when a man puts trust in them, they lead him far astray.

We leave these unclassified poets with a touch of academic disdain and, following the critics who seem most reasonable, turn to what they call the intermediate school of poetry.

The leader of this school of poetry, intermediate between the Sicilian school and Dante's circle, was Guittone of Arezzo. Not very much is known of him. He married in Arezzo, but divided most of his time apparently between Bologna and Florence. Sometime before the year 1269 he became a member of the Ordo Militiæ Beatæ Mariæ, a somewhat fashionable body, which Loderingo degli Andalò and other gentlemen of Bologna and Modena had founded for the purpose of succouring widows, orphans, pilgrims, and the poor, of making peace and of procuring other high objects. These noble purposes were apparently soon forgotten, and the Order became a sort of by-word, as its nickname "The Jolly Friars — Frati Godenti" indicates; and yet perhaps popular report did it injustice, for though Guittone may have joined it in his younger days, when he was a poet of love, nevertheless he continued to be much interested in it many years later, after he had turned his mind to moral and religious subjects.

Frate Guittone was much more of a man-of-letters than the poets of the Sicilian school; he was a Latin scholar, a student of Provençal, and he has left epistles in prose and in verse. His letters, as becomes a frate and a man of his position in the literary world, are pious and a little rhetorical, and in writing to ladies he carefully observes Boncompagno's precept not to spare flattery, yet his letters, even to ladies, sound sincere. Some concern the city of Florence, and it is pretty to see his love for her. There exists a letter of his written to Florentine friends, *carissimi e amatissimi molti miei*, in which he exhorts them to peace and amity: "You must know that it is not costly clothes that make a man, nor palaces that make a city, but as reason, wisdom, right living make a man, so do ordered justice, peace and happiness make a city. O queen of cities, once court of justice, school of wisdom, mirror of conduct, mould of manners, . . . now a cave of robbers, a school of murder, a mirror of death, a mould of felony! . . . What shall now stop the people of Perugia from taking Lake Thrasimene, or the men of Bologna from crossing the Apennines? . . . God did not create men to prey on men, but to help one another, and therefore no man suffices for himself, but men must live together. . . . God said that all the law and all the prophets were included in charity; so he that fulfils charity fulfils all justice and all good. Our Lord put salvation nowhere but in peace; and in his last will he left his peace to his disciples, showing that outside of peace nothing is of advantage, and with peace there is nothing useless or hurtful. O miserable men, why do ye hate peace so? Do ye not know that nothing is lovable but goodness, and that there can be no enjoyment of goodness except in peace? Therefore every habitation of man should be peaceful; but a city is the place above all others where peace and joy should always be found, and where he that seeks peace and joy may betake himself." One hardly expects to hear such sentiments in any Italian city, but they do honour to the Ordo Militiæ Beatæ Mariæ and should help clear its reputation from the imputations which vulgar gossip has directed against it.

But Guittone's position in the story of Italian literature is not as a writer of prose but as a poet. For a time (putting aside the admirers of Bonagiunta who held Provençal poetry better than Italian) until his reputation became eclipsed by the rising glory of Guido Guinizelli, he was esteemed the best poet in Italy, and counted his disciples in Florence, Siena, Lucca, and Pisa. In fact he is the first distinguished Tuscan poet. To the English reader he is both obscure and irritating. Who can wish to puzzle through verses, whose excellence lies in the *tour de force* of repeating a monotonous rhyme — porta, m'aporta, m'aporta, porta, deporto, deporto, porti, porti, porti, followed by another series of conta, conta, conta, conta, conto, conto, conti, conti, conti? Or who, unless he has been bred on artificial poetry, can enjoy a sonnet where the lines rhyme not only at the ends but also with their third and fourth syllables? But sometimes Guittone rises to real feeling, as in the poem which he addresses to Florence after the terrible defeat at Montaperti. No native Florentine could feel more grief than he does, nor more indignation and scorn for the Ghibelline faction whose disloyalty had brought so much woe upon their city.

Ai lasso, or è stagion de doler tanto
a ciascuno che ben ama ragione :

Alas, now is the time greatly to grieve
For every man who truly loves the right:
. . . .
At such a height was the deflowered Flower,
So long as she was loyal to herself,
That she on her imperial way kept on,
By her high valour conquering
Many a land and province far and near;
She seemed about to found an empire
As Rome once did, and easy
For her was 't, since none could bar her path.
And in this she was surely right,
Because not for her own advantage did she toil
But justice to maintain and peace;
And, too, her pleasure 't was
To act and move so far ahead
That not a corner of the world
But sounded forth her Lion's glory.
. . . .
Lion, alas, no more; for I see
Its claws, its teeth, its courage plucked,
And its proud people done to doleful death
Or in cruel prison put most wrongfully.
And who has done this thing to her? They that are
Descended from her noble breed,
That were by her nursed and advantaged
More than all others and in estate set high;
And through the height to which she lifted them
They grew so great, that they have wounded her almost
to death.
. . . .

Conquered is the proud Commune Florence
And with Siena so has changed her place,
That all the shame and harm that Florence
To Siena always gave, as every Latin knows,
Siena returns to her, and takes her honour and her gain;
For Montealcino they have overthrown by force
And Montepulciano in their power caught;
And from Maremma reap the fruits as far as Ciervia;
San Gimignano, Poggibonsi and Colle
And Volterra and the country round she holds as hers;
The city's bell, her standard, and her arms,
And all her honour have they ta'en,
With all her wealth to boot;
And all this they have done
Through that breed that more than all is mad.

. . . .

Mad is the man that flies his gain and seeks his loss,
And turns his honour into shame;
And from fair liberty wherein he dwells
In pleasantness, to his own hurt departs
Unto a seigniory both cruel and base,
And takes his bitterest enemy for his lord.
To you who are in Florence do I speak.
For what has happened seems to give you joy;
And since ye have the Germans in your house,
Serve ye them well, and make them show to you
Their swords with which they 've scarred your cheeks,
Your sons and fathers slain;
And I am pleased that ye must give to them,
(Because in doing this they had
Labour enough,) of your fine money.

Much money and great felicitations give
To the Conti Guidi, to the Uberti, and to all the rest
Who to such honour have conducted you,
That they have put you in Siena's power.

In these verses there is a real sentiment of scorn and of grief that the higher has been stricken down and that the less worthy is triumphant. Guittone experienced the satisfaction of seeing the Guelfs take revenge at Benevento and Tagliacozzo, if a brother of the Ordo Militæ Beatæ Mariæ felt so unworthy an emotion. He took his membership seriously and lived a religious life. Some of his friends thought that he had lost his wits and blamed him for a life which, according to their way of thinking, could not be of much satisfaction to God and was a nuisance to the world. Guittone retorted with spirit, and kept to his serious ways. The year before he died, he gave money towards the foundation of the monastery Santa Maria degli Angeli just outside the walls of Florence, near what is to-day the Piazza dell' Annunziata; and so we may believe that religious peace clothed his last days.

Another Tuscan, a Florentine and a contemporary, Brunetto Latini, though much less distinguished as a poet, is far more widely known than Guittone on account of the famous passage in the fifteenth canto of the *Inferno*: —

Chè in la mente m' è fitta, ed or mi accora,
 la cara e buona imagine paterna
 di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
m' insegnavate come l' uom s' eterna;
 e quant' io l' abbia in grado, mentre io vivo
 convien che nella mia lingua si scerna.

For in my memory is fixed, and now comes to my heart,
 The dear and kind paternal image
 Of you, when in the world, hour by hour,
You taught me how man makes himself eternal;
 And how much gratitude I have for it, while I live
 Should in my words be shewn.

Brunetto had a distinguished public career and also wrote books of great reputation in their day. He was a notary by profession, like so many other Italian poets, and he, as well as Guittone, belonged to the Guelf faction. Not long before the campaign against the Ghibellines which ended in the rout of Montaperti, he was sent by the government of Florence to King Alphonso of Castile, to persuade that wary Imperial pretender to aid the Guelf cause. He had delivered his embassy, and on his way back, while travelling through the kingdom of Navarre, in the famous valley of Roncevalles, he met a student from Bologna, who told him the disastrous news of the Guelf defeat. It was impossible for Brunetto to return to Florence, so he went to Provence and then to France, to Montpellier, Paris, and Bar-sur-Aube; and during his stay, which lasted several years, he wrote his best-known work, *Li Livres dou Trésor* in French. This is a sort of encyclopædia compiled from many sources, classical and mediæval, one of those stately books of universal knowledge, of which the *Speculum Majus* by Vincent of Beauvais is the most famous. Brunetto himself says: "I do not say that this book is spun out of my own brain, nor out of my own knowledge; on the contrary it is like honey gathered from many flowers. It is made up from the remarkable sayings of authors who before our time have treated of philosophy, each with reference to the part that he was acquainted with." He chose the French language for two reasons: one because he was in France, the other because that language was the most agreeable and the most wide spread among nations — "la parleure est plus delitable et plus commune à toutes gens." The book consists of three parts. The first part treats of the beginning of the world, of history and of the nature of things. The second treats "of vices and of virtues, that is of the things a man ought to do and ought not to do, and shows the reason why," and is drawn from the *Ethics* of Aristotle and the works of Cicero, Seneca, and Sallust, as well as from authors near Brunetto's time. "The third part of the Treasure is of fine gold [the author says], that is to say, it teaches man to speak according to the science of rhetoric, and how a lord should govern the people under him"; in other words, it deals both with rhetoric, as Cicero taught it, and with politics, especially with reference to the government of Italian cities. The *Trésor* had an immense success; it was translated into Spanish at the instigation of King Alphonso, as well as into Italian prose, during Brunetto's lifetime, and much of it, also, into Italian verse.

His other well-known book, familiarly called *Il Tesoretto*, though he himself called it *Il Tesoro*, was also written during his stay in France after the battle of Montaperti, and before he wrote the *Trésor*. It is a didactic poem in seven syllabled couplets, and begins by a dedication to King Alphonso. This perhaps was part of his duty as ambassador, or perhaps was done out of gratitude for a kind reception. He seems to have judged kings susceptible to flattery, for he compares Alphonso to Solomon, Alexander, Achilles, Hector, Launcelot, Tristram, Cicero, Seneca, and Cato. That done, he tells of his embassy, of meeting the student from Bologna, of his reflecting how rich and powerful Florence had been and how terrible was party strife, and then he adds: —

Pensando, a capo chino,
  perdei lo gran chammino,
e tenni a la traversa
  d' una selva diversa.

Thinking, with head hung down
  I lost the main highway
And crosswise continued on
  Through a strange wood, astray.

There is a similarity between this stanza and Dante's opening lines that seems more than chance: —

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
  mi ritrovai per una salva oscura,
  che la diritta via era smarrita.

In the middle of the highway of our life,
  I came to myself in a dark wood
  For the straight road was lost.

From this beginning Brunetto goes on to allegory, and travels in the realms of Nature, of Virtue, and of Love. The verses have a very rough jog trot, and though they had the honour of being dedicated to King Alphonso, and perhaps of lending a suggestion to Dante, hardly give Brunetto the title of poet. He also translated parts of Cicero and of Sallust.

His real influence upon Italian literature was as a scholar; he was recognized by the next generation to have been a leader in a renaissance. Giovanni Villani says that he was " a great philosopher and a master of rhetoric, both in speaking and writing," and that he was "both originator and teacher in freeing the Florentines from their earlier rudeness, — fu cominciatore e maestro in digrossare i Fiorentini, — and in teaching them the art of rhetoric." Besides all this, Brunetto, after Guelf victories enabled him to return to Florence, took a considerable part in the management of public affairs. His name appears in matters of importance again and again. He died in 1294, the same year in which Guittone of Arezzo died.

These three men, Bonagiunta, Guittone, and Brunetto Latini, were probably the three most distinguished men of Italian letters of their generation; yet before Guittone and his disciples had time to supersede entirely the Sicilian school, they too, even in Guittone's lifetime, were "exceeded by the height of happier men." Dante seems to see little difference between the Sicilian school and Guittone's, compared with the gap between both schools and the poets of the "sweet new style." In the *Purgatorio* Bonagiunta asks Dante if he was the poet that wrote the canzone, "Ladies that have intelligence of Love," Dante replies (*Purg.* xxiv, 52–60): —

"Io mi son un che, quando
amor mi spira, noto, ed a quel modo
che ditta dentro, vo significando."
"O frate, issa veggio," disse, "il nodo
che il Notaro, e Guittone e me ritenne
di qua dal dolce stil nuovo ch' i' odo.
Io veggio ben come le vostre penne
di retro al dittator sen vanno strette,
che delle nostre certo non avvenne."

"I am one who, when
Love inspires me, take note, and in the way
That he doth sing within, I go and tell."
"O brother," said he, "now do I see the knot
That kept back the Notary, Guittone, and me
Below that sweet new style of which I hear.
I understand well how your wings
Behind the Singer follow close,
Which certainly was not the fate of ours."

And not content with thus putting them all three, the Notary, Guittone, and Brunetto Latini, indiscriminately into their places, Dante returns again a little later to Guittone. This time he expresses his opinion by the mouth of another poet, who bursts out against those fools that neglect art, reason, and truth to follow common repute, and adds (*Purg.* xxvi, 124–26):—

So did many of the older men to Guittone,
With cry on cry giving him praise alone;
At last the truth has prevailed with most people.

And also in *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, Dante speaks of these three Tuscans as having failed to attain a high-bred, classical language, "illustrious and curial" as he calls it: "Next let us come to the Tuscans, who, infatuated through their frenzy, seem to arrogate to themselves the title of the illustrious vernacular; and in this matter not only the minds of the common people are crazed, but we find that many distinguished men have embraced the delusion; for instance Guittone of Arezzo, who never aimed at the curial vernacular, Bonagiunta of Lucca, . . . and Brunetto of Florence, whose works if there be leisure to examine them, will be found to be not curial but merely municipal." The reader who feels the force of Dante's suggestion that there is not leisure to examine their works, may well accept Dante's judgment. These men were precursors merely, but they prepared the way, and by their accomplishment, whatever its intrinsic value, made it easier for the poets of the "sweet new style" to take higher and longer flights into the airy region of poetry.

The poet who in the *Purgatorio* rejoiced that Guittone's fame had faded, was a poet of excellent gifts, more widely endowed than any of his predecessors. Guido Guinizelli was a citizen of Bologna and, according to the Italian critics, forms a link between Guittone and his followers and the later Tuscan school of the *dolce stil nuovo;* more than that, he is also the source and inspiration of the new school. In his youth Guido admired Guittone very much; and wrote a sonnet in which he called him Master, and My dear Father, to which the older poet replied, calling Guido, My beloved Son, — Figlio mio dilettozo. And in those days Guido wrote poetry very much as other disciples of Guittone did: —

> Ben si po tener alta quanto vole,
> ché la più bella donna è che ssi trove,
> ed infra l' altre par lucente sole
> e falle disparer a tutte prove;
> ch' ellei èno adorneççe,
> gentileççe, savere e bel parlare
> e sovrane belleççe;
> tutto valor illei par che ssi metta;
> posso' n breve contare:
> madonna è de le donne gioja eletta.

Well may she hold her head high as she will,
For she 's the loveliest lady that there is,
And among others seems a radiant sun
And gives them all eclipse, do what they may;
For she wears many an ornament,
Wit, gentleness and pleasant words
And sovran beauty;
Methinks that all the virtues lodge in her;
To make my reckoning short:
My Lady is of ladies the choicest jewel.

And many a pretty sonnet praises various ladies. There is Lucia, who is so winsome in her furry hood that not a man from Bologna to the Abruzzi but would fall in love with her; and her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, how they invite kisses!

A! prender lei a força, ultra su grato,
e bagiarli la boccha e'l bel visaggio
e li occhi suoi ch'èn due fiamme de foco!

And there is another lady, of higher rank it seems, whose praises anticipate the lofty compliments contained in the sonnets of Dante and Petrarch. She walks in beauty along the way, so much a lady that she lowers the pride of those to whom she bows, and converts misbelievers to the true faith; no unworthy man can approach her, for coming near he loses his unworthiness, and none that see her can entertain a single evil thought. But afterwards as Guido grew older, breathing more deeply the learned atmosphere of Bologna, he felt the lack of thought in Guittone, turned his back upon the old style, and adopted a new manner, in which he introduced high Platonic imaginings into his verse. His new style won the admiration of Dante. Indeed, Dante calls him (*Purg.* XXVI, 97–99), —

> il padre
> mio, e degli altri miei miglior, che mai
> rime d' amore usar dolci e leggiadre;
>
> My father
> And of the rest, my betters, that ever
> In pleasant numbers sweet have rhymed of love;

and says to him: —

> Li dolci detti vostri
> che, quanto durerà l' uso moderno,
> faranno cari ancora i loro inchiostri.
>
> Your sweet poetry
> As long as modern taste shall last
> Will make its very ink a precious thing.

On the other hand, that loyal adherent of a past fashion, Bonagiunta of Lucca, found Guido's thought obscure and his mode of expression dark, and attacked him in a sonnet, — for it was the fashion for poets to write sonnets of praise or blame to one another. He begins by saying that Guido has changed his style both in form and substance, and then: —

> But you surpass all men in subtility so far
> There's none now to be found who can explain you.

To which Guinizelli answers, setting forth his own notion of how a poet should write: —

> The wise man doth not lightly start his course,
> But thinks and looks as measure wills,
> And after he has thought holds back his thought,
> Until at length he is assured of truth.

And these lines, according to an Italian critic, indicate his good qualities and his defects; he thinks and looks about, but with too much circumspection; he is occupied with thought, but too much so, and has too little of the light grace that marks the best Italian lyrics. Indeed he seems to have affected his generation, somewhat as Robert Browning affected his. The famous poem by which Guinizelli won his high place among Italian poets, is the canzone of "The Gentle Heart": —

Al cor gientil repadria sempre amore
come l' oxello in selva a la verdura,
nè fe amore anti che gientil core
nè gientil cor anti d'amor natura;
ch' adesso con fo l sole
sì tosto lo spiendore fo lucente,
nè fo davanti l sole;
e prende amore in gientileçça luocho
cossì propriamente
come calore in chiarità de foco.

Fuoco d' amor in gientil cor s' aprende
come vertute in pietra pretiosa;
ché da la stella valor no i descende
nanti che l sol la façça gientil cosa.
Poi che n' à tratto fuore
per soa vertù lo sol ciò che gli è vile,
stella li dà valore.
cossì lo cor, ch' è fatto da natura
schietto puro e gientile,
donna a guisa de stella l' inamora.

Within the gentle heart Love shelters him,
As birds within the green shade of the grove.
Before the gentle heart, in nature's scheme,
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.
For with the sun, at once,

So sprang the light immediately; nor was
Its birth before the sun's.
And Love hath his effect in gentleness
Of very self; even as
Within the middle fire the heat's excess.

The fire of Love comes to the gentle heart
Like as its virtue to a precious stone;
To which no star its influence can impart
Till it is made a pure thing by the sun:
For when the sun hath smit
From out its essence that which there was vile,
The star endoweth it.
And so the heart created by God's breath
Pure, true, and clean from guile,
A woman, like a star, enamoureth.
(*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*)

Concerning Guinizelli's life the records are very scanty. He came of noble family, and probably led the life of a young gentleman of quality in a university town, mingling pleasure with learning; and we know that he followed public duties with sufficient distinction to be chosen podestà by the little town of Castelfranco. When he attained, according to the psalmist's reckoning, the half-way stage of life, the political strife in Bologna became very bitter. At the very time that good Pope Gregory X was endeavouring to bring the Christian world to peace at the Second Council of Lyons, the Geremei, heading the popular party, fought the Lambertazzi, the aristocratic party, among whom was Guinizelli's family, i Principi, and drove them into exile (1274). The poet was banished, too, and died soon after.

There were other poets in Bologna at the time who made a group rather than a school, Guido Ghislieri, Fabruzzo, and Onesto. They doubtless entertained the same general ideas as Guido Guinizelli, for they were scholars, and in their verse avoided the dialect of Bologna, seeking a more literary form of expression. But more interesting than these shadows, for nothing of theirs is left except a few poems by Onesto, are the canzoni and sonnets found written on the margins of notarial records, written down by the notaries themselves, and sometimes perhaps composed by them. These make a foil against which the high Platonic thoughts of Guinizelli "stick fiery off." Some of them bear very much the relation to the canzone of "The Gentle Heart" that the stories of Boccaccio bear to the Vita Nuova, and add their testimony to prove that the high poetical ideals of Guinizelli and Dante were not the fashion of a school, but the beliefs of men who felt the need of a diviner element in life than did the Falstaffian notaries of Bologna. Guido himself seems to have been one of those to whom is given "so much of earth, so much of heaven," and, in the same measure that he raised himself up towards spiritual love, to have fallen down before the baser appetites of the flesh. In Purgatory Dante met him, in company with the famous troubadour, Arnaut Daniel, purifying his soul in the cleansing fire.

After Guinizelli the time was ripe for the *dolce stil nuovo.* He has prepared the way. Guinizelli was virtually the only poet that Bologna produced ; perhaps the influence of the great law school was unfavourable, but as many notaries were poets it may be safer to suppose that the Muse of Italian poetry felt a special tenderness towards Tuscany. There, though the Tuscan poets were commonly in exile, she made her home, and for the most part in Florence; there she stayed until the time of the High Renaissance, when in a mood of wayward caprice, she wandered off to Ferrara.

CHAPTER II

VENICE

> In youth she was all glory.
>
> *Childe Harold.*

THERE are three cities in Italy that stand beyond the reach of rivalry, each sovereign in her own sphere, each beloved with an affection hardly to be exceeded. Rome has her own unapproachable traditions; Florence, more than Rome ever was, is the "city of the soul," the mistress of those who kneel to intellectual and spiritual beauty; but Venice, in the eyes of her admirers, is Aphrodite fresh from the salt sea foam, beautiful with the beauty of unsorrowing things, glittering in colours such as shine when the hot sun kisses the last tremulous drops of rain that fall from the dissolving cloud.

Venice has always bewitched men from other cities, whether they were poets like Byron and Browning or professors of rhetoric like Boncompagno; she has always been beautiful, but she has always been of the world worldly; her highest spiritual effort has been to believe in the poet's saying: —

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty — that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Her history is the history of the clinking of the ducat, of the lust of the eye, of the pride of life. She never chanted penitential psalms; she never shared the high ideal of Rome, to transform this world into a city of God; she never understood the noble discontent of Dante and Michelangelo. She had a soul, but it was not like human souls, it never wept. Indeed, in all respects Venice has been individual and separate. In the thirteenth century she was not really a part of Italy, but rather a neighbour city cut off by a narrow stretch of shimmering, iridescent, estranging sea, and by a great gulf of alien sympathies and ways. It is not as a province of Italy but as a neighbour, a child of Constantinople dwelling on the borders of Italy, that I speak of her.

Her history begins like a fairy story. Men did not found Venice with a vision in their minds of what might be; they fled to the sandy islands off the shore to escape Attila and his Huns (452). There they found themselves safe, and there they stayed; the dominion of invaders, of Lombards and Franks, stopped with the shore. Hostile attempts from landsmen concentrated these fugitives on the islands of Rialto, and there they set their lares and penates, as the Middle Ages knew them, the bones of their patron, St. Mark.

It had always been the divine purpose that the saint's bones should rest in Venice. On one of the islands an angel had met the saint and said, "Peace be to thee, Mark, here shall thy body rest;" but that purpose was not fulfilled until the beginning of the ninth century. Meanwhile the holy body lay in a shrine at Alexandria. In the year 828 two Venetian traders were driven, so they said, by bad weather into that port. Nevertheless one cannot avoid the ungenerous suspicion that they went there to trade. The law of Venice, as well as the law of the Church, forbade her subjects to have dealings with infidels; but in Venice such a law was a mere outward mark of respect for sentimental Christianity, and was little heeded. Business is business. Venetians were constantly falling under the displeasure of Rome because they traded with Saracens, especially because they sold to them contraband of war. In this case the hand of Providence made use of these two unworthy traders to accomplish its purposes. It happened that just at this time the shrine that held the sacred body was threatened with desecration; to prevent this the guardians of the shrine privily gave the body to the Venetian traders, who bore it to Venice. There a church was built in its honour. This church afterwards burnt down, and in its stead the present basilica was erected. The building was finished in 1071; but the decoration of the interior in its elaborate magnificence occupied scores of years. The Venetian government kept in its employ a band of Byzantine artists who were always at work upon the church. For this reason the Doge was able to comply with the request of Pope Honorius III and send Greek mosaists to Rome for the decoration of St. Paul's basilica. Painters, also, were there as well as mosaists; in 1242, when the strenuous and splendid Marquis Azzo of Este wished to have a picture painted in Ferrara, he employed "a painter trained in Venice under that admirable master, Theophanos of Constantinople." The church in itself is evidence enough of Venice's relation to Constantinople; she was indeed the daughter of the eastern capital, more like Regan and Goneril than like Cordelia, but admiring and imitative. The ground plan of the church is a Greek cross; the crossing and the arms are crowned with domes; the architects evidently had in mind the church of the Holy Apostles in Constantinople. And the interior, with its marbles, its mosaics, its gold, its carving, tells still more plainly the Venetian love of the art of Constantinople. There was nothing in Italy or Sicily to match the glorious effect of that decoration, not even in the Capella Palatina of King Roger at Palermo. Even travellers familiar with St. Sophia did not escape the bewilderment of its gorgeousness; Geoffroi de Villehardouin, who when he wrote was well acquainted with all that Constantinople could boast, says, that St. Mark's is "the most beautiful chapel that there is."

Venice was not merely in spirit a daughter of Constantinople, *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*, — not the theological or the horse-racing Constantinople, but the city of commerce that cared only for riches and beauty; — she was a part of the Eastern Empire. She had been a part of it when the Barbarians overran Italy and she had never renounced her allegiance. She recognized her subjection in name; but she went no further than a deferential exterior. She accepted with apparent gratitude the eastern title bestowed upon her doge by the Greek Emperor; but no representative of the Emperor ever exercised any authority in Venice. She paid tribute to the Lombards and to the Franks; but this in her estimation was mere prudent submission to temporary blackmail and not a recognition of political authority. And the Church of Venice held very much the same relation to the Church of Rome, that the State held to the Greek Empire; its chief priest was the Patriarch of Grado, always much more devoted to St. Mark with his lion than to St. Peter with his keys.

The head of the Venetian state was the doge. The first doge was elected in 697, and for over three hundred years, although the general assembly of citizens convened from time to time, voted on important matters and had the nominal right of election, the doges exercised royal power and their office was virtually hereditary. For two hundred and twenty-five of those years members of three families, Badoer, Sanudo, and Orseolo, occupied the throne. In that period the old nobility was in power. In 1032 the first important change in the constitution took place: the principle of heredity in the dogeship was cast out; the doge's authority was limited by requiring the assent of two councillors, chosen indeed by himself, before his acts became valid; and a council of distinguished citizens was vaguely suggested as a proper body to be consulted on important matters. In 1172 a second constitutional change, of still greater importance, was enacted. A Great Council was established. In each of the six districts of the city two men were elected, and each man of these twelve chose forty men from his district, making altogether four hundred and eighty who composed the council. This council, by an elaborate system of sub-committees, elected the doge, who was then presented to the people for confirmation; but the popular approval was a mere form. The doge's two councillors were increased to six; they were no longer to be appointed by him but to be elected, one from each district. The body of distinguished citizens to be consulted was more carefully constituted; it developed into the senate. There were other subcouncils, inner boards or committees, made up of members of the Great Council. The consequence of these changes was that the doge descended from his old royal position, to become what (except for such influence as his character and talents might exercise) was hardly more than an ornamental figurehead.

The changes themselves were made in order to put the real masters of the state — the aristocracy of wealth — into political control. That oligarchy remained in power so long as Venice lasted as an independent state. The whole political process presented a marked contrast to that which had been taking place in the cities of the mainland, Bologna, for instance, or Florence. Venice had nothing in common with those cities. Venice had no feudal barons, no Lambertazzi, no Uberti, for the feudal system had never crossed the protecting waters of the lagoons; she had no landed aristocracy, for she held no lands; she had no confederacy of democratic guilds, for the great guild of merchant princes controlled all trade. The cities of the land were occupied by territorial aggrandizement, but on the sea lay her riches. Her concerns were factories, trading posts, markets, and open doors to foreign ports. Venice, second only to Constantinople, was chief among all trading cities of the Mediterranean Sea; the Adriatic was the "path of gold," down which her galleys sailed on their way round the Peloponnesus, through the Ægean Sea, to Constantinople, or beyond, through the Bosphorus along the shores of the Black Sea to Trebizond, or past Crete to the coast towns of Syria and Egypt, or, rounding first the heel of Italy, then Sicily, steering to the west, and northward to France. Little by little Venice established herself, with privileges, with factories, with separate quarters, in all the coast towns of the East; little by little she acquired ports all along the eastern shore of the Adriatic. Venice had no plans of conquest; she wished to trade, to carry the merchandise, fetched from the valley of the Po or from across the Alps, to the cities of the East, and to bring back the produce of the East to western Europe. In order to protect her mercantile marine she built fighting galleys, and fought pirates, — many a Slav pirate was sold as a slave on the Riva degli Schiavoni, — as well as Normans, Saracens, Genoese, Pisans. Because she was a sea power, Venice took a discreet part in the early crusades; wherever the French, English, and German crusaders went, Venice followed at their heels, carrying provisions, supplies, munitions of war, and when she saw how profitable this piratical Christianity was, she took a valiant part in fighting, and acquired rights, privileges, and possessions in the captured towns. The crusades were of great worldly advantage to Venice; through them she gained wealth and built up maritime greatness, so that at the beginning of our century we find her full of ambition, not to create an empire, but to extend her trade and to acquire trading rights anywhere and everywhere as the means of amassing wealth. The itch for the almighty dollar, *auri sacra fames*, is no modern ill; Venice pursued wealth with a single-minded devotion, seldom equalled and never surpassed. Pisa and Genoa were no mean rivals; the government of a merchant city was a task needing courage, foresight, and experience, qualities they both possessed. But the government of Venice possessed a constancy, a stability, a steadiness of purpose, which their shifting, quarrelling governments could not equal. In those days the crusades seemed about to lead to a conquest of all Mohammedan lands, and the seafaring cities of Italy, very much as the great powers to-day who watch for the breaking up of China, laid their plans to make the most of their opportunities.

Before the year 1200 Venice had quarrelled with Constantinople; acts of hostility on both sides, reprisals, open war even, had effectually severed the old bond. Venice retained no sentiment toward her foster mother except the wish to control as much of her trade as possible, so she was quite ready to play her part in the dramatic episode of the Fourth Crusade. Innocent III, immediately upon his accession, had called on Christendom to undertake another expedition to the Holy Land. The French, with the counts of Champagne, of Blois, of St. Pol, and Simon de Montfort at their head, and the Flemings under

Count Baldwin, took the cross in large numbers; men, money, and arms were forthcoming, but means of transportation were lacking. The overland route had been proved by hard experience to be impracticable, and in order to cross the sea the aid of a maritime power was necessary. Venice only would be able to provide ships for so great a host; therefore the Franks, as the crusaders were called, sent an embassy to Venice with Geoffroi de Villehardouin, the historian of this crusade, as its spokesman, to ask for transportation. The Doge, Enrico Dandolo, and his council were well aware that they might exact what terms they pleased; they proposed a great sum of money and in addition that they and the Franks should share alike in all conquests made, whether of territory or booty. The French envoys accepted, but the bargain needed ratification by the general parliament, the *arengo*, of the Venetians. The people were therefore assembled in St. Mark's church, and Geoffroi of Villehardouin was given leave to speak: "My lords," said he, "the most high and puissant barons of France have sent us to you; they cry to you for mercy, that you take pity on Jerusalem which is in bondage to the Turks, and that for God's sake you help to avenge the shame of Christ Jesus. And for this end they have chosen to come to you, because they know well that there is no other people with so great power on the sea as you and your people. They bade us fall at your feet, and not get up till you consent to take pity on the Holy Land which is beyond the seas." Then the envoys fell on their knees weeping; the Doge and the whole company all burst into tears and cried: "We consent, we consent."

The Venetians kept their bargain. At the time appointed the galleys were all ready; unfortunately only a part of the crusaders came to Venice, others went oversea by other routes, and it was impossible for those assembled to pay the whole price. The Venetians then offered to remit the sum unpaid, if the crusaders would first help them to retake the town of Zara in Dalmatia, which the King of Hungary had taken from them. The crusaders had no choice, they agreed; the expedition set sail, Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, led the crusaders and the Doge himself, in spite of his four score years, took command of the Venetians. Zara was captured. Then a second change of plan was proposed. Young Prince Alexius, son of Isaac, Emperor of the Greeks, came to the crusaders' camp, recounted how his father had been deposed and blinded by a wicked brother, Alexius senior, and begged for help against his usurping uncle, promising that once restored they would give great aid to the crusaders in money, men, and stores, and that the Greek Church should recognize the supremacy of the See of Rome. The Pope had forbidden the first diversion of the expedition to Zara, he now forbade this second attack upon fellow Christians. Many knights obeyed him and refused to go, among others Simon de Montfort; but the arguments in favour of the plan were specious,—it was dangerous to leave an enemy in the rear, the aid of the Greek Emperor would be most useful, Constantinople would serve as an admirable base of supplies, — and the Venetians were most desirous to go. Venice, indeed, had much to gain by diverting the armament from Egypt or Syria to Constantinople, the Saracens were on friendly terms with her, she had rights and privileges in their seaports, and Constantinople was now an enemy, more than ready to exalt Pisa or Genoa at her expense. The Doge urged the project, so did Boniface of Montferrat. Their counsels prevailed and the fleet sailed to Constantinople.

Whether or not the Venetian leaders had entertained this plan from the beginning and had led their simple allies by the nose, is uncertain. But what might have been foreseen happened. The usurper was deposed; blind old Isaac and his son Alexius were put upon the throne, but they were utterly unable to perform their prodigal promises. The crusaders fell out with the Greeks and came to blows, and after strange happenings and acts of prodigious valour, the allies made themselves masters of the city (1204). A Latin empire was set up, Baldwin of Flanders was elected emperor, and the conquest divided among the conquerors. The emperor received one quarter of all that was captured, of the city itself and its spoils as well as of the territory without; the Venetians and the Franks divided the remaining three quarters, so that the Doge was able to take the title "Despot and Lord of one quarter and a half of the Romanian Empire." The Franks took their share on the mainland and carved Macedonia, Thessaly, Bœotia, and Attica into feudal baronies. The Venetians chose islands and sea-coast, that made a long chain of territory all the way from the Adriatic Sea, round the Peloponnesus, up to Constantinople, and a little later they bought the island of Crete from the Marquis of Montferrat, so that their maritime empire extended from Venice to the Golden Horn. The over-simple Franks, lords of the land, reaped a crop of wars with Greeks and Bulgarians, while the Venetians, lords of the sea, gathered in a rich commercial harvest. Spoils from Constantinople loaded the homeward galleys, and the four bronze horses standing over the portal of St. Mark's are to this day a memorial of the conquest.

Venice was now mistress of the Adriatic, the Ionian, and the Ægean Seas; she was no longer a mere trading city, but an empire, and so intoxicated was she for the moment by this great access of dominion that in council it was proposed to remove the seat of government from Venice to Constantinople; but the wisdom of her merchant princes rejected the temptation. Had she imitated Constantine and moved her capital to the Bosphorus, her place among the nations might for a brief time have been still more brilliant, but it could hardly have been so permanent. Nothing shows better how like Venice was to her foster-mother, how full of the same character, of the same tastes, than this proposal to step into the older city's place and carry on her history. According to the old Venetian historians the plan was lost by a vote of three hundred and twenty to three hundred and twenty-one.

Her decision to stay where fate had placed her was right; she was a sea creature and would have done herself wrong to take up her abode on land even on the banks of the Golden Horn. As it was, floating on the edge of the Adriatic, she could not keep wholly aloof from the affairs of Italy. Her settled policy was to prevent the establishment of a strong power on the mainland near her. She was in no wise concerned with the strife between Frederick II and the Lombard cities, but after Frederick's victory at Corte Nuova (1237) she entered into an alliance with the Holy See and took a leading part in the siege and capture of Ferrara (1240). She also joined the crusade against Ezzelino, partly because she was moved by frightful stories of his cruelty, but chiefly because she was jealous of his power. Nevertheless her interest in matters on land was slight in comparison with her passionate zeal for matters that concerned the sea. Here her jealousy was Argus-eyed, and her actions as quick as feathered Mercury. Her chief rival, Genoa the Proud, lay as far away as the land of Italy permitted, but merchants from the two cities met in Constantinople, in Tyre, in every trading-post of the eastern Mediterranean. Competition was very keen, both cities strove for a monopoly of markets and privileges; war was inevitable. In 1256, at Acre, Genoese and Venetian sailors came to blows, those higher in authority took up the quarrel, and several battles were fought near the Syrian coast. Pope Alexander IV, in the interest of the Holy Land, patched up a peace between them; but it could not last long, for Genoa, always angry at the supremacy which

Venice had acquired in Constantinople, aided Michael Palæologus, the Greek claimant, to recover his empire and expel the last Latin Emperor, Baldwin II (1261). War began again; and war was long destined to be the relation between the two. Genoa was often torn in pieces by rival factions; but Venice kept on her way, steadfast, serene, wary, and prepared herself to play a great part in Italian affairs in the next century. She always pursued the same goal, commercial supremacy. In many ways the history of Venice bears a striking resemblance to that of Great Britain, in her command of the sea, in her wealth, in her pride of power, in the steadfastness and political wisdom of her government, and in her wide empire. And now that these *dramatis personæ*, Venice, Florence, and Siena have been introduced, we are free to return to the main channel of Italian history.

CHAPTER III

THE FRENCH CONQUEST (1261-1266)

Ché Carlo in terra è di Dio mesagio,
Tant' è potent' e sagio.
Monte (13th Cent.)

For Charles on earth is God's messenger,
So powerful is he and wise.

Three Frenchmen were the chief actors in the last period of the political and social movement that was slowly swinging Italy from its union with Germany towards the more natural intimacy with France; these three were Jacques Pantaléon of Troyes, Gui Fulcodi of St. Gilles, Languedoc, and Charles, Count of Anjou, younger brother of Louis IX. They were most natural instruments for destiny to lay hold of; for Pantaléon is obviously the French form of an Italian name, while Languedoc, where Fulcodi was born, and Provence, which Charles acquired by marriage, were on closer relations with Italy than any other foreign lands. The plot suddenly rushes to its unravelling; Jacques Pantaléon comes forward like a *deus ex machina* and opens the door for the other two.

On the death of Alexander IV the handful of cardinals left could not agree upon a candidate; yet the Church could ill afford to go without a head. In the East the situation was becoming worse and worse. The Kingdom of Jerusalem had dwindled to a few possessions along the coast. At Constantinople it was evident that the Latin Empire might be toppled over at any minute and a Greek schismatic return to the throne of the Eastern Cæsars. These evils, however, were the common evils of Christendom, and merely affected the Papacy as steward of all Christian interests, or, at most, wounded its dignity, its pride, and its prestige; but at its very doors was a danger that threatened its territories, perhaps its very independence. South of the river Garigliano, the boundary of St. Peter's Patrimony, Manfred, the usurper, was growing stronger all the time, and not only in the south but throughout Italy. Since the great Ghibelline victory at Montaperti he occupied a position of party leader very similar to his father's. His lieutenants lorded it in Lombardy, Spoleto, and Tuscany. The Ghibelline faction in Rome chose him as their candidate for Senator. The situation of the Guelf party and of the Papacy was indeed becoming perilous.

At this juncture, while the cardinals were wrangling at Viterbo, Jacques Pantaléon happened to be there. He had been working for five years in Syria with the honourable but empty title of Patriarch of Jerusalem, and had recently come back to lay his woes before the Curia. The cardinals, unable of themselves to help anybody, saw in Pantaléon a way out of their difficulties and elected him Pope. He was free from their quarrels and their entanglements and could consider their difficulties with a fresh and unbiassed judgment. Two considerations in particular commended him to their suffrages. In the first place he was familiar with the details of the Oriental question, and knew better than any one else what could be done and what ought to be done to defend the Faith against the infidels. In the second place he was a Frenchman and therefore better qualified than an Italian would be to induce the French to undertake the conquest of the Sicilian kingdom. The policy of the Papacy with regard to the Hohenstaufens had been settled by Innocent IV and the Council of Lyons. The question was, who should be the instrument to carry that policy into effect, and on this point there could be no real doubt. Pope Alexander had gone pretty far in his negotiations with England, and Henry III had supposed that his son Edmund was definitely chosen. But English sentiment was wholly opposed to such a wild undertaking, and now the King was at war with his barons. Richard of Cornwall, the King's brother, not only had once refused the papal offer, but also had been recently elected King of the Romans by one faction in Germany. England, therefore, was out of the question. The King of Castile having been elected by another faction in Germany, was also a claimant of the Imperial crown ; the King of Aragon was on the friendliest terms with Manfred ; Corradino was a little boy and a Hohenstaufen : none of these could be summoned as the papal champion. The only hope of the Papacy lay in France ; and in Pantaléon's opportune presence at Viterbo the hand of Providence might be plainly seen. The cardinals elected him on August 29, 1261, and he took the title Urban IV.

Pantaléon's election, which seemed to have been the result of his chance presence, was really due to the pressure of the political situation. The steady progress of French influence was making itself felt. Just as the Popes seven hundred years before had turned to the Franks for aid against the Lombards, so now the Curia turned to France for protection from the anticlerical, Ghibelline, Teutonic, party. Urban's election was a matter of the utmost consequence. It led by definite steps to the predominance of French influence in the Papal Curia, to the establishment of the French in the southern kingdom, to the exile of the Papacy at Avignon and all the ensuing results to Rome, to the Papacy and to Christendom.

Jacques Pantaléon was somewhat pompous, but he was a man of energy, capacity, self-reliance, and large experience in affairs. He was born at Troyes, in the province of Champagne; his father was a shoemaker. He completed his education at the University of Paris, where he won a brilliant reputation for scholarship. He took orders, and held ecclesiastical offices at Troyes, Laon, and Liège; but the great stride in his career was consequent upon his attending the Council at Lyons in 1245. He attracted the notice of Innocent IV, became one of the Papal chaplains, and his fortune was assured. He was entrusted with an important mission to Germany, next was made Bishop of Verdun and afterwards sent to Syria as Patriarch of Jerusalem.

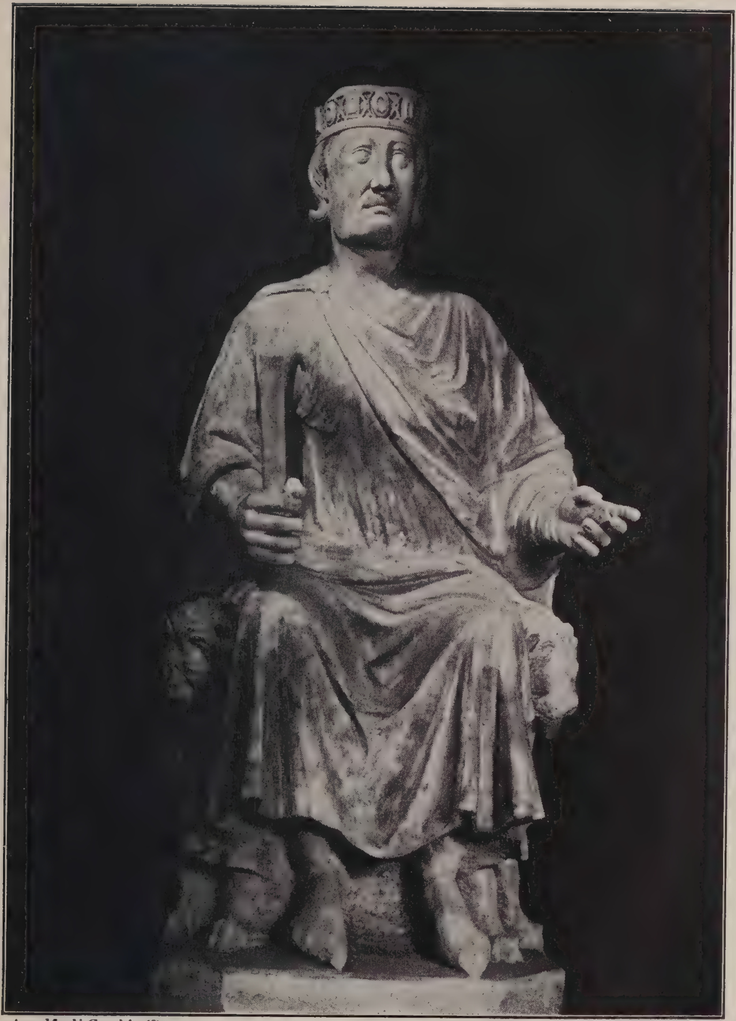
Urban's first act of importance was to replenish the college of cardinals, which had dwindled to eight. He appointed seven Frenchmen and seven Italians. He chose the French cardinals with great shrewdness. Three of them had been councillors to King Louis, men of learning, well versed in political affairs; their selection made a close bond between the government of France and the Curia. These three were Raoul, bishop of Évreux, who had been keeper of the great seal; Gui Fulcodi, archbishop of Narbonne, afterwards Clement IV, and Simon de Brie, afterwards Martin IV.

The choice of these able Frenchmen to be among his chief advisers indicates at once Urban's policy. It was, of course, to make a friend and ally of France. No doubt Urban's personal feelings toward the Hohenstaufens were in accord with the accepted policy of the Roman Curia, summed up in Cato's words: *Delenda est Karthago.* He was born at about the same time as the Emperor Frederick and knew all his doings; very likely he was acquainted with the French prelates who had been put into Frederick's prisons; he had been present at the Council of Lyons; he had heard the stout hater, Innocent IV, expound all the depths of Frederick's perfidy; and he must have felt convinced that the Papacy was in danger so long as a member of the House of Hohenstaufen sat on the throne of Sicily. But neither the Roman Curia's policy, nor Urban's, was determined by hatred of an individual. The Papacy in its fear of the Hohenstaufens had not been thinking merely of itself, it had always had in mind a matter that to pious Christians took precedence of all other matters, the reconquest of the Holy Land. Innocent IV, indeed, had been wholly absorbed in the struggle with the Emperor Frederick, but Gregory IX and Alexander IV had had their eyes turned to Palestine; and Urban had been elected not solely because he was a Frenchman, but also because he was more familiar with the affairs of Syria and Palestine than any one else. His policy and the traditional papal policy aimed at a reconquest; and the proper way to set about attaining that goal was so plain that no loyal member of the Curia could disagree.

The experience of crusaders in the past had plainly taught the importance, if not the necessity, of having in the Eastern Empire a friend and a base of supplies; for with an unfriendly power in the rear, able to cut off all communication by land and to interfere with communication by sea, a successful crusade was well-nigh impossible. If that was true of the Eastern Empire, it was far more true of the Kingdom of Sicily. To have the ports and granaries of Sicily and Apulia in friendly and obedient hands was a matter of primary importance, now, more than ever, that Constantinople, while the cardinals were disputing at Viterbo, had actually fallen into the hands of Greek schismatics. It would have been sheer madness for a Pope to embark upon a crusade, leaving an enemy at his very door. For this reason the first step in what all Christendom recognized to be the fundamental duty of the Papacy, was to appoint in its own feudal dependency a king who would favour and support a crusade. Therefore, though the policy of the Curia seems one of personal hostility to Manfred, and its labour to dispossess him a labour of hate, it was really but a necessary part of a larger policy for the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, and must be judged accordingly. Pope and Curia regarded Manfred as the advance post of Islam, an enemy to the Papacy and to Christianity. Perhaps there was also something personal in Urban's ill will to Manfred, for it is said that during his mission in Germany he was imprisoned by the Hohenstaufen party. But it was not necessary to suppose this. Urban had heard nothing but evil of him and of all his family, and naturally accepted without question the papal policy towards them. There was no use in reopening the old issues. The Hohenstaufens had been dethroned by the judgment of the Council of Lyons; the thing for him to do was to put that judgment into execution.

Urban's next step in furtherance of this policy, after the creation of French cardinals, was to reopen negotiations with Charles of Anjou; and after proposals and counter-proposals, these two high contracting parties reached a common understanding. From this time Charles, Count of Anjou, Maine, and Provence, brother to King Louis IX of France, becomes the most conspicuous figure on the political stage in Italy. In fact for twenty years he occupies the scene as Frederick the Emperor had done in the first half of the century. Bitterly hated during his lifetime by his enemies and not always beloved by his friends, his name is still held up to execration by the partisans of the fair-haired, charming Hohenstaufens. It is hard even to-day to judge him fairly. Perhaps his statue, modelled some say by the famous sculptor and architect, Arnolfo di Cambio, which now stands in the Palace of the Conservatori on the Capitoline Hill, tells us as much about him as the chroniclers do. His head is square and well set on his body; his face dignified and serious; his masculine nose well shaped, his jaw firm, his brow austere; his eyes are a little too close together, and his cheek bones too high. On the whole he is handsome, like his race, but his face lacks the noble benignity which made his royal brother beautiful. From this statue certain inferences may not unreasonably be drawn as to his character; Charles was stern but just, a good man according to his lights, like many partisan puritans such as Simon de Montfort, and cruel, when he was cruel, in order to attain an end that in his opinion justified the suffering. From other sources we know that Charles was tall, muscular, and brave; and all agree that he was of a kingly presence. He seldom smiled, slept little, and was wont to say that sleep was a waste of time. He was devout, pure in his private life, scant of speech but quick to act. Without doubt he was very stern and hard, and yet when his brother, King Louis, died, he fell on his knees beside the bed, weeping bitterly, calling out, "Oh, my lord, oh, my brother!" and kissed his feet and prayed.

Charles was born in 1226. As a mere lad he was trained to hunting and hardy sports. At sixteen he went upon his first campaign. At twenty he married Beatrice, youngest daughter and heiress of Count Raymond Berenger, and in her right succeeded to the lordship of Provence and Forcalquier. Soon afterwards he served under King Louis on the ill-starred crusade to Egypt, and distinguished himself



Arnolfo di Cambio (?) Anderson, phot.

CHARLES OF ANJOU
Rome

by his valour. After his return from Egypt, full of ambition and greed of dominion, he went to war in Flanders, and down along the lower Rhone, and even in Piedmont; but it was not till the conclusion of his treaty with the Pope that he became a European figure. In early youth he was gay; he liked to have singers and poets about him, and amused himself with games of chance. Both he and his brother, the Count of Poictiers, irritated King Louis by gaming while on the crusade in Egypt. In later life ambition became his dominant interest and he lost his taste for courtiers, minstrels, and wandering poets, though finally, as king, he felt it becoming to have them at his court. He never cared for the troubadours of Provence; they complained of the sad change that came with his accession, and bewailed the good old days of Raymond Berenger.

The judgments upon him that have come down to us were written after his death or at least after the conquest of the southern kingdom, and those judgments are coloured by the political sympathies of the writers. According to Giovanni Villani, the historian, a Guelf, Charles of Anjou was a wise, prudent, valiant, and redoubtable man, steadfast in adversity, true to his word. The Ghibellines, on the other hand, believed him capable of any crime. They held the conquest of The Kingdom robbery, and the execution of Corradino murder. Some even believed that he poisoned Thomas Aquinas. The main matter by which he is to be judged in history is the conquest of the Sicilian kingdom. Was it a righteous or a wicked enterprise?

If we ask whether Charles believed that he was in his right, the answer is that he felt no doubt whatever. And it was no strained interpretation of right and wrong that gave him his certainty. The right of the Pope to offer The Kingdom to Charles was a question of feudal law. Nobody doubted that the Pope was the feudal superior of the Sicilian kings. Twenty years before, the last lawful tenant had been summoned to the Council of Lyons to defend himself from the charge of disloyalty and violated faith; he had not come, but his lawyers had said all that could be said in his behalf, and the Pope and the great council of prelates and royal envoys had given judgment in favour of the suzerain lord. The kingdom was vacant, and the over-lord was free to set up another king. It is true that King Louis, when the empty throne was offered to France, had entertained some doubts, but those doubts concerned themselves with the claims of Corradino and of Prince Edmund, not Manfred's, and they were easily overcome by the Pope's arguments; and the King of England had been delighted to accept the offer of the crown for his son Edmund. According to law, the Pope and Charles were acting within their rights. Besides, the actual occupant of the throne, Manfred, had no legal right whatever; on the one hand he flouted the rights of the suzerain lord and on the other the hereditary rights of the last king's legitimate heir. As between him and Charles there could be no judicial hesitation; Charles, supposing that his title was subject to question, had a fair claim, but Manfred had no shadow of right.

It is true that the offer of the crown to Charles was encumbered by the prior offer to Prince Edmund and his acceptance. But the English prince was still only sixteen years old, the English king was at war with his barons and could not possibly undertake the conquest of Sicily; and Pope Alexander, following Pope Innocent's lead, had been careful to prepare against such a contingency by a stipulation that if the King of England did not take certain steps to conquer the Sicilian crown by a definite date, the offer should be void. In the end Prince Edmund renounced his claim. The title of Corradino had been invalidated by the decision of the Council of Lyons.

But the general opinion of western Europe did not turn on a question of legal right. Society was essentially Christian, it acknowledged the ecclesiastical system as a necessary part of law and order. Men of all ranks might be opposed to the Church or to individual prelates where their own interests were concerned; but on questions between the Church and a third person they sympathized with the Church. They knew that Islam was arrayed against Christian Europe. Christians and infidels were at war in Syria and Spain, and sometimes in Egypt, and in Tunis. The future of the Mediterranean Sea, whether it should be Christian or infidel, had not yet been decided. And Christian Europe saw in the contention between Manfred and the Pope an attack upon the venerable head of Christendom by an unbelieving, usurping, bastard. Here and there, some people espoused the Hohenstaufen cause for one reason or another. Troubadours of Provence disliked Charles because he was a close-handed, unbending, puritanical, alien prince; minnesingers in Germany were personally attached to the house of Hohenstaufen, and therefore hated Charles; monks and ecclesiastics in England, vexed by the taxation of the Church, sided with its adversaries. But the clear preponderance of public opinion was in favour of the cause of the Church and of its valiant champion, the Count of Anjou.

Charles of Anjou was ambitious, and he was urged on by his ambitious wife, jealous, it is said, of her three crowned sisters, Margaret, Queen of France, Eleanor, Queen of England, and Sancia, wife of the Earl of Cornwall, the pseudo-Emperor; but he was shrewd, and looked before he leapt. In fact, though both the Pope and he had determined to come to terms, each was intent on making as good a bargain as he could. Cardinal Simon de Brie, because of his old friendship with the Count, and of his intimate knowledge of French affairs, was chosen to bring the negotiations to a conclusion; but the Pope did not mean to run any risk of Charles's benefiting by that friendship. The instructions to the cardinal were explicit, he was not to show himself *avidus et præceps sed gravis et difficilis*, — over-eager and precipitate, but rather as holding back and undecided. Before the final adjustment, Urban died, October 2, 1264; but his death did not change the situation. The French alliance was the matter that necessarily determined the ensuing election, and the cardinals elected Gui

Fulcodi, Clement IV, a subject of Charles and still more favourable to him than Urban had been.

Clement IV is entitled to share equally with Urban and Charles of Anjou the credit or the shame of the French conquest of The Kingdom. As a young man Clement first thought of taking up the career of arms, then changed his mind and followed the law. He studied at the University of Paris, distinguished himself, and became a teacher. He caught King Louis's attention, was made a judge and member of the King's privy council. He served the King and his mother Queen Blanche in various important matters, and also became well acquainted with Count Charles. On his wife's death, a very great blow to him, he resolved to forsake the world and become a Carthusian monk, as his father had done when he was left a widower; but he became a priest instead. Much too distinguished a man to be left in obscurity, he was made bishop of Le Puy, then archbishop of Narbonne, and finally raised to be cardinal by Urban IV.

In private life Clement was an excellent man, kind and generous to others, but severe towards himself; it is said that ever after he became a priest he observed certain points of the Carthusian discipline, wearing a hair shirt and abstaining from meat; such virtues, however, have often been ascribed to notable ecclesiasts. Clement regarded his office as a sacred trust and was strongly opposed to nepotism. He created no cardinals, and made it plain that he would not use his office for the benefit of his family. In a letter to his nephew, Pierre le Gros, he says:

"There are many that rejoice at my promotion; I alone see in it cause for apprehension and tears, because I alone feel the immense weight of my responsibilities. If you wish to know how to behave under these circumstances, learn to be more meek. I do not wish you or your brothers or any other members of our family to come to me without special permission from me; otherwise they will go back empty handed and ashamed. Do not try to marry your sister more advantageously on my account; I shall not approve and I will not help you. . . . I don't wish any of my relations puffed up on account of my advancement. I want Marie and Cecile [daughters or nieces] to marry as they would have done were I a simple priest. See Gilly and tell her not to change her place but to stay at Susa, and to dress most modestly and simply. She is not to undertake recommendations for anybody; such recommendations would only be bad for them and for her. If anybody should offer her presents for that purpose, she must refuse them, if she wishes to stay in my good graces. Greetings to your mother and your brothers. Dated, Perugia, March 7, 1265."

The partisans of the last Hohenstaufens have never forgiven Urban and Clement for what they did. But one must try to put oneself in the place of a pope in that critical time. The Sicilian expedition was in fact a crusade, a degenerate crusade indeed, but nevertheless a crusade, for the crusading spirit of western Europe had little by little fallen from its high estate and adapted itself to lower passions. The first crusade, preached by Peter the Hermit and Urban II and led by Godfrey of Bouillon, was pregnant with noble enthusiasm and generous self-sacrifice. In the second crusade there was a considerable leaven of adventurers and impoverished cavaliers hoping to better their fortunes. The third, led by the crafty Philippe Auguste and the valiant swashbuckler, Richard Cœur de Lion, shows how worldly wisdom and love of fighting had displaced religious motives. In the fourth crusade the mercantile Venetians tempted the needy French barons and turned the expedition from the infidels to Christian Constantinople. Then followed the crusade against the Albigenses, in which Simon de Montfort, a man of very high character, set Charles a tempting precedent. And lately all Lombardy of both parties had accepted the war against Ezzelino as a crusade.

The position of the Church had come to be this: that she was the divine head of organized Christian society, that her interests and God's interests were identical, that those who opposed her were God's enemies, and that any war directed by her was a crusade, a holy expedition. In accordance with this doctrine the Church judged the war of Henry III of England against his rebellious barons and commons a crusade; and she afterwards judged a war by the French against Aragon a crusade. This expedition against Manfred was in her opinion emphatically a crusade; and the Pope proclaimed it such. Vows to rescue the Holy Land from the polluting hands of the infidels were to be redeemed by enrolment in Charles's army. All the indulgences in the papal wallet were dangled before possible crusaders. Those who would go in person, or pay others to go, or contribute a quarter of their income, should have full pardon for their sins. Others who did less, should receive indulgences according to what they did; and in general the same privileges were granted as to crusaders going over sea. Wrongdoers of all kinds — married priests, men guilty of arson, sacrilege or witchcraft — who would take the cross should have full indulgence. Tithes for the crusade were liberally granted. Charles was "filius carissimus in Cristo" — "the athlete of Christ"; Manfred was a bastard, a persecutor of the Church, a sultan of Saracens, a usurper. The loyal Guelfs went further and believed that Manfred had smothered his father on his dying bed, had poisoned his brother Conrad, and had tried to do away with Corradino. So feudal law, the interests of the Church, the ambition of Charles, the hopes of Guelf partisans, the homesickness of exiles from Apulia and Sicily, united to favour the expedition. Charles, in his own eyes, in the eyes of the Pope, in those of the world, was the champion of the Church, making appeal to wager of battle to ascertain the judgment of God.

Preparations for the crusade slowly advanced. Terms between Pope Clement and the Count of Anjou were finally agreed upon. Charles and his heirs were to be liegemen of the Holy See. They were to pay an annual tribute of ten thousand ounces of gold, about equivalent to fifteen per centum of the ordinary annual tax levied in The Kingdom, and present a white palfrey in token of vassalage. Charles was to pay back fifty thousand marks that the

Pope had spent on the expedition. The crown of Sicily was never to be united to the Empire; and if Charles were elected Emperor, or lord of Lombardy or of Tuscany, he must choose between such an election and the Sicilian crown. The Papacy was never again to be endangered by the union of the territories to the south and the north of her. And, for fear of undue influence, Charles was not to be Senator of Rome after he should have conquered The Kingdom. Upon request the King was to furnish men at arms to serve his suzerain lord. Finally the Church was to have all sorts of privileges and liberties in The Kingdom. In short the status of an ecclesiastical fief under the suzerain Papacy was carefully defined.

Charles made the most elaborate preparations that he could. He had little money; but the Pope granted him a tax of ten per centum on the church revenues in France, lent him other funds, and as his need grew, pledged the papal credit, ecclesiastical chattels, vases of gold and vases of silver, in order to raise more. Charles taxed and borrowed wherever possible. Finally an army was levied. It was to invade Italy by land; but Charles himself could not wait for his troops as he had accepted the senatorship of Rome offered him by the Guelf faction, and had promised to be there by Whitsuntide (May 21), so with some thirty galleys and a thousand men he sailed from Marseilles, May 15, 1265. Luck favoured him, a tempest blew back Manfred's fleet that was lying in wait to intercept him, and he landed at the Tiber's mouth. He was welcomed in Rome with enthusiasm, and soon after received from plenipotentiary cardinals (for the Pope did not venture to leave Perugia) the investiture of the kingdom of Sicily and the title of king.

His army, which consisted of the soldiers got together from Anjou, Maine, Picardy, Flanders, and Provence, by adventurous barons who hoped to carve new estates out of conquered lands, as their ancestors had done in Macedonia and Achaia some sixty years before, crossed the Alps, traversed the friendly parts of Lombardy, and winding eastward towards Romagna in order to avoid the Tuscan Ghibellines, reached Rome by Christmas time. The Lombard Ghibellines had failed to intercept them; nobody doubted the loyalty of Uberto Pelavicini, but an ugly rumour got abroad that Buoso da Dovara had taken French gold. There was little fighting. The inhabitants of the country through which the French passed were generally friendly to their cause, and friendly or not were always glad to give them passage, for their reputation for valour and cruelty, earned in the Albigensian crusades, had been brought to Lombardy by fugitive heretics. At one place during the march a French soldier, caught pillaging, was hanged by some Italians, whereupon the army massacred the inhabitants of the offending town. Such necessary discipline, as it is called, had from the invaders' point of view a salutary effect.

The passage of the French army comforted the Guelfs, frightened the Ghibellines, and turned all waverers. Milan made alliance with the invaders, and received one of Charles's Provençal nobles for podestà. Manfred's partisans lost heart, and began to fall away. He himself made desperate overtures to the Pope; it was too late. The Pope answered them contemptuously: "There was a time in which grace was ready to extend to all things and grace was then rejected, that time has now gone by. Grace besought in an inopportune time cannot be granted. Everything has its appropriate time, but the present is not appropriate for everything. The past is past and cannot be recalled. . . . Charles, dear to God and to men, is on his way. . . . If difficulties bar his path, if there are barriers by sea and land, if there is a motley multitude of Saracens, of men excommunicated, of barbarian foreigners, nevertheless God is able to open a path and to scatter the multitude before the few. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, and an innumerable host was delivered into the hands of Judas Maccabæus. . . . This I know, that I, who am set over the Roman Church, rest the anchor of my hopes on God; I delight in no man's overthrow, nor in the shedding of blood. I seek peace as best I can; and since I sought it in vain from you, under compulsion I seek it in a different way. I carry on the business determined by my predecessors. I have lifted up on high Charles to be king, as was my duty; his name is holy and terrible and he is worthy of the royal crown."

As soon as the French army had arrived in Rome there was no reason for further delay. On the contrary the cost of the expedition was to be paid out of the spoils of victory; hot-headed valour coupled with an empty purse forced Charles to immediate action. On January 6, 1266, Charles and his wife were crowned king and queen in the basilica of St. Peter's, on the spot where his great predecessor, Charlemagne, had been crowned Emperor four hundred and sixty-five years before. In a couple of weeks the army was on the march. Fortune favoured them, rumour ran ahead chanting the prowess of the French; and many of Manfred's partisans, calculating their chances, concluded that Charles's was the safer side. Manfred had hoped to maintain a line of defence at the river Garigliano, the boundary of his kingdom. But the border castles surrendered or were carried by storm, and more nobles, up to this time doubtfully weighing chances, now pressed to make friends with Charles. Manfred retreated from Capua to Benevento. The French followed.

Early on the morning of February 26, the French troops coming over the crest of a hill saw before them Manfred's army, all gallantly drawn up in battle array in the plain outside of Benevento. Charles was in doubt whether to attack at once or to wait, for his men had marched a dozen miles that morning. His generals were of different minds; but Gilles le Brun, the constable of France, who had served in the French expedition in Egypt, announced that he and his ward, young Count Robert of Flanders, would fight at once, if they had to fight alone. The men, too, were confident and eager for the fray. Charles decided to take advantage of their spirit. "Venu est le jour que nous avons tous desiré," he cried, and bade the trumpets sound for battle. The bishop of Auxerre blessed the soldiers, and with cries of "Montjoie" they advanced to the attack.

There seems little doubt that Charles was a better soldier than Manfred; at least he was better advised. The two trusty battalions in Manfred's army, the Saracen archers and the German horse, were already engaged with the French and the battle was apparently going well for them, when Charles ordered his heavy brigade, which he had held in reserve, into action. At that Manfred bade his reserves charge. But these troops, composed of Apulians and Sicilians, lily-livered soldiers, wavered, turned and ran. The rest were soon put to rout. Manfred's friends urged him to fly; but answering that he had rather die a king than live in ignominy, he galloped into the fighting mass. The French showed no mercy; many of Manfred's men were drowned in the little river Calore hard by, and the field was strewn with dead bodies. Three thousand dead were counted, perhaps a fifth of Manfred's army. Charles wrote the good news at once to the Pope from the battlefield, giving God the glory, while his soldiers were inflicting every horror upon the innocent city of Benevento.

Manfred's body was not found till the third day, and though he had died cut off from communion with the Church, Charles, yielding as he said to a natural sentiment, had the body honourably buried but without ecclesiastical rites, at the head of the bridge across the Calore, and the soldiers heaped a cairn upon the spot. But the archbishop of Cosenza, by the Pope's order, had the body dug up and buried hugger-mugger by the banks of the river Garigliano, on the borders of The Kingdom. He wasted his pains; in spite of priestly malediction (*Purg.* III, 122–23),—

ma la bontà infinita ha sì gran braccia
che prende ciò, che si rivolge a lei.

Infinite goodness has arms so long
That it embraces all that turn to it.—

and Manfred's soul met Dante at the foot of the mountain of Purgatory.

Charles's victory was complete, the crusade blessed by the Church had conquered, the judgment of God had been pronounced. Sicily and the southern provinces of Italy surrendered in brief time, with little resistance; only the Saracens in Lucera held out. All over Italy the Guelfs rose in triumph. Uberto Pelavicini submitted, the March of Ancona turned Guelf, Florence drove out the Ghibellines, Arezzo too, Pisa offered to treat, Lucca, Pistoia, Prato made their peace. The truth was that there was no stable sovereignty anywhere in Italy; in every province, in every town, the two rival factions, each trying by fair means and foul to oust their adversaries, were nearly balanced, and a great victory one way or the other, like Montaperti or Benevento, shook down the losers' party far and near. In The Kingdom Manfred's power had hardly been more than that of an army in occupation. His German mercenaries and his Saracen troops were faithful; but the feudal nobility cared for little but the security of their baronies, their one desire was to be on the winning side.

The towns had little to choose between the Houses of Hohenstaufen and Anjou, and the serfs cared no more than the oxen at the plough. There was no national feeling to oppose to the ecclesiastical influences in favour of the invader. Frederick's power rested on a legal title, it had been at first supported by the Church, and had been built up by long effort; but Manfred was opposed by the Church from the beginning, and he had not even the colour of legal title to strengthen him. The first winds of misfortune blew his friends from him, and the superior military skill of the invaders lost him his last chance.

CHAPTER IV

CHARLES THE CONQUEROR (1266–1272)

Quando si parte il giuoco della zara,
colui che perde si riman dolente,
. . . .
con l' altro se ne va tutta la gente.
Purgatorio, VI, 1–4.

When the game of dice breaks up
He that loses remains sorrowing,
. . . .
With the other goes all the company.

THE conquest of the Kingdom of Sicily cuts the course of our history in two. The great questions that had troubled the peace of Italy for generations were decided. The German Emperors were not to be masters of Italy; the Empire was not to reduce the Papacy to a dependent bishopric; the Italian cities of the north were to be free to establish such local sovereignty as they chose; the mainland south of the river Garigliano was to be under a line of French kings; and the Papacy was to exchange its dread of Germany for subservience to France. The story comes to the end of one chapter and to the beginning of another, with a greater definiteness than often happens in history. Of this period King Charles is the hero. Some of his qualities were admirable to a high degree; and though others repel our sympathies, we must remember that Dante, a fierce Ghibelline, who hated the royal house of

France, puts him at the beginning of the Mount of Purgatory, on the road to purification and to bliss.

The victory at Benevento overthrew Ghibelline supremacy almost everywhere. Lombardy, Tuscany, the March of Ancona hurried to bend the knee. Such great success was not altogether to the liking of the Roman Curia. Pope Clement and his astute counsellor, the Roman cardinal, Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, had other ambitions for the Church. They desired to see her independent and self-sufficient, as free from the dangerous presence of a masterful friend as of a hostile Emperor. They wished her to take a high, maternal attitude towards both parties; and could not but regard her champion in the light of a necessary evil. Most especially was it against her interest to have the King of Sicily, who was so powerful in Tuscany and Lombardy, master also in Rome; therefore Clement called upon the King to fulfil the agreement, that he should lay down the office of Senator as soon as he had conquered his kingdom.

The King asked for a respite, but when that was refused complied with the request. He was as shrewd a politician as Cardinal Orsini himself, he knew that he had need of the Pope's aid and felt that he could afford to wait until the Pope should need him again. That time soon came. The Ghibellines lifted up their heads and sought a rallying point. Manfred the usurper was gone; but the lawful heir of the Hohenstaufens was still living, young Conrad, a boy of fifteen, stuffed full of the manly virtues of his race. Before the year was out envoys from the faithful cities of Lombardy and Tuscany, — from Verona and Pavia, Siena, and Pisa — went to Germany "to stir up the sleeping cub." His fearful mother would have held him back, but Corradino sold his lands, called to his friends, raised the Hohenstaufen standard, and crossed the Alps, his soul brimming with high hopes. The Ghibellines received the news of his coming with joy, and many malcontents in Apulia and Sicily broke into revolt.

King Charles could hardly regret the new danger, for it brought him his opportunity. The alarmed Guelfs drew in a closer circle round him. Florence, Lucca, Pistoia, and Prato appointed him lord for six years; and the Pope, to give him a larger standing, named him Keeper of the Peace in Tuscany. As the outlook became more lowering, Clement went further; he assumed imperial rights in virtue of what the Curia held to be the papal duty to see that the Empire suffered no harm in an interregnum, set aside a carefully drawn clause in his treaty with Charles and created him Imperial Vicar in Tuscany; and when the Ghibelline uprising grew still more threatening, the Pope went further still and gave the King permission to reassume the Senatorship of Rome. For Rome had caught the excitement of Ghibelline revolt, and had become a place of danger not merely for the Angevin cause but also for the Papacy.

Nothing shows better the fickleness of the populace, the evenly balanced ambition of rival nobles, and the feverish restlessness of Italy at this period, than the political changes which took place in the city of Rome, blown first this way and then that by the veering winds of fortune. To-day the Ghibellines, headed by one or two great families, govern the city; to-morrow the Guelf faction, guided by some dexterous cardinal and his allies, wins the upper hand and ousts its adversaries. But three years ago the city had acclaimed Charles of Anjou Senator; long processions of nobles, burghers, and priests had gone out to greet him, knights had held tournaments in his honour, and the chroniclers say that no man had been made welcome to Rome with so much splendour. Now all was changed. Don Arrigo of Castile had been elected Senator, and the Ghibellines were in triumphant possession of the city.

There is no more picturesque figure in these dramatic times than this madcap Spaniard. He was one of the roving gentlemen adventurers that wandered about the shores of the Mediterranean looking for some sort of coronet. He was brother to King Alphonso of Castile, one of the two imperial claimants, and brother-in-law to Prince Edward Longshanks of England. He had hoped for advantage from his successful cousin of Anjou, and had lent him much money, which Anjou, though constantly dunned, had not repaid. By an odd combination of circumstances, Don Arrigo, apparently for the sake of being in a position to revenge himself on Charles, had contrived to become Senator. In office he conducted himself with great vigour. He warmly espoused Corradino's cause, and with his lieutenant, Guido of Montefeltro, a nobleman from Romagna who subsequently attained to great renown as Ghibelline leader in the north, made every effort to help it to victory; and when Corradino, having come safely down from imperial city to imperial city, from Verona to Pavia, from Pavia to Pisa, finally entered Rome, the city under his leadership outdid itself in rejoicing. The houses were decked with garlands and gay drapery, the people cheered and sang, and girls strewed flowers in the young pretender's way.

The Pope, meanwhile, had taken refuge in the city of Viterbo. The western wall of this charming little town abuts on the edge of a high bluff, from which the eye can see far across the country; next this western wall stands the cathedral and hard by the papal palace which was then being built and is now a ruin. From this point Clement watched the young pretender's troops go by on their triumphant march to Rome. Not for a moment did he lose confidence in the goodness of his cause or in the might of his champion. He said: "Conrad goes like a lamb to the slaughter; . . . he will pass like smoke." After the prediction had been fulfilled, people remembered his words and revered his memory for his prophetical gift.

From Rome Corradino set forth eastward to conquer his father's kingdom. He crossed the Anio north of Subiaco, where no doubt the Benedictine monks were calling down the wrath of heaven on his head, and marched as far as Scurcola, a few miles east of Tagliacozzo. There, on the further side of the little river Salto, King Charles and his troops advanced to encounter him; Guillaume of Villehardouin, prince of Achaia, Gui, grandson of Simon de

Montfort, old Erard de Valéry and other distinguished French noblemen were with him. The battle was fought on August 23, 1268. At first the Ghibellines, who outnumbered the French, had the advantage, they broke the royal lines and put them to rout, but the lack of discipline and of a tried general-in-chief made itself felt; the Germans and Tuscans rushed to pillage and Don Arrigo's Spanish men-at-arms chased the fugitives too far. At this moment, when Conrad and his men believed the victory won, the French reserve of eight hundred knights, held back in hiding, the story went, by the advice of Erard de Valéry (*Inf.* XXVIII, 18),—

> ove senz' arme vinse il vecchio Alardo,—

charged upon the scattered Ghibellines and swept all before them. Don Arrigo strove in vain to rally his troops; the day was lost.

The rest of Corradino's story is sad enough. He escaped with a few hundred horse and made his way back to Rome. But this time no garlands were hung from the windows, no flowers were flung at his feet. The populace was much the same that in the days of the mightiest Julius had deserved the angry Tribune's rebuke:—

> You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
> O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome.

The city swung towards the victor. Corradino fled to the coast, hoping to put to sea; but he and his friends were caught by hostile Romans, the Frangipani, and surrendered to the King's men. They were then taken in chains to Genazzano, a mountain fortress near Palestrina, where King Charles had come to meet his prisoner. One cannot see the little town (which still lives its mediæval life), its narrow streets, its dark corners, its stern stone houses and palaces, without picturing to one's mind the meeting between the gallant young captive, but a few days before in love with life and tingling with hope, and the stern, ambitious, deep-revolving King.

There was no doubt of the fate of the prisoners. Don Arrigo's life was spared on account of his royal kin, but he was sent to Castel del Monte and kept in prison for over twenty years. Conrad of Antioch, an irregular grandson of the Emperor Frederick, was exchanged for two brothers of Cardinal Orsini who, as luck would have it, were in the power of his wife. A young Anibaldi was likewise spared, for the sake of his uncle, Cardinal Riccardo Anibaldi, who had always been a good friend to King Charles. Another prisoner was released by the ransom which Provenzano Salvani obtained by begging in the market-place at Siena, an act which did such violence to his pride that he trembled in every vein (*Purg.* XI, 136–38):—

> e lì, per trar l' amico suo di pena
> che sostenea nella prigion di Carlo,
> si condusse a tremar per ogni vena.

The fate is also known of three other prisoners, Count Giordano, who won the battle of Montaperti, Pietro Asino of the Uberti family, a leading Florentine Ghibelline, and another. They were sent to a dungeon in Provence. There they managed to escape, killing their keepers; but they were recaptured, and the King "*tanquam crudelis*," — cruel if you choose to consider it so, — commanded that each should have a foot and a hand stricken off, and his eyes torn out. The sentence was inflicted and the prisoners died in agony. Most of the other prisoners were executed. The young pretender, perhaps at the request of the Pope, was given a trial at Naples. A high court of justice, composed of nobles, of burgesses from the cities, and of lawyers, sat upon his case; but the charges and the procedure are little known. He was accused among other things of *lèse majesté*, of being a traitor and enemy to the Church, and of burning monasteries. One account says that there was some dissent among the judges, but that seems unlikely. He was convicted, sentenced to death, and executed in the market-place at Naples; his last words were a cry of anguish to his mother.

This execution was cruel, no doubt; but was it more cruel than the years of imprisonment meted to Enzio, to Don Arrigo, or to Manfred's children, who passed twenty, thirty, and forty years in prison? The age was cruel. Henry VI was cruel, Frederick II was cruel; partisan chiefs everywhere were hardly less cruel than Ezzelino. In this very year the Ghibellines of Mantua dragged Guelf women and children to the scaffold. The following year when the Florentines captured Provenzano Salvani, they cut off his head. Just before the battle of Tagliacozzo Corradino had put to death Jean de Braiselve, one of Charles's commanders, taken prisoner in battle two months before. Had Corradino been the victor, there is no doubt as to what would have been Charles's fate.

With Corradino in prison, there would always have been danger that he might escape; and, either free or in prison, he would have served as a rallying point for the imperial cause throughout Italy. He had staked fortune and life on the hazard of a battle; he had lost. *Væ victis!* Under the practise of the times the penalty of the loser was death. Indeed, it is only pity for the boy's youth, German partisanship, or Neapolitan indignation at foreign rule, that has found special cruelty in this exaction of a common penalty.

The victory of Tagliacozzo put Charles even higher than he had been after the battle of Benevento. King of Sicily, Imperial Vicar in Tuscany, Lord Protector of the Guelfs in Lombardy, and once again Senator of Rome, he encompassed the Papacy with more formidable powers than any Emperor had possessed in more than an hundred years. Moreover, as if a power sprung from the force of circumstance, superior to individual will, prescribed a policy for the kings of Sicily, Charles followed the precedents of the Hohenstaufens in so many matters that the Roman Curia might well be fearful lest the great upheaval had left things very much as they had been. Imitating his predecessors King Charles turned his ambitions eastward; he purchased the crown of Jerusalem from the poverty-stricken heiress, he obtained the throne of Albania, he acquired the princedom of Achaia, and married his daughter Beatrice to the eldest son of Baldwin, the dispossessed Emperor of Constantinople. Like the Hohenstaufens, he made treaties with the Mahommedan rulers of Egypt and

Tunis, and employed the Saracens of Lucera in his army.

Charles also followed in Frederick's footsteps as a patron of learning. He endeavoured to set the University of Naples on its feet, and invited professors from Paris and Orleans to come there. He also showed solicitude for the medical school at Salerno, and sent to the King of Tunis for a copy of a famous encyclopedia of medicine originally compiled by a Persian physician, and employed a learned Sicilian Jew to translate it. The book was then submitted to the medical faculties at Naples and Salerno for their approval. There is a copy of this treatise still in existence, beautifully written out on vellum under the direction of the King's French librarian, and adorned with miniatures, one representing the King. Charles, too, though he had long ceased to take any personal interest in poetry, deemed it the part of a king to patronize poets; old Sordello followed him on his expedition into Italy, so did other troubadours such as Raimon Feraut, and the famous French poet Adam de la Halle subsequently came to the court at Naples.

In spite of these many points of likeness between his policy and the policy of the Hohenstaufens, and of his alarming power in Tuscany and Lombardy, and, worse than all, of his control of Rome, King Charles was a far less dangerous neighbour to the Popes than either Frederick or Manfred. For though he and the Popes had their several and often contradictory political ideals and ambitions, nevertheless he lived in the same region of thought that they did. He was moral and religious in the sense held by the Church and by Christendom generally; whereas the Hohenstaufens were freethinkers, Epicureans, delighting in pleasures both high and low which the puritan churchmen despised and feared. He not only shared the Christian faith held by the Curia, but he felt that he needed papal support and that the Papacy and he had similar if not identical interests. Moreover, Charles's wife, Queen Beatrice, shared his religious ideas. The sweet and holy Saint Douceline, —

> Sancta Douceline de Dinha,
> li quals fon mot dousa e dinha, —

sister to the exuberant Franciscan controversialist Brother Hugo of Digne, was a great friend of the Queen's and became godmother to one of her daughters. It was through her influence that Charles, when Count of Provence, first changed his unfriendly attitude towards the Brothers Minor; and when the crown of Sicily was offered to him, he consulted her as to whether he should accept. She bade him fear nothing since God had chosen him to be the Church's champion, and to rest assured that he should win the victory by the aid of God, of His Mother, and of His standard bearer, St. Francis. Such a man was fundamentally in sympathy with the mediæval Church, and the Papacy had no cause to fear abasement, or reduction to apostolic poverty, such as Frederick had threatened; nevertheless it had good cause to fear that he would attempt to use the Church as his instrument to further the accomplishment of his great dreams.

In his new dominions in Italy, after resistance had been put down, Charles endeavoured to be a good ruler; he did what he could to establish law and order. It is true that he put French and Provençal officials in all places of importance, and made himself unpopular by so doing, but he had no choice; it would have been folly to trust old servants of the Hohenstaufens. He had trusted them once after the battle of Benevento, and in spite of their oaths they had risen in rebellion when Corradino hoisted his standard. He taxed heavily, as the Hohenstaufens had done, but he devised a system of taxation, which, he hoped, would attain the double end of securing the full taxes to the state and of protecting the people against the tax-gatherers. The main tax was the hearth tax. Each hearth had to pay about one quarter of an ounce of gold a year. His statutes were the statutes of the Hohenstaufens with little change. His great defects as a ruler were due to his impatience to be about mightier conquests.

If Charles had been content with one conquered kingdom, like William the Conqueror for instance, and had used his administrative powers for the good government of the country, Apulia and Sicily would have had no cause to regret the conquest. Foreigner for foreigner, a Frenchman was no worse than a German. But Charles treated the country, especially Sicily, as a mere source of revenue and supplies; and he was irritated that everybody did not accept his title as readily and absolutely as he himself had done. He was impatient to have Italy quiet behind him, in order that he might be free to obey the summons of the beckoning East. With all his cruel severity and harsh rapacity, this austere warrior had in his heart an element of high romance; and for this perhaps as much as for his soldierly qualities, even his enemy, Peter of Aragon, regarded him as "le premier chevalier d'Europe."

For such a man, with such far-reaching ambitions and such a religious nature, dealings with the Papacy were of the first importance. He would not, out of policy as well as out of respect, use force, and he therefore endeavoured to bring the Papacy to a condition of practical servitude by indirect means. The Papacy on its part was aware of its danger and proceeded cautiously. "If you were present at the meetings of the Curia," Pope Clement wrote to a cardinal absent in France, "you would learn how the beginnings and the progress of matters are discussed with reference to their probable issues, and how benefits and detriments are gone over not perfunctorily but with great deliberation; and though it may be that, on account of the frailty of our human state, error may enter into our counsels (and that is seldom), nevertheless nothing is omitted which human forethought ought to provide for."

The Pope's position was very difficult. A man of administrative genius and great force of character like Innocent III, trained in the general business of the Curia and familiar from early youth with local matters that of necessity exerted a great influence on papal politics, could dominate his cabinet of cardinals and give effect to his single will; but with a Pope like Clement IV, foreign born and foreign bred, the situation was quite different. He knew nothing of petty matters at hand that commonly outweighed distant matters of great moment; he was ignorant of the baronial families of the Campagna, of the relations between the Roman Savelli, Anibaldi, Orsini, and Conti, of the position of the Doria, Spinola, Grimaldi, and Fieschi in Genoa, of how great a man Provenzano Salvani was in Siena, or how proud the position of the Malaspini in the Lunigiana. Places, people, and methods were all new to him. Therefore, no matter what his abilities might be, no matter what his purposes, he was obliged to be guided by the opinions of his counsellors. Clement habitually deferred to the advice of those cardinals, such as Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, with whom he was in sympathy, and endeavoured to conciliate the others. In this way during a cautious pontificate divergent views among the cardinals were hidden under a policy of compromise; but immediately upon a vacancy, the college split asunder into discordant groups.

Pope Clement, after Manfred's overthrow, had done his best to hold a course between the contending parties, inclining no more than was necessary towards his masterful champion, nor towards his adversaries, but he had been forced by the general rising of the Ghibellines to throw himself into Charles's arms. Now, however, that Charles was completely victorious, his natural policy would have been to lean the other way, but within a month after

Conrad's execution he died. The quarrels in the Curia showed how ill agreed it was on all great questions of state. The cardinals, seventeen or eighteen in number, were split asunder by all sorts of dissensions; the French party disagreed with the Italian, Cistercians with Franciscans, the partisans of Cardinal Orsini with the partisans of Cardinal Anibaldi. The chief matter at issue was the policy to be pursued toward King Charles. He was the dominating power in Italy, he was most eager to have a Pope favourable to his interests, and the burning question concerning each candidate was whether he was for or against the King. For over two years they wrangled and stood at dead-lock. Every cardinal who entertained the hope of getting the required two thirds votes for himself, did what was necessary to block the success of the others. Of these aspiring candidates a few stand out conspicuously.

Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, a Florentine, who had been made cardinal twenty-five years before by Innocent IV, was famous for his sympathy with the Ghibellines. Stories had gone about, especially at the time of the revolt of Parma against the Emperor, that he was a traitor to the Church party; and without doubt in such an angry period a man with friendships and ties on the opposing side was regarded as false by the extreme members of the party to which he belonged. It was also said that he had rejoiced openly over the Guelf defeat at Montaperti, and that on some occasion he had exclaimed: "If I have a soul I have lost it a thousand times for the

Ghibellines." Fra Salimbene, who knew all the gossip of the Franciscan monasteries, says: "He was much thought of by the party of the Empire, but sometimes for his own honour he did things to the advantage of the Church, for he knew that he had been commissioned for that purpose." At first Salimbene was inclined to think the cardinal a traitor, but afterwards he grew more lenient in his judgment. "When I went back to Lombardy," he says, "Lord Ottaviano was papal legate at Bologna, and I dined with him many times; he used to seat me at the head of the table, so that there was no one between me and him unless it was my companion brother. . . . Then I used to do what the Wise Man in Proverbs, chapter XXIII, teaches: 'When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee.' And indeed we used to have very good food and plenty of it, and royal wine in abundance, and everything delicious. Then I began to conceive an affection for the cardinal, according to the verse in Proverbs, chapter XIX, 'Every man is a friend to him who giveth gifts'; and the cardinal invited me and my companion to go to dine with him any day we pleased." In spite of having his own mouth thus stopped with food (Ottaviano, as he says, was very sagacious), Salimbene also recounts this anecdote: "One day when there was a great procession and the cardinal was walking past, a street singer called out loud enough for him to hear, 'Fall back, make way and let pass the man who has been traitor to the Roman Curia and has often tricked the Church.' The cardinal quietly bade one of his retainers shut the man's mouth by giving him money, for he well knew that 'money answereth all things.' And so the cardinal removed the annoyance, for the street singer having got the money immediately rushed ahead to another spot which the cardinal was to pass, and praised him over and over again, saying that 'there was no better cardinal in the Curia than he, and that indeed he ought to be Pope.'"

On the whole the Cardinal, as he was called *par excellence*, was unfairly judged by the Guelf zealots, for he rendered important services to the Church, and the Emperor Frederick could not have found him much of an ally, for he spoke of him in his letters as a "pestilent enemy." Perhaps he offended the Guelfs by a certain freedom of living and thinking; any partisan lukewarmness, however faint, was sufficient ground in their eyes for a total condemnation. Dante puts him in the sixth circle of hell among the freethinking Epicureans, with the Emperor, Cavalcante Cavalcanti, and Farinata degli Uberti. Ottaviano was uncle to that cruel Archbishop Ruggieri of Pisa who, when head of the Ghibellines, locked Ugolino the Guelf, his sons and grandsons, in a tower and flung away the key, leaving them to die of hunger. His high position in the Curia, in spite of his imperialistic ideas, shows that there were still those who entertained the old theory, that the Church needed an Emperor to support and defend her, that the *Sacerdotium* and the *Imperium* should proceed hand in hand. But naturally he stood no chance of election. The most promising candidates were cardinals Ottobuono dei Fieschi, Riccardo degli Anibaldi, and Giovanni Gaetano Orsini.

Ottobuono dei Fieschi of Genoa, was nephew to Innocent IV; he was both an ardent Guelf and an ardent patriot in the sense that he wished the Guelf families, the Fieschi and the Grimaldi, victorious over their Ghibelline rivals, the Doria and the Spinola. He did what he could to bring about friendly relations between King Charles and Genoa; and, as Pope, would have been most acceptable to the King, but as yet his following was not strong enough to elect him. Riccardo Anibaldi was head of a distinguished Roman family, and had been a cardinal for thirty years; he was an able, shifty man, whose course had veered more than once in his long career, for his master passion was to elevate his family and to abase the Orsini. The third of these likely candidates, Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, was destined to make a great name for himself. Orsini had been made a cardinal at the age of twenty-eight by Pope Innocent IV; he had been one of the little group to join the Pope on board the Genoese fleet the day after that adventurous night on which the Pope, booted and spurred, rode from Sutri to the sea, and he had continued to be a companion of the Pope's flight till they reached Lyons. He was the son of Matteo Rubeo Orsini, a stout-hearted partisan of the Church, who had been Senator of Rome in the dangerous days when Frederick wished to lay hands on the city; and since his father's death he had been head of the Guelf branch of the family. Like all churchmen who had been present at the Council of Lyons, he was strongly set against the Hohenstaufens; but on the other hand he feared King Charles's overswollen power. His fixed goal was to render the Papacy dependent upon itself alone. He was profoundly versed in all the affairs of the Curia, and of great influence in directing those affairs. His very claims to an election, however, served to strengthen the opposition to him. The Anibaldi would not consent to the election of an Orsini, and he was unable to obtain the necessary two thirds vote.

For nearly three years the cardinals quarrelled among themselves. During the conclave an incident occurred that must have been detrimental to the French influence both in the college of cardinals and in all Italy. One spiritual difference (if indeed there is any), between the men of that time and men of to-day, lies in the latent energy that they could suddenly draw upon and fling into their emotional actions. Those men, undistraught by the thousand and one passing matters of what we call civilized life, that catch and divert the mind and dissipate the density of our emotional stores, were more liable to succumb to the mastery of an impetuous mood than we are; the saint became the slave of his piety, the nobleman of his ambition, the flagellant of his superstition, the hater of his revenge. But whether he was specially indebted to the emotional capacity of his generation or not, Gui de Montfort had inherited to the full the passion of his race. Son of the English earl of Leicester, grandson of Simon de Montfort, the crusader, and through his mother, grandson of King John of England, he had gone, like other French noblemen, to seek his fortune in the train of Charles of Anjou; and now in company with King Charles and the new king of France, Philippe le Hardi, he was at Viterbo. Perhaps his going had a purpose. Richard of Cornwall, one of the imperial claimants, hoped for the election of a Pope who would acknowledge and crown him Emperor; and his son, Prince Henry of Cornwall, was there to lobby, as we should say, in that interest. It was the royal family of England that had caused the death of Gui's father, and he had vowed revenge. There, in a church hard by the papal palace, before the altar, Gui stabbed Prince Henry to the heart (*Inf.* XII, 119–20), —

> fesse in grembo a Dio lo cor.

King Charles punished the murderer, but not as he would have punished a man who had sinned against him or his friends; and Gui was also put under the ban of the Church. But time, and need of a stout soldier, brought him back into favour, and within a dozen years he was leading the papal forces against the Ghibellines of Romagna.

Some six months later the cardinals, not being able to agree upon one of their own number, appointed a committee to effect a compromise. The committee selected a distinguished prelate, of moderate rank however, a mere archdeacon, Tedaldo dei Visconti, of Piacenza, nephew to Otto Visconti, archbishop of Milan. At the time of his election the new pope was at Acre, in Syria, in company with Prince Edward of England, and did not reach

Italy till the beginning of the year 1272. He took the title Gregory X, and at once, with diplomacy, gentleness, and tact, began the necessary task of making head against his vassal king.

CHAPTER V

FROM GREGORY X TO NICHOLAS III (1272–1280)

> The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones.
>
> *Julius Cæsar*, III, 2.

The quarrelling cardinals who had wrangled for nearly three years to achieve their own personal ambitions or to defeat those of their colleagues, deserve this credit, that, after each of them had become convinced that it would be impossible to win the prize for himself, the whole college considered the welfare of the Church, and chose a good man for the great office. Gregory's special qualifications in their eyes were very like Urban's; he was entirely outside of the intrigues and dissensions of the Curia, and he had special knowledge of the Eastern question. Besides these qualities, as some if not all of them must have known, Gregory was a man of sagacity and moderation, animated by a whole-hearted wish to purify the Church and be of service to Christendom. According to Fra Salimbene, he was "very religious, a lover of the poor, generous, kinder than anybody else, most gentle and compassionate."

Gregory's purposes were both simple and definite. The two pressing duties of the Church, as he saw them, were to procure peace for Europe, especially for Italy, and to rescue Palestine from the infidels. For both these ends it was necessary to establish a lawful Emperor in the Empire. The long imperial interregnum had been a cause of confusion and turmoil; the hostile proclamations of the opposing claimants, Richard of Cornwall and Alphonso of Castile, had frightened trade and fanned the flames of local animosities. An Emperor, free indeed from the hostile Swabian traditions, was an obvious necessity; and in theory the election of another Emperor was an easy matter. The belief in the imperial constitution for Germany and Italy was universal. The mighty fabric reared by Julius and Augustus Cæsar, perfected by Trajan and by Constantine, still dominated men's minds as the God-given settlement of social discord, civil strife, and international quarrels. "It is manifest," Dante says, "that universal peace is the best of all those things which are ordained for our blessedness. And that is why there rang out to the shepherds from on high, not riches, not pleasures, not honours, not length of life, not health, not strength, not beauty, but peace." And from this truth it seemed to follow in logical sequence, that universal monarchy was the best for mankind; and the Emperor, if not accepted throughout Europe as universal monarch, was the only prince that had any colour of claim to the position. Such speculations, indeed, concerning a universal monarch rested in the airy regions of theory, but a monarch for the Empire was within the sphere of practical politics. So Gregory found men's minds, except among the extreme Guelfs, prepared for the election of an Emperor; and he bade the German princes proceed to an election.

Nevertheless the matter was beset by practical difficulties. There were already two claimants in the field, who felt that their time had come. For fifteen years they had boasted of what they were going to do; but neither one nor the other had done much. Richard of Cornwall had crossed the seas once or twice to Germany, and had promised Verona that he would come to Italy; and Alphonso, who through his mother was a cousin of the late Emperor Frederick, had made an alliance with Ezzelino, had listened with readiness to the overtures of Ghibelline Pisa as well as to those of Guelf Florence, and finally has dispatched troops to Genoa; but neither prince had gone to Italy in person. Happily Richard died soon after Gregory's accession, and the Pope had no hesitation in setting aside Alphonso's claims; it would have been folly to choose for Emperor a man who was angling for leadership of the Italian Ghibellines. But there were other candidates in the field. King Charles, always delighting in dreams conjured up by his ambition, urged the election of his nephew, Philippe le Hardi, King of France, *quel nasetto*, him of the snub-nose, as he is called by Dante; but the Roman Curia had not lost its senses, and had no mind to add the Empire to the dominions already ruled by the royal house of France. There was also a German candidate: Ottocar, King of Bohemia, who

> resse la terra dove l' acqua nasce,
> che Molta in Albia ed Albia in mar ne porta,

> Ruled the land wherein the waters rise
> Which the Moldau to the Elbe bears on, the Elbe unto the sea,

put in his claim, as the most powerful of the German princes. But his claim was disposed of as readily as that of the English, Spanish, and French candidates. The Pope, though convinced that a stable Empire in Germany required a German Emperor, believed that the interests of the Papacy required a prince not too powerful in his own resources, and though there was no outward appearance of intermeddling with the election, without doubt let his opinion be known; the German princes accepted his policy and elected Rudolph of Habsburg, a good soldier but a nobleman of moderate possessions.

All these princes Dante met in the valley of Antepurgatory (*Purg.* VII): Charles of Anjou, *colui dal maschio naso,* him with the masculine nose; Philippe, *nasetto* (the Capetian nose made a marked impression on Dante); Ottocar; Henry III of England, *il re della semplice vita,* the King of the simple life; Peter III of Aragon, big-limbed and honourably girded with the cord of every good quality, —

> Quel che par sì membruto. . .
> d' ogni valor portò cinta la corda, —

who had married Manfred's daughter, Constance; and above them sat Rudolph, the Emperor elect, —

> Colui, che più sied' alto e fa sembianti
> d' aver negletto ciò che far dovea,
> e che non move bocca agli altrui canti,
> Ridolfo imperador fu, che potea
> sanar le piaghe ch' hanno Italia morta,
> sì che tardi per altri si ricrea.

He that sits high'st, whose face doth show that he
Neglected has that which he should have done,
And does not move his lips to th' others' song,
Was Rudolph, Emperor, who had the power
To heal the wounds that have killed Italy,
So that by others' help she shall revive
Too late.

Rudolph of Habsburg was elected in 1273. The Pope, in spite of his guilelessness, pursued the policy established by Innocent III, and exacted from Rudolph, as the price of his support, a promise to grant a final and definite cession of the papal provinces in Italy, so often granted by the Empire and so often withheld. As Fra Salimbene says: "The Popes always wish to milk the Empire a little, when the new Emperors take office; these, out of courtliness and generosity, can't very well refuse what is asked of them, partly because they wish to show their good side to the Church at the beginning of their reigns, partly because they think the Empire is a kind of gift to them, partly because they are ashamed to put on a sour face even when they are under the cupping-glass, and also in order to prevent a flat refusal of their coronation."

Rudolph's election, though readily accomplished, raised many questions that had need of nice diplomacy. Charles of Anjou was Senator of Rome, Imperial Vicar in Tuscany, leader of the Guelfs of Lombardy, and the possessor of strong places in Piedmont; how were his possessions, claims, and ambitions to be reconciled with the rights of an Emperor in Italy? A quarrel between the two would frustrate both of Gregory's most dearly cherished hopes, the peace of Italy and the crusade. How, indeed, could an armed expedition to Rome to receive the imperial crown fail to rouse the downtrodden Ghibellines, and rally the Guelfs round the King of Sicily? How was the question of Romagna to be settled, which had been included in the imperial grants to the Papacy by Otto IV and Frederick II as well as in earlier charters, but had always been treated as part of the Empire? Gregory proceeded with dignity, sagacity, and resolution, and at the same time he kept his mind and his heart most seriously set on a crusade. As these matters were of the very greatest importance, and as he was by no means sure of general support from the cardinals, he decided to convoke a universal council of the Church, so that his policy should receive the approbation of Christendom and bear down all opposition. This council was summoned to meet at Lyons. Without doubt Gregory followed the last precedent in choosing Lyons as the meeting-place in order to be free from the local passions that burned so fiercely in Rome, as well as to have a city easy of access to the prelates of Western Europe.

The second Council of Lyons was in all respects most unlike the council held there by Innocent IV. Then all was strife; but now all was peace. The matters considered were all designed for furtherance of the crusade and for the welfare of the Church. The council proceeded with dispatch. The election of Rudolph as King of the Romans was confirmed; the reconciliation of the Greek Church with the Roman Church was effected; and rules were adopted for the procedure of a conclave during a Papal election. The question of the Greek schism was sadly entangled with political considerations. King Charles entertained hostile projects against the Greek Emperor, Michael Palæologus, who had but lately pushed the feeble Baldwin from the throne in Constantinople; and Palæologus, for the sake of protecting himself from King Charles, sought the Pope's blessing and protection. The Pope was quite willing to curb Charles's ambitious projects, especially as a war between Charles and the Greek Emperor would certainly endanger and probably prevent a crusade. The Greeks, as they always did when in need of western help, professed consciences eager for the truth and a great open-mindedness towards the likelihood of finding it in the Roman Communion; so under decent cover of great efforts by Bonaventura, general of the Franciscans, and after a proper diffidence by the Greek theologians, an outward reconciliation was effected. The Greek Church renounced its erring ways, acknowledged the authority of the Pope, and accepted the long controverted clause in the Latin creed, "the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son": "Fideli ac devota professione fatemur, quod Spiritus Sanctus æternitaliter ex Patre et Filio, non tamquam ex duobus principiis sed tamquam ex uno principio non duabus spirationibus sed unica spiratione procedit. Faithfully and devoutly we acknowledge and confess, that the Holy Ghost eternally proceedeth from the Father and the Son, not as from two beginnings but as from one beginning, not as from two spirations but from one spiration only." These professions sound hollow enough to us now, as we listen across the centuries with indifferent ear, and undoubtedly they were sham to the Greeks, but perhaps to the prelates of the Roman Church, assembled from bishoprics in Germany, Italy, Spain, France, and England, they boded a great change for the good, and persuaded pious Christians that, even if the Greek Emperor was false of heart, nevertheless the little Greek children of Macedonia and Thrace would in course of time grow up with a juster knowledge of divine truth.

The third important matter was disposed of in a manner acceptable to all the assembled prelates, excepting the cardinals. This was the regulation of the procedure during the conclave. The rules then adopted have persisted with some modifications to the present time, excepting during a period of about twenty years soon after their adoption. The Pope, as well as all Christendom, had been sadly impressed by the unseemly discord among the cardinals during the two years and nine months that preceded his election, and proposed to render such an occurrence impossible again. Here, too, he showed his courage, for the college of cardinals did not like to have control of its own procedure taken out of its hands. The new rules provided: that after ten days allowed for assembling, the cardinals were to meet in the palace where the last Pope had died and to occupy one room in which all doors and all windows, except one left for the passage of food, were to be walled up; then that after three days the rations should be restricted to one dish at dinner and one at supper;

and after five days of this limited diet, the rations should be further reduced to bread, wine, and water, until the requisite two thirds of the cardinals had come to an agreement. The duty of enforcing these rules was entrusted to the secular authorities of the town. This strict procedure seems inconsistent with the doctrine of divine inspiration acting upon the conclave, and it was very hard upon old or infirm cardinals, but humanly speaking it was necessary to prevent a repetition of the recent scandal. It certainly carries a sharper sting of rebuke than any epigram aimed at the college, and helps us to understand how bitter must have been the quarrels that had gone on between the Roman cardinals Orsini and Anibaldi, between Simon de Brie, the loyal friend of King Charles, and Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, the Ghibelline.

With these three political triumphs achieved, — the Empire provided with an Emperor, schismatics brought back into the fold, the papal election regulated, — Pope Gregory set forth upon his way to Rome, where his most delicate diplomacy would be needed to deal with King Charles. Unhappily for the Papacy, he died on the way. He left behind him a noble reputation; for in difficult places, with marked success, he had turned his face steadfastly towards righteousness. Within less than a year and a half three more Popes — Innocent V, Hadrian V, and John XXI — followed him to the grave. The first, a French Dominican, was in complete sympathy with King Charles. His election shows that French influence was strong in the college, and perhaps also that the cardinals felt some fear of the revived Empire. After his death the King's faction was again able to carry the election, which was held in Rome. Rumour said that Charles, as Senator, misused his office to bring improper pressure upon those opposed to him. The successful candidate, Ottobuono dei Fieschi, nephew of Innocent IV, took the title of Hadrian V.

Hadrian V reigned but thirty odd days and yet long enough to imprint himself on Dante's imagination. At the time when Dante was a little boy of eleven he may well have heard tales of Cardinal Ottobuono's avarice, such as would be told in houses where there was no love lost for King Charles and his friends, tales perhaps too readily believed against political adversaries; or perhaps Dante uses Hadrian V as a mask, through which to utter his scorn for the misuse of holy offices. At any rate when the poet crosses the circle of Purgatory, where the avaricious and the prodigal are punished together, he comes upon people lying prostrate with their faces to the ground, bound hand and foot, weeping and sighing, "Adhæsit pavimento anima mea," and among them poor Ottobuono dei Fieschi, who recounts his story (*Purg.* XIX, 103–20): —

One month and little more I proved how weighs
  The great cope upon him that keeps it from the mud,
  So that all other burdens feathers seem.
And my conversion, woe is me, was late;
  But when the Roman Shepherd I was made
  Then first discovered I the life of lies.
I saw that there the heart is not at rest
  And no one in that life can higher rise,

> Wherefore a love of this life woke in me.
> Up to that point I was a wretched soul
> Parted from God and greedy in all things;
> Now, as you see, here I am punished for 't.
> . . . .
> Even as our eyes fast set on earthly things
> Did not toward heaven lift themselves erect,
> So here hath Justice sunk them to the ground.

Perhaps it was corporal suffering as well as the unveiling of pontifical worldliness, that wrought Hadrian's conversion, for he was ill during his brief pontificate and had little chance to see or do very much. On his death, the cardinals, who were but nine in number at the conclave, chose a compromise candidate. Cardinal Orsini was now by far the most distinguished member of the college; nevertheless he could not control enough votes to secure the necessary two thirds. He was able, however, to defeat the election of any opponent and to direct the choice to Peter Juliani, a Portuguese, John XXI, who had been made cardinal by Gregory X. This election, as well as that of Innocent V, emphasizes afresh how persistent were the discords and jealousies in the college, that old, influential, and experienced cardinals should be passed over and new men, untrained in papal diplomacy, should be chosen. John XXI was by profession a physician; he had written books on medicine and a famous little treatise on logic — Pietro Ispano lo qual giù luce in dodici libelli (*Par.* XII, 134–35) — and had been a professor at the University of Siena; it is uncertain why he went into the Church. He was a man of simple, careless manners and habits, always interested in physic and philosophy, and much bored by his pontifical duties. Within eight months he was accidentally killed in the Papal palace in Viterbo, and in his stead Cardinal Orsini received at last the long-coveted tiara.

Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, Nicholas III, stands out as one of the great churchmen in history, like certain princely cardinals, — Wolsey for instance, or Richelieu. His family had been raised to power eighty years before by the first Orsini Pope, Celestine III, and Nicholas increased its fortunes till it became the first of the great Roman families, for the moment mounting higher than the Colonna, Frangipani, Savelli, Anibaldi, or Conti. During his pontificate the Orsini owned three great fortresses in Rome, one on Monte Giordano, another in what is now the Campo di Fiore, and the Castle of Sant' Angelo, as well as many houses on both sides of the Tiber. Naturally Nicholas III looked out on the world from an essentially feudal and aristocratic point of view; and yet he was not of the soldier type, like Pope Innocent IV. He was an astute, far-seeing, far-planning statesman, inspired with that Italian genius for diplomacy, which marked Cavour or Leo XIII. He had been a cardinal for thirty-three years, in sunshine and in shadow. Under Innocent IV he learned certain fundamental opinions concerning Italian politics, chief of which was the papal need of security. Under Alexander IV, Cardinal Riccardo Anibaldi, a nephew of the Pope, was in full favour, and Cardinal Orsini seems to have been of no very great consequence in the Curia; yet he received important judicial appointments, for he sat in judgment upon John of Parma, the general of the Franciscan Order, and also on the errors of William of Saint Amour. After Alexander's death he urged the election of Pope Urban, and was duly rewarded, for he was put at the head of the Inquisition and made Protector of the Franciscan Order; in this critical period he supported Urban in his French policy. Under Clement IV his influence appears in the strict terms of the bargain with the Count of Anjou; later he and Clement were at one as to the course to be pursued towards the conqueror, a via media, inclining neither too much in his favour nor away from him towards the Ghibellines. After Clement's death, during the riotous interregnum, he and his rival Anibaldi played the leading parts. Under Gregory X he was again left to one side, for he was not in sympathy with Gregory's endeavour to get Rudolph to Rome for his imperial coronation; and yet his counsels had weight, for it must have been by his advice that the Pope insisted on the papal claims to Romagna even after the Emperor's envoys, regardless of the imperial promise, were on their way from one Romagnuol city to another demanding oaths of allegiance to the Empire. Latterly, during the brief pontificates of Innocent V and Hadrian V, there had been no especial place for a man out of sympathy with King Charles's position in Rome and Tuscany; but during the reign of John XXI, Cardinal Orsini was for all essential matters prime minister and in full control. One can imagine this proud priest, *pulcher et litteratus* — a man of learning and of goodly presence, a big Shakespearian kind of figure, in whom age and experience had not tamed the resolution of youth, surrounded by his secretaries, his lawyers, his scribes and his clerks, passionately intent upon a multitude of plans for the Empire, for Italy, for the Papal States, for Rome, and for St. Peter's basilica.

The pole star of the Pope's policy was to render the Church free, and independent. To do this she must be lifted out of the shadow of the Empire to the north and of The Kingdom to the south; she must possess on secure terms a principality large enough to procure her a proper position in Italy; and in especial she must be relieved from the disturbing and dangerous instability of Rome, to-day Ghibelline, to-morrow revolutionary, now in the hands of some dare-devil prince, like Don Arrigo of Castile, and now of some too powerful friend, like King Charles. For these great ends, for moving so large a mass, Nicholas had need of a lever. That lever he found in his family; and it is to the use he made of his kinsmen, as a means to such achievement, that he chiefly owes the evil reputation for nepotism and simony, which, thanks to the scathing verses in the Inferno, has survived the memory of his important accomplishments and of his magnanimous spirit.

In the matter of the adjustment of the rights of the Papacy to the provinces of Central Italy, the papal chancery got out the time-honoured charters which contained the imperial grants, and proved the papal title. The Emperor elect was loath to part with the province of Romagna, — a region thickly set with romantic cities, Imola, Faenza, Cesena, Rimini, Ravenna—often ceded in words and never in deed; but the Pope secured the fulfilment of the promise made to Gregory X. Nicholas arranged a series of concessions for both the Emperor and King Charles, playing one off against the other. The Emperor surrended Romagna to the Pope; and in return the Pope obliged King Charles to resign the imperial lieutenancy of Tuscany. Charles, on his part, received from Rudolph the imperial consent to his sovereignty over the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and the two potentates pledged themselves to amity by the betrothal of Rudolph's daughter, Clemence, to Charles's grandson, Charles Martel. By this arrangement both of them made concessions while the dexterous Pope himself made none; the provinces of Romagna and the March of Ancona were finally taken away from the Empire, and the way prepared for the little kingdom of the Popes of the Renaissance.

The settlement of the Roman question needed equal firmness and strength of character. Nicholas enforced the ten years' limit which Pope Clement had set to Charles's tenure of the Senatorship, and compelled the King, much against his will, to lay down the office; and, in order to prevent the recurrence of such a situation, he enacted a constitution for the city, by which no Emperor, king or foreign prince, no duke, count or baron, nor any of their kith or kin (unless he was too weak to be dangerous), should become Senator or hold any office in the city. And the city, proud to have a Roman-born Pontiff once more after the lapse of sixty years, conferred upon Nicholas for life the supreme powers of seigniory, which Nicholas exercised by appointing his brother, Matteo Rosso Orsini, Senator to succeed the King.

In this way Pope Nicholas, by his ingenious method of setting one prince against the other, cut down the powers of both, to the advantage of the Church. It was a dangerous and difficult feat of diplomacy, for a war between the two, whichever triumphed, would have been equally disastrous to the Papacy; either the Empire would have been re-established in Italy as strong as in the most dangerous days of Frederick II, or Charles would have become virtually if not actually King of all Italy. But Nicholas was completely successful. King Charles recognized that he had met his match. The cardinal who was sent as ambassador to communicate to the King the renunciation required of him (so at least the story goes), reported to the Pope the honourable reception he had had and the humble speeches the King had made; to which Nicholas said, "Charles gets his good fortune from the House of France, his clear intelligence from Spain, and his discreet speech from frequenting the Roman Curia."

A project, wholly revolutionary in its character, for settling the constitution of the Empire, has been ascribed to Nicholas. According to Ptolemy of Lucca, an ecclesiastical historian who wrote some forty years later, there were stories in circulation—*ut tradunt historiæ*—that the Pope proposed to Rudolph to divide the Empire into four kingdoms: Germany, Arles, Lombardy, and Tuscany. Germany was to be hereditary in Rudolph's family, the kingdom of Arles was to be given to Charles Martel, his son-in-law, "sed quibus Lombardia et Tuscia darentur nondum erat expressum, sed suspicandi satis erat materia — to whom, however, Lombardy and Tuscany were to be given was not expressly stated, but there was material enough to serve for a guess." This story may pass for what such stories, told in the street concerning the schemes of great potentates, are worth; but this residuum of truth remains. The bitter strife between the Papacy and the Empire, and the distracted condition of the Empire during the long interregnum, may well have suggested to thoughtful men a very radical change in the imperial constitution; for example, at the Second Council of Lyons the minister-general of the Dominicans declared, "that the Empire was reduced almost to nothing, that under many of the Emperors much evil had been done, peace and unity had been destroyed, many men had been killed and nothing good accomplished"; and from these and other facts he argued that some new constitution should be adopted, as for instance, to make Germany an hereditary kingdom, and to set up in Italy, with the consent of the communes and the bishops, one or two kings, who should be bound by fundamental laws and in certain cases be subject to deposition by the Apostolic See. But whatever ideas may have flitted through speculative minds, there is no reason to believe that the Pope really entertained the project reported by Ptolemy of Lucca; the Empire was definitely limited in Italy in quite another way, by the final renunciation of all claim to the Papal States and to The Kingdom.

By the irony of fate, this bold, resolute man, who taught Charles of Anjou that there were still men of Rome as masterful as he, who settled the affairs of the Empire in Italy to suit himself, who was temperate in personal habits, charitable, religious, — so sensible to the solemn significance of the mass that he wept when he celebrated it — has been handed down to history by the mighty judge of the thirteenth century merely as a simonist (*Inf.* XIX): —

O Simon mago, o miseri seguaci,
  che le cose di Dio, che di bontate
  deono essere spose, e voi rapaci
per oro e per argento adulterate;

O Simon Magus! O wretched followers,
  And ye robbers, who prostitute the things of God,
  That should be wedded unto righteousness,
For gold and silver!

Down in the third bolgia of the eighth circle of hell, from bodies buried head downwards in fissures of rock, upturned legs writhe and quiver in the air to ease the pain of fire that burns in lambent flames upon the soles of their feet; Dante asks Virgil, —

Who is he, Master, that is tortured so,
  Writhing more than all his fellows,
  Whom a redder flame licks?

. . . .

Whereat the spirit distorted both his feet,
  Then sighing and with voice of weeping
  Said to me: "Well, what dost thou ask of me?
If to know who I am concerneth thee so much,
  That thou hast therefore passed the bank,
  Learn that I was clothed with the Great Mantle;

And verily I was a son of the She-bear
So eager to advance the Whelps
That wealth above, and here myself, I 've pocketed."

And Dante, the fierce Ghibelline, blazing with wrath replied: —

"Deh or mi di', quanto tesoro volle
nostro Signore in prima da san Pietro,
che gli ponesse le chiavi in balìa?

"Ah, tell me now, how much treasure did
Our Lord demand of St. Peter before he put
The keys into his keeping?

. . . .

"Fatto v' avete Dio d' oro e d' argento;
e che altro è da voi all' idolatre,
se non ch' egli uno, e voi n' orate cento?
Ahi, Constantin, di quanto mal fu matre,
non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
che da te prese il primo ricco patre!"

"Ye have made you a god of silver and of gold;
What difference is there betwixt you and the idolater
Save that he prays to one, ye to an hundred?
Ah, Constantine, to how much ill gave birth
Not thy conversion, but that dower which
The first rich Father took from thee!"

This extreme and narrow judgment upon the great Pope is due to Dante's view that the secular power should govern secular things, and the ecclesiastical power things of the spirit. Dante could not forgive him for opposing and dismembering the Empire; and his hatred of his own enemy, Pope Boniface VIII, extends backward and brands Boniface's predecessors. For impartial persons a good defence has been made on behalf of the Pope's nepotism. Rome and the Papal States constituted the necessary base for the vast fabric of the Church; history had many lessons to tell how, with Rome in unfriendly hands, or with the central provinces of Italy liable to be used as outposts by a hostile Emperor, the Papacy was not at rest and could not give itself to its great ecclesiastical and religious duties. To secure loyal support both in the city and in the provinces, it was necessary to put into office those men who, in the midst of party rivalry and family vendettas, would remain fixed by the sheet anchor of self-interest. Nothing bears more unfavourable testimony to this period than the fickleness of the nobility in times of stress; and Nicholas in order to guard against fickleness, in order to have loyal adherents in places of great trust, appointed in several instances members of his family to high offices. He was not the first to elevate his kinsmen; and probably at the time most people, if they were not bitter Ghibellines, judged such conduct part of the duty of natural affection. The good Pope Gregory X, Beato Gregorio, had appointed one nephew a cardinal, a second nephew a rector of St. Peter's Patrimony in Tuscany, another relation vicar in the March of Ancona, and fellow-townsmen officers in other papal provinces.

Nicholas made three of his relations cardinals; his nephew Latino Malabranca, his brother Giordano Orsini, and his cousin Jacopo Colonna. But Cardinal Latino was reputed to be "a man of piety and learning, with a gift for preaching"; Giordano, "a man of great excellence and innocence"; while the third, Jacopo, being a Colonna, and therefore a Ghibelline, on his father's side, should serve to reconcile and unite the two political parties, as well as the two families. Gossip made the most of these appointments. Embittered Ghibellines believed the Popes ready to commit every crime. Friars and monks liked to exaggerate the contrast between their own secluded lives and the gawdy naughtiness of the world. Fra Salimbene unctuously recounts to his niece, for whom he wrote his memoirs, that popes "elevate and promote their bastards whom they call nephews," and names Pope Urban as the father of Cardinal Ancher. He does not venture to go so far with reference to Nicholas III, but he repeats Biblical phrases, current among monastic wits on the subject of nepotism, "They build up Zion with their blood [i.e. blood-relations] and Jerusalem with iniquity"; and says that Nicholas appointed these three cardinals because "*flesh* and *blood* hath revealed it unto him" to do so. He adds, "I believe most surely, on my conscience, that there are a thousand Brothers Minor in the Order of St. Francis, of which I am a humble and lowly brother, who by their learning and by the holiness of their lives are better fitted to be cardinals than many who have been promoted by reason of their relationship to the Roman pontiffs." But in another place Salimbene remarks that the three cardinals who were protectors of the Franciscan Order came to be popes, Gregory IX, Alexander IV, and Nicholas III; "which we believe was done by divine grace, through the help of St. Francis, and because their good lives offered no impediment." He also says that Cardinal Bentivegna, who received the red hat from Nicholas, was a good, upright man; and that Nicholas loved John of Parma, as himself, on account of John's learning and his holy life, and wished to make him a cardinal, but that John refused.

It would be unfair to condemn Nicholas for nepotism upon the testimony of monastic gossip. Out of the seventy bishops he created, not one was a relation. As to his two nephews sent to Romagna, one as papal legate the other as count, and charged with the duty of turning that crop of nettles into a garden, one may say that, if to give such a task be nepotism, all the specks of corruption therein have first been washed away. Besides, it must be remembered, when one reads the bitter, partisan verses on the *Orsa* and the *Orsatti*, the bear stock and its whelps, that Nicholas while he was cardinal never took gifts as other cardinals used to do, but lived "unstain'd with gold or fee" on his own private means. No doubt, like other popes, he accepted the Papacy as a great political office; and his masterful character, his haughty assumption of the right to say to the Emperor, do this, and to King Charles, do that, has intensified, to unfriendly eyes, the worldly aspect of his career. On the other hand, the contemporary historian Saba Malaspina, a Guelf to be sure, says, that during his pontificate the world and especially Italy enjoyed peace as in the time of the Cæsars, that Sicily was free from warfare, the cities of Tuscany on terms of amity with one another, Bologna happy and peaceful, and that kings did not seek to lay hold upon their neighbours' territories. Indeed, for the good of the Church and of Italy, his pontificate was all too short. He died on August 22, 1280.

CHAPTER VI

THOMAS AQUINAS (1225–1274)

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.

Leurs yeux sont morts et leurs lèvres sont molles,
Et l'on entend à peine leurs paroles.

Te souvient-il de notre extase ancienne ?
Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'il m'en souvienne ?

Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand l'espoir !
L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir.

VERLAINE.

THE popes as heads of a great religious body, as the spiritual and in large measure the political leaders of Christendom, were naturally the most conspicuous men of their day in Italy; but as the centuries have gone by, interests have changed, renown has forsaken men famous for action and sets its laurelled wreath on men famous for thought. Mediæval theologians and philosophers are well known to those who never heard of Gregory X or Nicholas III; and even in their own time they held an honourable place.

Philosophy had its centre at the schools of Paris; they were the home of theological learning and philosophic thought. To Paris, more than to any other place, belongs the honour of having nourished and fostered the things of the intellect during the Middle Ages. She welcomed hungry, speculative minds, that wished to seek a knowledge of God by the road of reason, as well as by the straighter path of faith. Italy never cared very greatly for the problems of the unquiet mind; her great university busied itself with matters whose utility could be tested and proved on earth. Nevertheless, in earlier times Italy had contributed very eminent personages to the inner group of the most illustrious theologians, Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter Lombard, author of the *Book of Sentences*. And in our century Italy presents to Christendom two others, the Dominican friar Thomas Aquinas and the Franciscan friar Bonaventura, who now rank next after the four greatest doctors of the Latin Church, Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine, and Gregory. These two men did their part in contemporary history, and by their intimate relations with the University of Paris added new strength to the ties that bound Italy to France. There had long been close connection between the Roman Church in Italy and the University of Paris; scholarly young clerks from all over Italy went to Paris for their final theological education as a matter of course. Many popes of our century had read theology there; but Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura, by their great celebrity as Masters at the University of Paris, emphasize the general turning of Italy towards France, and it happened, as if on purpose to throw this attitude into bolder relief, that they were appointed Masters only a few years before the election of the French pope, Urban IV.

Thomas was born in 1225 near Aquino in The Kingdom. He was son to the high-born count Landulf of Aquino, and nearly related to the imperial family as well as to the royal houses of France, Aragon, and Castile. He went to school at Monte Cassino and then, still very young, to the University of Naples, which the Emperor Frederick had lately founded. He joined the Order of St. Dominic; and at the age of twenty, having given proof of his intellectual abilities, he set out northward to study under the great Dominican philosopher, Albertus Magnus, at Cologne. Subsequently he went to Paris, made the acquaintance of Bonaventura, took part in the famous controversy between the friars and the University, and in 1257, together with Bonaventura, received the degree of Master. His life was mainly a scholar's life, studying, teaching, writing.

The philosophical atmosphere, in which Aquinas found himself when he went to Paris as a young man, was different from what it had been in the twelfth century. Then there was a great disputation, as if the ghosts of Plato and Aristotle, fantastically disguised, were hurtling in mid-air, over a matter that was partly a matter of logic and partly of the nature of cognition. That question is known as the controversy over *universals*, that is over the nature of general ideas. What are general ideas, what are genera and species, man or animal for instance? Do these collective nouns represent any reality apart from the objects that they concern? Have they an existence of their own, or are they mere abstract thoughts? This question met every student on the threshold of knowledge. Right in the middle of his path lay the syllogism: "Socrates is a man, a man is mortal, Socrates is a mortal." Socrates is a reality;

but what of the predicate? Is man a reality or not? If not, how can we say a reality is something that is not real, and hope to advance in knowledge? So philosophers divided. Some said that general ideas have a real existence of their own apart from individual things, others denied this and said that general ideas were mere convenient abstractions of thought; others occupied intermediate positions. The extreme believers in the reality of these ideas are called realists, their antagonists who say they are mere names, nominalists, while of the intermediate thinkers some are called moderate realists, some conceptualists.

By the time Aquinas and Bonaventura went to Paris this controversy, though it left behind questions about form and matter, and how what is universal becomes individual, had been pushed into the background by other interests, more especially by the recovery of many of Aristotle's works. The earlier philosophers only knew two of his treatises on logic; but now his other treatises on logic, also the Metaphysics, Physics, De Anima, Moral Philosophy, and Politics, had become known. Some were translated direct from the Greek; some came by way of Arabian scholars, trailing clouds of comment. These books at once took rank as an authoritative source of knowledge by the side of the Bible and the Fathers. It was as much the mark of a darkened mind to controvert a statement by Aristotle as to doubt a verse of the Bible; excepting where the Bible, as in the doctrine of creation, contradicted Aristotle. The affair of philosophy was to combine these two great sources of truth, the Bible, divinely revealed truth, and Aristotle, truth revealed by reason, into one great whole. This is the task to which Thomas Aquinas girded himself with what seemed to his contemporaries, and has seemed to the Roman Catholic Church ever since, such brilliant success. He has set forth in extraordinarily clear, thorough, and precise terms, the united mass of Christian dogma and Aristotelian fact and logic.

His hypotheses (though to speak of the fabric of his cogitation as less real than the very heart of reality seems impertinent) constitute a great palace and royal garden, a sort of theological Versailles: the palace methodically designed, in long series of rooms and chambers, the park laid out in formal magnificence, each part, each division, each detail, following on in logical, almost mathematical, precision. Everything is charted, plotted, arranged, precept upon precept, line upon line, all in accordance with the fundamental plan. But for those of us who find no king, no royal government lodged within, who perceive only a lonely, deserted, monument of the past, what has it for us? What indeed? Bonaventura, who fixes his gaze out beyond the boundaries of logic, still keeps a place of influence over us; but Thomas has ranged himself with those who sound the boundless deep with plummet lines of reason and dogma. He did not doubt but that he knew "where light dwelleth and as for darkness where is the place thereof."

Thomas wrote many famous books: long comments on Aristotle, on the Posterior Analytics, the Physics, Ethics, Metaphysics, and others of Aristotle's works, a great number of theological tracts, treatises against Averroës, against the Greek schismatics, comments on books of the Bible, on the *Book of Sentences*, and more familiarly known than these, the *Summa Catholicæ Fidei contra Gentiles.* But, of them all, the greatest is the *Summa Theologiæ*, the accepted exposition of Roman Catholic theology, one of the books that ranks among the master accomplishments of the human mind, by the side of Shakespeare's plays, Bacon's works, Goethe's Werke, the Homeric poems, and such.

This *Summa Theologiæ*, this theological Versailles, is a very wonderful construction. It is divided into *Parts;* each part into scores or hundreds of *Quæstiones* (topics for investigation), and each *quæstio* into articles. Each article deals with a theological proposition. The *Pars Prima*, the First Part, concerns the Godhead, its attributes and nature, the three persons, the creation, angels and men. The Second Part is itself divided into two parts, called the First Part of the Second, and the Second Part of the Second; the first division considers the end of man, the passions, sins, theological and moral virtues, the gifts of the spirit, law and grace; the second division considers faith, intellect, knowledge, disbelief, heresy, apostasy, blasphemy, hope, fear, despair, charity. The Third Part concerns itself with the redemption, the incarnation and the sacraments. In each topic for investigation, each *quæstio*, a subject for discussion is propounded: such as, for instance, the second *quæstio* in the First Part, entitled *De deo, an deus sit*, Concerning God, does

He exist? This *quæstio* is subdivided into three articles, (1) Is God's existence self-evident? (2) Is God's existence capable of proof? (3) Does God exist? Here, as everywhere, Thomas turns for a solution to the arguments of Aristotle and the authority of Holy Writ or of the Fathers. Let us look at this third article, as if we were following a guide in the palace of Versailles, and had stopped for a moment before one of Horace Vernet's battlepieces. In this way we shall see his method. The process of argument is invariable; the same order of presentment, the same marshalling, the same array, of ideas and theories. First, an incorrect theory is put forward, this is the enemy's battle array, as the Mamelukes before the battle of the Pyramids: *videtur*, *there is this theory*. The authority for it is given; and then with a *moreover*, the enemy's second line is displayed. Sometimes there are a series of *moreovers*. Then the contrary, or true, doctrine is briefly set forth; as the guide might point, "Here are Napoleon and his staff." Next Thomas pronounces his argument in support of the true doctrine, with his marshalled authorities, and follows up his main argument with a series of separate answers to the original false proposition and its supporting *moreovers*, as if Kléber, Desaix, Ney, and Murat were leading their separate corps into action against special bodies of the enemy.

Article III

Concerning God, does He exist?

It seems (this is of course the false position) that God doth not exist. Because (I summarize the arguments), suppose that there are two contraries and one of them is infinite, then there is no place for its contrary; therefore that must have been reduced to nothing, utterly annihilated; for instance, good and its contrary, evil. As God is infinitely good, there is no room for evil, there can be no evil; but obviously this is not true, there is evil, therefore there cannot be an infinite contrary, God.

Moreover: There is no necessity to postulate a God. Everything can be accounted for without such an hypothesis; nature and man's volition between them, are sufficient causes to account for all phenomena.

But (here comes the true argument) opposed to this theory stands Holy Writ, Exodus III, 14, "I am that I am."

God's existence may be proved in five ways.

(1) (The argument based on motion.) Things move, but nothing can be moved without some motor power. Behind each motor power we find another, and another and another, until we come to the original unmoved, moving principle, God.

(2) (The argument based on cause.) Things do not cause themselves; we are forced to go back, from cause to cause, to a First Cause, God.

(3) (The argument based on the chain of neces-

sity.) It is necessary to postulate something necessary of itself without being necessitated by something outside of itself, and this source of necessity in others is God.

(4) (The argument based on degrees.) Take goodness. One thing is better than another, and its superiority consists in its approaching that which is best nearer than the inferior thing; so there must be a best. And, that quality in a genus which is most generic is the cause of that genus. There is therefore a best which is the cause of goodness in all good things, and that best is God.

(5) (The argument from the adaptation of non-rational nature to a desirable end.) In nature things without rational intelligence tend towards a good end; they must therefore be directed by some thinking director, as an arrow by an archer. This thinking director is God.

To the first incorrect argument the answer is: God, as St. Augustine says, permits evil in order that good may come of it. To the second incorrect argument the answer is: it is necessary to go behind nature, to go behind human volition, and reduce causes to one first cause, and so forth.

In this way the great theologian proceeds with the vast dogmatic edifice dedicated to God. *Quæstio* succeeds *quæstio* upon His perfection, His kindness, His infinity, His immutability, His eternity. Then come, On the Knowledge of God, On Truth, On God's will, His love, His justice, His mercy, On predestination, On the procession of the divine persons, On the substance and nature of Angels, On demons, On man, soul and body, On the faculties of the soul, On the understanding, the senses, volition, free-will, On the state of innocence, On the creation of woman, Is Paradise a place? Do Angels talk to one another? Point by point, the universe, Creator and creation, is expounded in the light of revealed religion and with regard to the one true concern of man, the salvation of his soul.

This is a cold unfriendly way to feel after walking about the grounds of the great park, *tapis vert, allée royale, terrasses*, after proceeding from gravelled path to gravelled path, from parterre to parterre, from vista to vista, after tramping through the royal halls and chambers of this great palace of mediæval thought. And if we let loose the reins of imagination, or if we believe the Roman Catholic Faith, and regard theology as Thomas Aquinas, as Bonaventura, as the masters and students of the University of Paris, regarded it, we should not see a deserted palace, kingless and queenless. We should behold a vision of Theology, the Queen of sciences, that would outrival, as the sun the stars, the Queen of France, when Burke saw her at Versailles: "Surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in — glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour and joy."

In the *Summa Theologiœ* Thomas discusses *Beatitude* as the end of man. In one sense that end of man is God; in another, it is the attainment of that end, the consummation of salvation; that attainment lies in the knowledge of God, and that knowledge is the intellectual vision of God. These *Quæstiones Partis Primæ Secundæ* are cold intellectual conceptions to us; but how did Dante regard them? The whole *Divine Comedy* is a great burst of song to tell how Beatrice, the bringer of beatitude,—Theology, Divine Revelation—brought him, an errant human soul, to a vision of God. And how did Theology look; Virgil tells how she appeared to him in Limbo (*Inf.* II, 52–58):—

> Io era tra color, che son sospesi,
>   e donna mi chiamò beata e bella,
>   tal che di comandare io la richiesi.
> Lucevan gli occhi suoi più che la stella;
>   e cominciommi a dir soave e piana
>   con angelica voce, in sua favella:
> "O anima cortese";
>
> I was among those, who are in suspense,
>   And a lady called me, so blessed and beautiful,
>   That I begged her to command me.
> Her eyes shone brighter than the stars,
>   And she began to say, soft and low,
>   With voice angelical, in her language:
> "O courteous soul."

And to Dante in the terrestrial paradise, she appeared like the rising sun through rosy clouds (*Purg.* XXX, 28–33):—

> così dentro una nuvola di fiori,
>   che dalle mani angeliche saliva
>   e ricadeva in giù dentro e di fuori,
> sopra candido vel cinta d' oliva
>   donna m' apparve, sotto verde manto,
>   vestita di color di fiamma viva;

So, within a cloud of flowers,
Which from hands angelic arose
And fell back again within, without,
Crowned with olive over a white veil,
A lady appeared to me, in colour of living fire
Arrayed, under a green mantle.

Finally Theology (for we must always remember that Beatrice is she) led him to the empyrean; saints prayed, Mary interceded, and his soul having travelled the long road of salvation, approached God face to face (*Par.* XXXIII).

O abbondante grazia, ond' io presunsi
ficcar lo viso per la luce eterna
tanto che la veduta vi consunsi!
. . . .
A quella luce cotal si diventa,
che volgersi da lei per altro aspetto
è impossibil che mai si consenta.
Però che il ben, ch' è del volere obbietto,
tutto s' accoglie in lei, e fuor di quella
è diffetivo ciò che lì è perfetto.

O abounding grace, by which I dared
To fix my gaze on the eternal light,
So that I spent all sight therein!
. . . .
At that light such doth a man become,
That to turn from it for another sight,
Is impossible; consent would never be.
For the good, which is the object of the will,
Is therein wholly gathered, and outside of it
Is imperfect that which there is perfect.

Here the palace of Versailles is ablaze in all its glory, and the Queen, glittering like a morning star, leads all her company, both great and lowly, to the highest reaches of the soul. Dante could express theology in poetry: but Thomas with his intellect, with his perseverance, with his steady gait and clear vision, stated what he could in *quæstiones* and articles; and he, if not a poet himself, is in great measure the means by which Beatrice Portinari, the Florentine maiden, became the Beatrice of the *Divine Comedy*, for the thoughts which he planted sprouted like rich seed in Dante's meditating mind, and flowered not only in the *Divine Comedy*, but earlier also in the *Convivio* and the *Vita Nuova*. "Love," Dante says, "truly taken and subtly considered, is naught else than a spiritual union of the soul and of the thing beloved." So the thoughts of this laborious, high-thinking, speculative scholar, live not only in their own mighty folios, but in immortal poetry.

Thomas's life, though devoted to scholastic philosophy, was not inactive. Pope Urban IV, who was much interested in things of the mind, called him to Italy; he went, and lectured on Aristotle in Rome or in the neighbouring towns where the Curia resided — Perugia, Orvieto, Viterbo, Anagni — during the stormy years before the final overthrow of the Hohenstaufens. Then we hear of him in Paris again; and from there he was called back to Naples by King Charles to teach in the university. During these last years of his life he was at work on the *Summa Theologiæ*, and the third division was partly finished when Pope Gregory X bade him attend the second Council of Lyons. On his way there he fell ill; he stopped at the monastery of Fossanova, and there, among the pointed Gothic arches that reminded him of his laborious youth, spent in the schools of Paris hard by Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle, he died on March 7th, 1274. A story, begotten of the envenomed credulity of the Ghibellines, asserted that he was poisoned at the instigation of King Charles. Dante tells the story as true, Giovanni Villani repeats it as hearsay; but there is no truth in it.

So long as theology shall rest upon the Bible, the Fathers, and Aristotle, so long will Thomas Aquinas stand without a rival; and if theology shall forsake her old truths and seek new, she will still be unable to attain a higher conception of felicity than that which Thomas sets forth in *quæstio* and article, and his pupil Dante in *terza rima.*

CHAPTER VII

SAINT BONAVENTURA (1221–1274)

Io son la vita di Bonaventura
  da Bagnoregio, che nei grandi offici
  sempre posposi la sinistra cura.

Par. xii, 127–29.

I am the life of Bonaventura
  Of Bagnoregio, who in great offices
  Always put behind the wrong-directing cares.

Bonaventura cannot rank with Thomas Aquinas as a theologian, but to some persons he is more sympathetic; he belongs to the class of minds which turn to Plato, to poetical imaginings, to mystical hope, rather than to that which stands upon the experience of the senses and the processes of reasoning. The Church has dealt with both men evenly and proudly; she has canonized both, and has bestowed on Thomas Aquinas the title of the Angelic Doctor and on Bonaventura that of Seraphic Doctor. Nevertheless Thomas as a theologian is far more systematic and complete. Students in seminaries on their way to the priesthood burn their lamps till the small hours over St. Thomas; they study him from Bombay to Quebec; but if there be among them lonely souls, troubled by an unintelligible world, who need to feel the touch of a divine hand, they shall do better to turn to Bonaventura, for he, at times at least, lays aside all attempt to keep his pupils in the path that leads to God by reasonings from Aristotle, and bids them follow love. He fixes his mind on God, and forgets all else. True virtue, he says, is love of God, and the capacity to love God is the highest grace that man has received. Notwithstanding his scholastic training and long discipline at the schools of Paris, Bonaventura in his heart of hearts cared little for reason as the means to salvation; he was too good a Franciscan. His body rested on its knees, and his soul, set free by prayer and contemplation, gazed upon the glory of God.

Bonaventura was born in Bagnoregio, a little hilltop town south of Orvieto, in 1221. In infancy he fell very ill, but his mother called upon Francis of Assisi for help, and he got well. According to the legend, Francis on learning of the success of his intervention cried, "Buona ventura, good luck," and thereupon this pleasant cry supplanted the boy's original name of John Fidanza. It seems likely, however, that Bonaventura got the name when he became a Franciscan. He joined the Order at the age of seventeen, and a few years later was sent to pursue his studies at the Franciscan school in Paris. He was there during the stormy opening of the pontificate of Innocent IV, and received his degree as bachelor the year of the First Council of Lyons. Three years later he obtained the diploma that conferred upon him the right to teach; he then devoted himself to an elaborate comment on the *Book of Sentences* of Peter Lombard, a famous work, which, until supplanted by St. Thomas's *Summa Theologiæ*, was the standard authority on dogmatic theology. All theological students studied it. It is divided into four books: On the Nature of God; On the Creation; On the Incarnation and the Redemption; On the Sacraments. In expounding this great classic Bonaventura fills several folio volumes. His exposition is strange reading; one can scarce imagine how men could have found any semblance of reality in this fantastic palace of metaphor which he has built upon the poetry of the Bible. Nothing, perhaps—neither Joachim's exposition of the Apocalypse, nor Bro. Hugo's interpretation of Joachim—will show us better how far away we of to-day are from the philosophy and theology of that time than a citation from the opening of Bonaventura's comment:

"'He searcheth the depths of the rivers and bringeth the things that are hidden to light.' (Vulgate.) This verse taken from the 28th chapter of the Book of Job, verse 11, diligently pondered upon, enables us to get an inkling of the fourfold nature of cause in the *Book of Sentences*, to wit: material, formal, efficient and final. The material cause is indicated in the word *rivers*, the formal cause in *searching the depths*, the final cause in the *revelation of hidden things*, while the efficient cause is found in the implication of the two verbs, *searcheth out* and *bringeth to light*.

"The material cause implied in the word *rivers* is in the plural and not in the singular, because it embraces the matter of the four separate books by themselves as well as the subject in general of the whole work. Let us note that the properties of the *material river* are fourfold, and therefore, to correspond, the *spiritual river* is fourfold; and that is the subject with which the *Book of Sentences*, following this fourfold division, busies itself.

"When I consider the material river as to duration I find that it is perpetual; for, as Isidore of Seville says, a river is in perpetual flux. When I consider it as to extension I find width; for width distinguishes a river from a brook. When I consider it as motion, I find circulation; as is said in the first chapter of Ecclesiastes, 'Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.' When I consider the effect, I find cleansing; for the river by its flow of water cleanses the lands through which it runs.

"All who use allegories base them upon some similarity: here the metaphor follows a fourfold similarity. The river will be found to have a fourfold significance in spiritual matters, as we learn from the Bible.

"First: the river, on account of its *perpetuity* is said to be an emanation from the Trinity, since only an emanation from such a source is without beginning and without end. Of this river Daniel says (Vulgate, chap. vii, 9–10): 'The Ancient of Days did sit . . . and a rapid, fiery river came forth from his countenance.' The *Ancient of Days* is the Eternal Father, whose ancientness is eternity. The Ancient *sits*, because in him is not only eternity but immutability. The *rapid fiery river came forth from his countenance*, that is from the sublimity of His divinity proceeded the plenitude of love, and the plenitude of virtue: the plenitude of virtue being in the Son, the river was rapid, and the plenitude of love being in the Holy Ghost, the river was fiery."

Proceeding in this fashion, Bonaventura says that the *width* of the river signifies the production of temporal things, its *circulation* the Incarnation, and its *cleansing* property the dispensation of the sacraments.

It might seem that these allegories were divided into sets of four merely for convenience, that the correspondence discovered between the words of the Bible and theological dogmas was a mere expedient for bringing religious matters vividly to the mind; but Bonaventura attaches to these things a deeper significance. In this fourfold grouping he sees a true relation, in these allegories some mystical revelation. Perhaps the doctrine that general ideas are real in themselves affected his way of thinking and bestowed a weird reality in his eyes upon what seem to us fantastic conceits of the imagination; or, perhaps, these queer interpretations are the necessary consequence when a mystical spirit comes back from the white radiance of eternity to the many-coloured dome of life. When schoolmen mounted on the wings of allegory, trope, and anagoge, they soared high above the regions of common sense.

His other works are the *Breviloquium*, a brief treatise on theology, *De Reductione Artium ad Theologiam*, Upon bringing the Arts back to Theology, commentaries on sundry books of the Old and New Testaments, tracts in defence of the Brothers Minor, short mystical writings, and a large collection of sermons. The Sermons deal either with dogma or with amazing allegorical interpretations of Biblical texts. Bonaventura was profoundly imbued with the truth of his ideas. For him this world with its facts (as we call them) was but a small portion of the great reality of creation. Beyond this mortal life was the everlasting reality of human souls expiating their ill deeds or enjoying beatitude; and ranged in Heaven before their Creator stood Angels, Archangels, Principalities, Powers, Virtues, Dominations, Thrones, Cherubim and Seraphim. What was the world of sense in comparison with this great universe beyond the reach of our perceptions? And even in this world, are not the realities of ecstasy (in spite of lip service rendered to Aristotle) more solid than anything else that we possess? Bonaventura, in his heart of hearts, would have answered, yes.

Bonaventura was a mystic, or at least a transcendental philosopher; if we were to charge Emerson's high Platonic musings with superstitious colour and religious warmth, we should find much of Bonaventura there. In his philosophy as in that of the old Hebrew prophets, or of the modern Persian seer, Abdul Baha, "the root of all knowledge is the knowledge of God." "Primum omnium necesse habes, anima mea, altissime, piissime, et sanctissime de optimo Deo sentire,— The first necessity of all, O my soul, is to feel highly, devoutly and holily about the all-good God."

The Church has never quite approved of mysticism, for mysticism, in its essence, is the direct communion between the soul and God, and the mystic has little need of priest or ritual; therefore she prefers to dwell on the other sides of Bonaventura's character. And it is true that Bonaventura does not lay stress upon direct communion with God; but in his treatise *De Triplice Via* he points out a road to God that leads neither by way of priest or church. On the contrary the way lies by purification, illumination, perfection; on the true comprehension of this hangs life everlasting. For this threefold way we need three aids, — meditation, prayer, contemplation; to turn our minds within we need the prick of conscience; we must torment ourselves by the memory of past sins; we must spur ourselves on by thinking of what is to come. By painful effort and by the grace of God we progress. The whole journey along the threefold road is strangely involved with the mystical number three. And besides his transcendental philosophy, Bonaventura had a certain tinge of the early Franciscan spirit: "Omnis conscientia munda læta est et jucunda — every clean soul is light-hearted and gay." If his philosophy has little or no pragmatic value for us, it had a great deal for him, and enabled him to walk through difficult places and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

The first event that disturbed the even tenor of the scholar's way was the fierce attack upon the mendicant orders by the University of Paris. William of Saint Amour led on the secular clerks. They pounced upon Brother Gerard's unfortunate book, "The Introduction to the Everlasting Gospel," and denounced the friars roundly. John of Parma, then minister-general of the Franciscans tried to smooth matters, but jealousy, envy, and malice were already afoot. William of Saint Amour published his scathing

De Periculis novissimorum temporum. Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura answered. Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, and John of Parma went to Anagni to lay the matter before Pope Alexander IV. The libellous book was declared unjust, wicked, execrable; William of Saint Amour was punished; quiet was restored; and in the following year, perhaps as one of the terms of peace between the contending factions, Bonaventura and Thomas Aquinas were created Masters of the University of Paris.

Almost immediately after this disturbance Bonaventura was called away from his university career to become minister-general of the Francisan Order. At the chapter held at Rome in 1257, John of Parma was forced out of office by the lax brethren. Nevertheless he was consulted as to his successor: "Father, you have gone about among the Order, you know the ways of the brothers and what sort of men they are; pick out a fit brother for us to appoint in your place for this work." John answered that in the whole Order he knew no one who was better than Bonaventura. John was right; Bonaventura belonged to the highest type of friar and scholar. He loved justice and hated iniquity. His conversation was kind and gentle; he was tall of stature, of noble presence, and handsome of feature, though his expression was serious; indeed it was said that "his appearance can only be described as that of an angel sent from heaven," and that "this grace the Lord had granted him that whosoever looked on him was forthwith irresistibly drawn to love him." His teacher at the University, the eminent Franciscan philosopher, Alexander of Hales, is reported to have said, "It seems that in him Adam hath not sinned." And after his death, one of the brothers (a friend of Salimbene's) whenever he thought of him, of his great learning and all his gracious ways, used from the very sweetness of the memory to burst into tears. Clement IV heaped praises upon him.

Bonaventura was a very proper choice for minister-general because he belonged to neither of the extreme factions in the Order. His health did not permit him to practise austerity, but he had great sympathy with very simple living. One of the zealots heard him say that, from the day when he was elected general, there had never been a moment when he was not ready to be ground to powder, for the sake of keeping the Order to the standard of purity and strictness that St. Francis and his companions had set before themselves. On the other hand Bonaventura was a great scholar and on that score sympathized with the worldly party. As general he followed a via media, but insisted upon the simple ideals of the Order. Almost immediately after his election he sent a letter to the provincial ministers which shows his purpose to hold the Order to a simple life and take from the zealots all justification for their fanatical conduct:—

"I ask myself why the splendour of our Order is become dim, why its outside is not fair and why its spirit within has lost the sheen of its brightness. One reason lies in the mass of business we have taken upon ourselves; that is why we ask eagerly for money, the great enemy of our Order's poverty, why we receive it unwisely, and use it still less wisely. Another reason is, that some brethren give themselves up to idleness, the cause of all disorderliness; many, steeped in this vice, choose a mongrel condition that has nothing in common either with the active life or with the contemplative life, and drink cruelly the blood of souls. Another reason is, that very many go on useless journeys for their bodies' sake, live at the cost of those who receive them; their example, far from edifying, is the scandal of souls. Another reason is, that our demands are so importunate that travellers are as afraid to meet a Brother Minor as they are to meet a robber. Another reason is, that we build rich and sumptuous edifices; this troubles the peace of the Order; we become a burden to our friends, and expose ourselves to the harsh judgment of the world. Another reason is, that we mix too generally in society, which the rule forbids; this gives rise to suspicion, disrespect and scandal. Another reason is, that various tasks are unwisely conferred on brothers who lack experience, little disciplined in body, little tempered of soul, till burdens are put on them that they can scare bear. Another reason is, that we eagerly covet bequests and burials, and thereby excite the jealousy of clerks, especially of priests. Another reason is the frequent costly alterations in our houses; this vexes the neighbourhood, causes trouble, breaks the rule of poverty, and exposes us to the charge of inconstancy. And finally, there are our endless superfluities; the brothers are not content with little, and the charity of the world grows cool towards them. We are become a burden to all, and we shall be still more of a burden, unless we apply a prompt remedy to this state of things." He gave fair warning that he would enforce discipline. Nevertheless the zealots were not content. No via media seemed to them tolerable; they would not abate one jot or tittle of the founder's rule. They became greatly indignant when John of Parma was brought to trial for heresy. Cardinal Orsini (afterwards Pope Nicholas III) and Bonaventura sat in judgment. On the trial John declared that he believed in the tenets of the Church and the teachings of the saints; Cardinal Ottobuono dei Fieschi (afterwards Pope Hadrian V) wrote very strong letters in his defence; and John was acquitted. The zealots were not appeased, they charged that during the trial Bonaventura said one thing to the prisoner's face and another thing behind his back; but it is impossible to read even a little of Bonaventura's nine folio volumes and not feel that such a charge is highly unjust.

Bonaventura's last distinguished public service was rendered at the Second Council of Lyons. Pope Gregory X, who, it is said, owed his election to Bonaventura's influence with the cardinals, leaned upon his counsels. He was created cardinal and was called to aid in the great purpose of reuniting the schismatic Greeks to the Roman See. To the good Pope and to Bonaventura, even if a few grains of political leaven entered in, this reconciliation was a matter of religion. And when news was brought from the two papal ambassadors to Greece, Jerome of Ascoli and Bonagratia, both destined to become ministers-general of the Franciscan Order, that the Greeks had yielded, the Pope hurriedly called the prelates together to render thanks in the cathedral of St. John, the great church in which Frederick II had been excommunicated. Bonaventura preached the sermon of the reconciliation. He took as his text, "Arise, O Jerusalem, and stand on high, and look about toward the east and behold thy children gathered from the west unto the east by the word of the Holy One, rejoicing in the remembrance of God (Baruch v, 5)." He preached once again before the Council, but his course was run. He died on July 15, 1274, some three months after Thomas Aquinas. Everybody mourned him. Cardinal Peter of Tarentaise, afterwards Innocent V, preached his funeral sermon: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." (2 Sam. I, 26.)

It seems to be agreed that Bonaventura is on the whole a backward-looking spirit, that he has more in common with the twelfth-century philosophers than with his contemporaries, Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas. That perhaps need not discourage us, and yet the ordinary reader to-day will get little help from Bonaventura's philosophy. We cannot sympathize with his conceptions of deity, his theories of the fall of man, of the redemption, of the sacraments and the symbolic character of visible creation; for we have gone back to prechristian days and agree with the Greek poet that "the more man seeketh to know the mysteries of the gods, the more shall he miss knowledge." But if we disregard Bonaventura's expositions and allegorical interpretations, we can enjoy the sweet exhalation of his spirit. He fails to prove, unless it be for those who accept the full tale of his premises, anything at all; but his faith, and the faith of such as he, that there is a God, whose essence is perfect goodness, even if such faith be emotional rather than intellectual, and bear no knowable relation to realities, seems to cast a light in this transitory world and to help us see where to plant our feeble feet.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM NICHOLAS III TO BONIFACE VIII (1280–1295)

Thou hast forsaken the fountain of wisdom. For if thou hadst walked in the way of God, thou shouldst have dwelt in peace forever. — Baruch, III, 12–13.

THE policy of the Papacy seemed doomed to flow and ebb as if it were under the sway of an inconstant moon. The clear-sighted statesman, Pope Nicholas, had set in order the household over which he had been appointed steward; the Empire, no longer a rival but "ready at the nod of the spiritual power to draw the sword and sheathe it," had renounced Romagna and confirmed the old imperial grants of the other papal provinces; King Charles had been turned out of his high offices in Rome and Tuscany, and reduced to the position of a mere vassal king, as ordained by the terms of the original agreement between him and Pope Clement; and the likeliest method had been taken to secure a continuance of this independent policy by adding nine cardinals to the college (which had shrunk to seven), of whom six were Italians, three in very close sympathy with the Pope, and but one a Frenchman. And yet Nicholas's death was followed by one of those revulsions to which papal policy has been so often subject.

The election was again held in Viterbo where one of the Orsini family, Orso, was podestà. There were two factions in the college; one may be called the Italian party, headed by the two Orsini cardinals, the other King Charles's party, led by the French cardinals and by friends of the Anibaldi, rivals of the Orsini. King Charles did not hesitate to go to great lengths in order to secure a Pope satisfactory to him. He intrigued with the Anibaldi, who were furious at having been supplanted in Rome; one of them forced Orso Orsini out of office, took upon himself the supervision of the conclave, broke into the episcopal palace at the head of a mob, seized the two Orsini cardinals and locked them up. This violence cowed the Italian party and secured the election of a Frenchman, Cardinal Simon de Brie, who took the title, Martin IV.

The new Pope was one of the distinguished group of Frenchmen who had been created cardinals by Urban IV. He had been councillor and keeper of the seal to King Louis IX, and treasurer of St. Martin's in Tours; affection for this patron saint probably decided him in the choice of pontifical name. As cardinal his most conspicuous services had been rendered in closing the negotiations with King Charles while Count of Anjou; he had also sat in judgment upon affairs of the University of Paris during the great quarrel between the regular professors and the mendicant orders, and he had been charged with the duty of preaching the crusade of 1270, in which King Louis lost his life. Altogether his experience, as well as his interest, had been centred in France. It is commonly said that Martin was a mere tool in the hands of King Charles. But it is possible, and indeed highly likely that, from the time of his first embassies under Pope Clement, he had approved the policy of exalting the King, that he believed the best course for the Church and for Italy was to strengthen the Guelf party and put Charles at its head. The opposite policy, of maintaining neutrality between Guelf and Ghibelline, pursued by the two Italian Popes, Gregory X and Nicholas III, had not proved permanently successful; in spite of embraces and peace-makings, they had not been able to reconcile the hostile parties. Such a policy merely kept alive Ghibelline hopes and the flames of mischief. In Martin's judgment the Guelf supremacy must be assured, and that could only be done by giving preponderant power to King Charles. Danger from the Ghibellines was not wholly past; Guido da Montefeltro was a power in Romagna, William of Montferrat was trying to conquer all Lombardy, King Pedro of Aragon by right of his marriage with Princess Constance, Manfred's daughter, kept fresh whatever was left of Hohenstaufen claims. Besides, Charles, with his possessions in Albania, Epirus, and Achaia, and his title to the Kingdom of Jerusalem, was the main stay on which all hopes of a new crusade rested. Different minds reach different conclusions even when they start from the same premises; and Martin had reasonable ground for honestly and conscientiously adopting a strong Guelf and Angevin policy.

Most Ghibellines judged Martin severely; but Dante puts him in Purgatory, and the Guelf historian, Giovanni Villani, speaks of him with great respect:

"he was of humble extraction but a man of large soul and of great courage in Church affairs; and he had no greed of gain either for himself or for his relations; when his brother came to see him as Pope, he sent him straight back to France, with scanty presents, only paying his expenses, and telling him that the papal riches belonged to the Church and not to him." In these respects he was very much like his countryman, Clement IV; and Villani's testimony strengthens the natural conjecture that an intimate counsellor of Saint Louis must have been a good man, even if his policy was not what many Italian patriots would have wished. It must be remembered that the Papacy had not yet become a purely Italian institution, and an attempt to make French influence predominant, though it might give offence to Germans or Italians, was, if I may use the term, perfectly constitutional.

Whether from principle, or from the instinct of a moderate man who willingly leans upon a more self-confident nature, Pope Martin did what the King wished. The Romans, following the precedent established by Nicholas III, conferred upon the Pope the right to appoint the Senator; and the Pope appointed King Charles, who again established his vicars to represent him on the Capitol. Martin also appointed many of the King's French followers as governors in Romagna and other provinces of the Church; and further, acting in complete sympathy with the Angevin policy, he excommunicated the wily Greek, Palæologus, and thereby removed the bar that protected him from the King's ambition.

It is more than likely that the Roman Curia under Gregory X and Nicholas III, in its acceptance of the Greek Emperor's protestations, had not been uninfluenced by the desire to embarrass Charles; and Martin, if he rejected those protestations out of a desire to further Charles's projects, is not more to be blamed than they. But it is also likely that he realized that Palæologus was making fools of them all, and believed that a second Latin occupation of Constantinople was the only way to secure the permanent submission of the Greek church to the Holy See. Whatever the motives, the result of this new papal policy was to make King Charles in substance master of all Italy as far north as the river Po, and to smooth the path for his eastern ambitions.

However, the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and the politics of Italy again veered with sudden change. After Nicholas with boldness and dexterity had fenced his royal vassal roundabout with confinement and limitation, and after Pope Martin had undone all that Nicholas had accomplished, had restored the King to his former proud position in Italy and had opened the door to his oriental dreams, suddenly Sicily burst into revolt and pulled out one of the foundation pillars of the King's fortune. While Charles was making ready for his long-planned expedition against Constantinople and had set his face full of hope and bright ambition towards the rising sun, the hot Sicilians flew to arms and massacred the Frenchmen in the island. The immediate cause of these Sicilian Vespers (March, 1282), according to the story, was an insult proffered to a girl by a French soldier at a festal gathering outside Palermo, when all the people were on their way to evening service. Her friends cried out, "Kill them, kill them"; the crowd took up the cry, and proceeded from word to deed most thoroughly. In short space, through death or flight, not a Frenchman was left on the island.

The real causes of the outbreak had long been maturing. In the first place the French were insolent and overbearing; wherever they went they made themselves detested. Salimbene tells their reputation; "The French are very arrogant, fatuous, horrid, damnable; they despise all nations in the world, especially the English and the Lombards, and among Lombards they include all Italians, every one on this side of the Alps. But in truth they deserve to be despised themselves, and they are despised by everybody. . . . After the French have drunk well they think they can conquer the whole world with one blow. So they are very arrogant and oppress the natives of the southern kingdom, as well as the Tuscans and Lombards who live there; they take food without paying for it — wheat, wine, milk, fish, flesh, capons, geese, chickens, everything eatable. And they are not only not satisfied with not paying the people for what they take, but sometimes they *lay on load* and hurt them badly. One instance will make this plain. A certain man, a native of Parma, had a very handsome wife who asked a Frenchman to pay for the geese which she had sold him; he not only refused to pay but even wounded her severely. He hit her one blow so hard that there was no need of a second, and then asked if she wished him to hit her again. When her husband heard this he was half wild, and no wonder, because up to that time she had been erect and beautiful, but after the blow she was bent crooked all her life."

In the second place, the Angevin rule was oppressive; French taxes, French barons, French soldiers, made a weighty burden. Taxes were heavy in order to raise money for the King's ambitious projects, and the royal officials while attending to their duties doubtless found means to feather their own nests. Many baronies and estates had been confiscated from the defeated partisans of the Hohenstaufens and bestowed upon French Knights; the adjustment of relations between the tenants and their new lords inevitably caused vexation and ill will. The foreign soldiery was probably the greatest evil; King Charles wished to rule justly, but he had learned by the general revolt in 1268 that he must depend on his French and Provençal soldiers; and they took advantage of the situation. They behaved themselves like an army of occupation, squeezing from both gentry and peasants what they could.

Oppression was worse in Sicily than on the mainland. The King's absence, for he had established his court at Naples, gave a looser rein to the predatory instincts of his officials; besides, the King's first concerns were money and supplies, if these came in he was inclined to ask no questions. Good laws, well considered regulations, were of no avail against the insistent needs of the King and the greed of French adventurers. The oppression became too heavy for the people to bear. But for this, according to the opinion which Dante puts into the mouth of Charles Martel, the descendants of King Charles and of the Emperor Rudolph would have continued to reign in Sicily (*Par.* VIII, 67–75):—

E la bella Trinacria. . .
  attesi avrebbe li suoi regi ancora,
  nati per me di Carlo e di Ridolfo,
se mala signoria, che sempre accora
  li popoli suggetti, non avesse
  mosso Palermo a gridar: Mora, Mora.

And beautiful Trinacria. . .
  Would still have been ready to receive its kings,
  Descended through me from Charles and Rudolph,
Had not bad government, which always stirs
  The heart of subject people, aroused
  Palermo to cry out: Die! Die!

The feelings of anger and revenge awakened by this oppression were worked upon by many malcontents. Native lords who felt themselves wronged, restless spirits who had much to gain and nothing to lose by disturbance, and old partisans of the Hohenstaufens who had been biding their time since Corradino's defeat, were all on tiptoe for a favourable chance to take up arms. Outsiders, as well, had an interest in stirring the Sicilians to revolt. Chief of these was crafty Palæologus who, having long suspected that his profession of the orthodox Roman creed was a frail protection against King Charles's designs, intrigued to set his enemy's house on fire and keep him busy at home. King Pedro of Aragon, though vassal to the Pope, had been making warlike preparations under cover of a crusade, and was ready to assert his claims as soon as the moment was propitious. It was even rumoured that the crafty Nicholas III had not been a stranger to the plan of weakening King Charles by taking Sicily from him. More active perhaps than any one else was John of Procida, a scholar and a physician, educated, it seems, at Salerno; he had been a person of consequence at Manfred's court, and had taken part in the uprising in favour of Corradino. After the fatal defeat at Tagliacozzo he fled to Queen Constance, wife of King Pedro, and became one of the King's most intimate counsellors. Nevertheless the revolution does not appear to have been started in the interest of King Pedro; for the first act of the revolutionary government was to acknowledge the rights of the Papacy.

Immediately on hearing of the revolt, King Charles made great efforts to reduce the rebels to obedience; but fortune went against him. Ruggiero di Loria, a most skilful admiral, who like John of Procida had taken service at the court of Aragon, defeated the King's eldest son, Charles, Prince of Salerno, in a sea-fight off Naples, and made him prisoner; and in the Spanish peninsula a French campaign against Aragon came to nothing. The King himself gave further proof of the romantic and chivalrous side of his character. Confident in his right, he wished to put the issue between King Pedro and himself to the wager of battle, and challenged his rival to mortal combat. Pedro accepted. Lists were prepared at Bordeaux, an English possession, under the eye of the English King. Charles was ready and eager to prove himself once again God's champion, but Pedro evaded the meeting, and the issue was left to the arbitrament of war and politics.

It was a foregone conclusion that the House of Anjou would embrace the policy of reconquest; but the Papacy, when it received the tender of allegiance from the revolutionary government, might have taken a different course. Had Nicholas III been sitting on the pontifical throne, he would have held himself free to follow a course of action in accord with the high judicial character of the Papacy, he would have insisted upon the right and duty of the suzerain to examine the affair with consideration, and determine what would be the best policy for all concerned. But Martin was a Frenchman, not an Italian; he had been trained upon the accepted policy of the French party in the Roman Curia, and naturally applied that policy to the situation that confronted him. He refused to listen to the revolutionary leaders, and gave his whole support to King Charles. Indeed, it would have required a man of uncommon courage to do otherwise. The transfer of the southern kingdom from the Hohenstaufens to the House of Anjou was the outcome of a half century of strife that had put the very existence of the Papacy to the hazard; to turn back upon that policy, to acquiesce in the occupation of Sicily by Manfred's heirs, was to admit that the blood and treasure spent so profusely had been spent for nought.

Martin not only continued the traditional French policy but he even attempted to repeat the precedent set by Urban and Clement. Aragon was also a papal fief, its King also had proved a recreant vassal, false to his feudal allegiance; Martin excommunicated King Pedro, declared him deposed, proclaimed the throne of Aragon vacant, and conferred the right to take it upon a member of the royal house of France, Charles of Valois, younger son to King Philippe le Hardi. This policy once launched concerned most of western Europe, and the Sicilian question became the great international question of European diplomacy. It is not necessary to follow the tedious course of political intrigues, of battles by land and sea, until in the end the papal policy failed completely and Frederick, youngest son of King Pedro, was firmly established on the Sicilian throne.

The Sicilian Vespers is the last serious political revolution of the century. By it Sicily was definitely transferred to the Spanish descendants of King Manfred, while the mainland half of the old kingdom remained in the House of Anjou. The redoubtable warrior, Charles of Anjou, having occupied the forefront of the stage for twenty years, died in 1285, with his great oriental ambitions lying in ruins about him. His son, Charles II, succeeded him, with less ambition and far less character, on the whole a mean man, who trusted to diplomatic intrigues and dynastic marriages rather than to resolution and valour. Dante despised him (*Purg.* xx, 80–81): —

> Veggio vender sua figlia e patteggiarne
> come fanno i corsar dell' altre schiave.
>
> I see him sell his daughter, haggling as
> Corsairs are wont to do with other slaves.

We may leave him vainly trying in his own unworthy fashion to recover his lost Sicily.

Martin followed King Charles to the grave some six weeks later. He died (*Purg.* XXIV, 23–24) of a surfeit of eels cooked in wine, a dish that perhaps stirred an old man's memories of the French cooking of his youth. Martin was succeeded by Honorius IV (1285–87), a member of the great house of Savelli, grand-nephew to Honorius III; and he, in turn, was followed by Nicholas IV (1288–92), Jerome of Ascoli, formerly minister-general of the Franciscan Order. Both were good men and good popes, but there is little for us to record concerning them; nothing of special consequence occurred during their pontificates. They pursued the policy adopted by Pope Martin towards Sicily; they were on friendly terms with the Emperor Rudolph, but that was of no great matter as he never came to Italy; they did their best to assert papal dominion in the Romagna; and in the city of Rome Honorius IV supported his family, the Savelli, whereas Nicholas helped raise the House of Colonna to high estate. Dante does not mention either pope, probably because he knew nothing evil to say of them; and for us their pontificates are like a peaceful but monotonous valley between two periods of bolder and more exciting interest.

After Nicholas IV died the cardinals quarrelled as they had done during the long interregnum after the death of Clement IV. The need of Pope Gregory's stern regulations became more than ever apparent. Two years and three months had passed in shameless wrangling, when one day Cardinal Latino Malabranca, dean of the college and nephew of Nicholas III, announced that a holy man had prophesied that the wrath of God would fall upon their heads. Cardinal Gaetani asked if it were Pietro da Morrone; Cardinal Latino said, yes; and all fell to talking of the holy man and his extraordinary virtues. Somebody in a mad moment of enthusiasm proposed his election, and they elected him forthwith.

This holy hermit was an old man, near eighty it is said, who lived in a lonely cell among the crags of Mt. Morrone, a mountain in the Abruzzi, in the kingdom of Naples, near the town of Sulmona, where Ovid was born. From his youth he had devoted himself to an ascetic life. The Benedictine monks were not sufficiently cut off from the world to suit him, so he had gone into the wilderness, and lived like the old monks of Egypt. Disciples followed him; he banded them together into a congregation, and from Pope Gregory X, at the Second Council of Lyons, he received official approbation. The fame of this old hermit's austerity, decked with additions of miracles performed, had travelled far and wide; the unlettered multitude was persuaded that he was a saint. To him in their need the quarrelling, distracted, egotistical cardinals turned.

One must remember that the history of the Roman Curia is not merely a tale of wrangling ambitions and worldly policy; there was wrangling and worldliness in superabundance, but more often than not, underneath, deep in their hearts, though covered up by covetousness and self-seeking, lay the desire to do the right, to make the Church fulfil her great missions: to rescue the Holy Land from the Infidel, to bring back the schismatic Greeks into the way of truth, and to save mankind from the perdition of heresy. At the threshold of these great purposes, the choice of means, especially the choice of Pope, lay shrouded in perplexity. No Anibaldi believed that an Orsini could pilot the bark of St. Peter on the right course, no Orsini was ready to entrust the helm to a Colonna; but once these difficulties were removed by mutual interference, the cardinals showed themselves men of simple faith, longing that the power of righteousness should come to help them. Animated by such a feeling they had chosen the good Gregory X, and now in a flood of self-reproach at their own ambitions, meanness, and little faith, they flung themselves on the fundamental Christian dogma, that the power of a holy life can work miracles. If they had not possessed deep in their hearts this belief, these men of arms and of affairs, Matteo Rubeo Orsini, Jacopo Colonna, Benedetto Gaetani, Latino Malabranca and the rest, would never have yielded to an emotional impulse to put an ignorant, superstitious peasant on the papal throne. The consequences were such as anybody, not possessed by a blind hope that self-mortification is a sovereign qualification for great affairs, must have foreseen.

The deputation of cardinals, hoping perhaps that they were going like the Three Kings towards the dawn of a holy day, climbed the lonely mountain path, approached the cell and on their knees announced their mission. The poor, bewildered, old anchorite, believing that he was heaven's chosen instrument, and that the innocence of a child would serve instead of experience to set all things right, accepted the great office. His starved, ill-treated, body was clothed with pontifical robes, his foot was kissed, and he was led away in triumph, as Pope Celestine V.

King Charles II saw his opportunity; he and his son Charles Martel, Dante's friend, hurried to the spot, seized with affected humility the reins of the poor old man's ass, and carried their prize to Naples. Celestine was like a timid, fluttering creature of the night suddenly trapped and brought into the blazing light of noon. Unworthy self-seekers surrounded him and preyed upon him; first the crafty King, at whose bidding he created a dozen cardinals, of whom seven were French; then lawyers, scribes, secretaries, heads of departments, subordinates, all seeking their own advantage, who crowded round him, bidding him sign decrees and documents that meant nothing to him; last not least, delighted, superstitious brethren of his Order — Celestini as they called themselves — pressed upon him. The enormous business of the Curia was thrown into hideous confusion; matters that required trained minds and long familiarity were left to greedy self-seekers or to the chance decision of the visionary old hermit. The spectacle of this ignorant, rude peasant on the throne of Nicholas III, of Innocent III, is both comic and tragic to a high degree. A Florentine man-of-letters — not a kindly critic of such a sight — caught a glimpse of him at Naples: "Celestine was walking through one of the rooms of his palace, holding a slice of bread in his hand and occasionally taking a bite of it; he was followed by a servitor who carried a pot of wine, out of which the Pope drank, saying that bread and wine was the best diet in the world, his mother had told him so." The poor Pope himself felt the impossibility of the situation, and aggravated his own woes by the fear of wrecking the papal government. Murmurs of discontent began to be heard; some of the cardinals openly urged him to resign, telling him that the Church was going to ruin.

The old man prayed and took counsel, first of Jacopone da Todi, a Franciscan friar, of whom we shall hear more, and then of Benedetto Gaetani. This cardinal, a nephew of Alexander IV, came of the noble house of the Gaetani; he was born in Anagni, probably early in the pontificate of Honorius III, and was now an old man. He had had a distinguished career, first as lawyer at the Roman Curia, and then on embassies of great consequence. He had gone on the mission to England with Cardinal Ottobuono dei Fieschi, when that prelate was sent by Alexander IV to offer the crown of Sicily to Prince Edmund. Afterwards he went with another distinguished diplomat, Matteo di Acquasparta, afterwards minister-general of the Franciscans, to disentangle and compose affairs in Provence between the Emperor Rudolph and King Charles of Anjou. He was raised to the cardinalate by Martin IV, and had taken part in matters concerning the thorny Sicilian question. He was a proud churchman, bred upon the decretals of Innocent III and Gregory IX, skilful in affairs, experienced, learned, eloquent, able and astute, but he made the mistake of attaching too much weight to the lawyer's point of view; he could not believe all the world would not bow to the authority of the canons, once they had been properly expounded. After the death of Cardinal Latino Malabranca, who died soon after the election, Gaetani was the most commanding figure in the Curia, and Celestine attached great weight to his advice. He advised the Pope to resign; others, however, who found their profit in the old man's tenure of office, urged him to stay. The sorry Pope, distracted and miserable, could not endure the situation longer; he issued a decree that it should be lawful for a Pope to resign (for that was a matter hedged about by grave canonical doubts), and then resigned, poor man, little thinking that this escape from the world and the devil, from the pains and burden of an office which his simplicity was undoing, would cause a young poet in Florence to stigmatize him to unnumbered generations as: —

colui
che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto.

One good thing the poor hermit had done, and that was to re-establish the Gregorian laws regulating the conclave. In obedience to these laws the cardinals met after the ten days' time prescribed had elapsed since the resignation. There was no doubt as to the leader among them; Cardinal Gaetani was elected, and took the title Boniface VIII. Villani, the Florentine, says that Gaetani intrigued with King Charles II and made a bargain, that in return for royal support in the conclave he when Pope would make himself useful. Calumny always dogged the Roman Curia and in especial the arrogant priest, just elected Pope. It is probable that the story as to a bargain is false. The facts that gave rise to it are merely these: beyond any question Cardinal Gaetani was the best man to undo the evils which Celestine and the long interregnum which preceded him had wrought; and the King must have perceived that a strong man like Gaetani, who accepted the Angevin policy as to the Sicilian question, would be of infinitely more service to him than a feeble, ignorant, and superstitious old hermit. Boniface's strong hand immediately made itself felt; he left Naples, where for a few months the Curia had had a foretaste of the captivity at Avignon, and went back to Rome.

The sad part of the story of the relations between Boniface and Celestine remains to be told. The poor old man had dreamed that resignation would procure him liberty to worship his God on the old familiar mountain, in his beloved cell, with the stars overhead and the winds blowing fresh through the tree tops. But Pope Boniface, his legal mind brooding over the possible defect in his title, decided not to let Celestine wander at large. On the way to Rome the old hermit escaped, got a donkey by the help of a friendly priest, and rode off towards Mt. Morrone. The news that the Pope's men were in pursuit frightened him away from his mountain home; he fled to the seashore, hoping to be able to cross to Dalmatia; but contrary fortune frowned. He was detained; the King's officers arrested him, and delivered him to the Pope. Boniface imprisoned him in a fortress, and built within it (so later historians say), a cell like that in which the old man had lived upon the mountain; there, after nine months' imprisonment, the unhappy hermit died, a victim of the greatness thrust so recklessly upon him. Boniface celebrated a requiem mass in St. Peter's basilica, and issued a bull conferring favours on the Order.

CHAPTER IX

LOMBARDY, ROMAGNA, AND PIEDMONT (1260–1300)

Ahi serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta!
. . . .
ed ora in te non stanno senza guerra
li vivi tuoi, e l' un l' altro si rode
di quei che un muro ed una fossa serra.
Cerca, misera, intorno dalle prode
le tue marine, e poi ti guarda in seno,
se alcuna parte in te di pace gode.

Purg. VI, 76–87.

Oh slavish Italy, the baiting-place of woe,
Ship without pilot in a mighty storm!
. . . .
And now within thee, do not stand in peace
Thy citizens, but neighbour neighbour rends
Of those whom one wall and one moat enclose.
Search, wretched land, along thy coasts and shores
And then within thy breast, to see
If any part of thee in peace rejoiceth.

THE political history of Italy at this time is very different from that of other countries of western Europe. In them there were wars, feuds, riots, more than enough; but in Italy the demon of civil strife ranged at will. In other countries the political goal was to centralize the powers of sovereignty and create a nation; monarchy was the means, while the feudal nobility, which was the very embodiment of disunion and disorder, put what obstacles it could in the way. Everywhere but in Italy the monarchical principle maintained itself; the King played off one great feudatory against another or made common cause with the people, and so established his power. In England the Plantagenets, and in France Philippe Auguste and his successors, had achieved a fair measure of success in consolidating sovereign powers; in the Iberian peninsula little kingdoms seemed on the eve of union by marriage or inheritance; in Germany the principle of monarchy, however imperfectly put into operation, was unquestioned. In all a tendency to centralization, as the means to order and economic development, was more or less actively at work. But in Italy the only hope of unity had lain in the Holy Roman Empire, and with the overthrow of the Hohenstaufens that hope had perished. From the reign of Theodoric the Goth to that of Victor Emmanuel, the Papacy was able to thwart every project of a united kingdom; the popes would not risk degradation to a mere ecclesiastical position under the shadow of a temporal monarch, such for instance as that of the Patriarch of Constantinople or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In consequence of the Empire's failure to maintain itself the several parts of the peninsula became hopelessly divided from one another, and in each several part the forces of discord rose up more furious than ever. In the north, anarchy seemed let loose; cities, towns, nobles, politicians, soldiers of fortune wore even a more truculent bearing than before. Every city coveted more of the territory near it, the larger cities coveted seigniory over their smaller neighbours, each faction was obstinately determined to rule or ruin, while lords and adventurers intrigued and fought to increase their power and place. Ambition, envy, jealousy, revenge, cropped up on the grave of the Empire more luxuriant than before. But we look at these years through Dante's eyes, and perhaps things appear worse than they really were.

Indeed it was hard to see that out of this chaos a new and better world was preparing. With the ruin of the Hohenstaufens the long contention between *Imperium* and *Sacerdotium*, between the rule of Cæsar and of priests, for the world as prize, had passed into the limbo of antiquated things; but peace and good will among men were farther off than ever. Quarrelling neighbours not only sought new grounds for quarrel, but also held fast to ancient enmity and continued to use the old names, the Party of the Church, the Party of the Empire, though they had ceased to have any relevance. And this persistence of old names persuaded passionate souls, like Dante, that the old things which those names had once represented really existed; and old ideas, long rendered impossible of realization, continued, side by side with new quarrels, to fight a ghostly battle, and worse confound confusion.

Dante, as a passionate partisan of the Empire and as an aristocrat, was disposed to take a most gloomy view of the political condition of Italy; he could not see that the genius of Italy had already pronounced the command *Fiat lux*, and that this very excess of individualism, this riotous independence, this inability to compromise, was preparing the way for the glorious new birth of the human spirit and for his own prodigious renown.

With the political dismemberment after the fall of the Empire, in which Dante saw mere anarchy, a new period begins. When a wide-spreading tree, that has sucked up the nutriment from the soil underneath and drunk in the sunshine from above, has fallen, then a host of seedlings, stunted and dwarfed by its overshadowing presence, put forth their leaves and stretch out their roots, in jealous rivalry for the bounty of earth and sky. Just so, in northern Italy a troop of ambitious men cropped up and struggled, each for himself, to lay hold of the good things of the earth. The fall of the Empire made room for them. In order to deal justly with these turbulent spirits they must be divided into three classes: first, the political leaders who rose to power in the interest of law and order, protectors of business; next, soldiers of fortune, precursors of the *condottieri;* and third, the feudal nobility, who were particularly strong in what is now Piedmont, Venetia, and Romagna.

The first class is the most important; its members are much more characteristic of their own generation, and of the generations to follow, than either soldiers of fortune or feudal nobles. This class shows the pattern of development by which professional podestàs grew into petty princes; they were the friends and guardians of manufacture and trade, the others were its enemies. Manufacture and trade were the forces that governed politics; underneath warfare and riot, behind apparent anarchy, lay the economic motive. Traders, and especially the great merchants and bankers, had need of security and of stable government; the seesaw of parties, confusion raised to a system, — the victors of to-day banished to-morrow

— was intolerable. The tyranny of a single lord was vastly better for the interests of business than the tyranny of faction, for his maintenance in power compelled a certain steadiness of government.

The most conspicuous seigneur of this class of political leaders is Uberto Pelavicini. He came of a noble family which had estates in the borderland between Parma and Piacenza. In person he was slight; and he had but one eye, for when he was a baby, lying in a cradle, a cock came and picked out the other. His brave spirit, keen intelligence, and unbounded ambition more than made amends for any defects of body. As a young man he had been in the Emperor's service and had held offices of distinction. Afterwards, in Manfred's time, he acquired dominion over Piacenza, Cremona, Brescia, Tortona, Alessandria, Bergamo, Parma, Reggio, Modena, Pavia, and Vercelli, and for five years he was seigneur of Milan (such strange combinations took place in Lombard politics), and likewise on the best of terms with the city of Asti. He was (according to one chronicler) a man of great political experience, more than any other Lombard had ever possessed, a generous, high-bred, honourable man, and a skilful general. Uberto made the most of his opportunities. One city invited him to be podestà because the party in power, having prevailed over its adversary, wished to make its tenure of office secure through the talents of a powerful soldier; another, because it wished stability and continuity of policy in carrying out public works; a third was tired of the riot and disorder of unchartered freedom; and so city after city put themselves into his hands. His administration justified expectations; for instance, one of his measures was to get together a convention of representatives from Cremona, Parma, Brescia, Pavia, Bergamo, Tortona, and Piacenza, to agree upon a common coinage. But after the triumph of Charles of Anjou, Pelavicini's seigniory melted away. Buoso da Dovara turned against him and got possession of Cremona; intriguing churchmen succeeded in detaching Piacenza; malcontents drove him from Brescia; one by one all his towns deserted him. The year after the battle of Tagliacozzo he died, with but a few fortresses left of a lordship in the north greater than the Emperor Frederick had ever possessed; and the cities he had ruled tendered their obedience to King Charles, the conqueror.

In Parma, which was beginning to assert her preponderant power in the Emilia, as Milan, Bologna and Florence were doing in their respective provinces, a lesser man, Ghiberto da Gente, established his dominion. As a member of the Church party he stayed in exile while the Imperialists under the poet podestà, Arrigo Testa, held the upper hand; after the city had been captured by the Guelf partisans of Innocent IV, he came back and must have been there during the siege, and at the time of the momentous defeat inflicted upon the Emperor. His rise to power is typical. He was first elected podestà of the *Mercadanza*, that is, governor of the confederated guilds; next he was elected podestà of the *Popolo*, the popular political organization; and then podestà of the Commune, the highest office in the state. Finally he took upon himself these several offices for life with reversion to his heirs, as if he held the government in fee; all this he accomplished by means of the guild of Butchers, the most powerful guild in Parma. He established a political ring, which undoubtedly profited by gross misuse of the city government. Once firmly seated he did his best to make himself secure. The very titles of his laws show how much this wary ruler feared bribery, conspiracy, and sudden attack: On the penalty for giving or lending food or drink or anything else to servants of the Podestà; On the penalty for harbouring an infamous person; On the penalty for carrying dangerous weapons, or for resisting search for them; On the penalty for coming into the presence of the Podestà or of his judges with too many attendants. In foreign politics Ghiberto da Gente, although he nominally belonged or had belonged to the Church cause, steered his way between the two parties, and did his best to stay on good terms with the swelling fortunes of Pelavicini. His single aim was to keep himself in power, but the task was too difficult even for his craft or good judgment, and in a few years he was pushed aside.

Brother Salimbene, who was a native of Parma, speaks frequently of him in his memoirs. According to him Ghiberto da Gente did only two good things, — to establish peace among the citizens of Parma, and to wall up some of the gates of the city, — and a great list of evil things: he did not hold firm to the Church party, but leaned towards Pelavicini; he was covetous and avaricious; though originally a poor knight, he built out of the riches of his fellow-citizens great palaces, both in the city and in the country; he condemned some persons unjustly, while he pardoned others for money, and threatened those who refused to give; he took far too great a salary as Podestà, much more than the city was accustomed to pay; he assumed for himself the lordship of Parma, for himself and for his heirs forever; he tampered with the coinage and lowered its value, and did more damage, so the bankers said, than the worth of a quarter part of the town; he had, as his guard of honour, a band of five hundred armed men who attended him with candles to the cathedral on the vigil of the Assumption of the Virgin. But undoubtedly, for a time at least, the majority of the townsfolk held a very different opinion of their distinguished fellow-citizen. Perhaps Bro. Salimbene was a little prejudiced by a slight rebuff which the fallen politician administered to him. Salimbene went to see him in his country house and asked rather impudently: "'What do you do with yourself, Lord Ghiberto, why don't you join the Order of the Brothers Minor?' He answered: 'And what could you do with me now, I am sixty years old?' 'You will give to others a good example of doing right, and you will save your soul'; but Ghiberto answered, 'I know that you are giving me good advice, but I cannot listen to you, because my heart is busy with other things.'—He was thinking [adds the friar] how he could take revenge on the people of Parma who had deposed him." But as he remembered both the Brothers Minor and the Dominicans in his will, Salimbene felt more kindly towards him, "By God's mercy may his soul rest in peace."

In Milan the della Torre family played the part of popular leaders, and gradually mounted the steps of power. It is said that they laid the foundation of their greatness by the help which they extended to the Milanese after their defeat by the Emperor Frederick II at Corte Nuova. In 1240 Pagano della Torre was podestà of the *Popolo;* in 1247 his nephew, Martino, under the modest title, Ancient of the Credenza of St. Ambrose, held the substance of supreme power, but during the five years of Pelavicini's seigniory of the city, he was reduced to second place; by the time of Anjou's invasion another member of the family, Filippo, had become Perpetual Lord of Milan, and Podestà and Lord of the communes of Bergamo, Como, Novara, and Lodi; Rudolph of Habsburg recognized Napoleone della Torre as his vicar in Milan. But then followed the great struggle with the archbishop, Otto Visconti, head of the nobility, in which, after several veerings of fortune, the archbishop finally came off victorious (1277) and planted his crest,

> la vipera che il Milanese accampa,

on the castle's walls and founded the great Visconti family.

In Verona, after the fall of Ezzelino, Martino della Scala established his power; but, like Martino della Torre in Milan, he kept the simple title of Podestà of the Mercadanza, although he was really lord of the city. In this way these rich and powerful families mounted the princely ladder; in the beginning they sought the people's voice, and took the humble office of podestà of the guilds, then podestà of the Commune, at first only for a single year, then for several years, finally as a proprietary right, and so rose to be lords of the cities committed to their charge, and founded little principalities. And all the time their rising state depended upon the approval and support of the bankers, merchants, and prosperous traders, who (as such men say) had a stake in the country, and much preferred a stable tyrant to the restless ebb and flow of partisan government.

In the second class of political leaders, the soldiers of fortune, Guido da Montefeltro, the most brilliant champion of the Ghibelline cause in the north after the death of Pelavicini, is easily the first. He was "homo nobilis et sensatus, et discretus, et morigeratus, liberalis, curialis, et largus, strenuus miles, et probus in armis et doctus ad bellum—a man of noble birth, of good sense, intelligence and decorum, an educated man, a gentleman, generous, a strenuous soldier, an honourable warrior and a good tactician." His noted career begins with the ill-fated expedition of Corradino. Don Arrigo, the Senator, left Rome in his charge while he himself led his Spanish troops to the field of Tagliacozzo. After the defeat Guido refused to harbour poor Corradino, but no blame seems to have attached itself to him for this. Then, making the best of a sorry affair, he surrendered the Capitol to King Charles for four thousand gold florins, and took his way back to Romagna. A few years later, when the exiles from Bologna made common cause with the Ghibellines of Romagna, Guido was appointed general of their allied army, and inflicted a great defeat upon the Guelfs, who were led by Malatesta da Verruchio, il mastin vecchio, the old mastiff, as Dante calls him. The battle was fought on the feast of St. Anthony of Padua, June 13, 1275, and so great was the slaughter and shame of the Bolognese, that thereafter they would not hear the saint named in Bologna. For several years Guido was master of Romagna and maintained the Ghibelline cause there against all the power of Bologna and the Guelfs. But Fortune proved fickle. Without his fault his party lost Faenza, for Tebaldello Zambrasi (whom Dante met in the lowest depths of hell with Ganelon, Buoso da Dovara, Bocca degli Abati and other traitors), out of spite against the exiled Lambertazzi, opened the city's gates while all slept, "apri Faenza quando si dormia" (*Inf.* XXXII, 123), and let in the Geremei. Not long after, the Ghibellines had their revenge. Martin IV, who had reversed his predecessor's policy of reconciling Guelfs and Ghibellines, and was resolved both to maintain Guelf supremacy and assert the newly acquired sovereignty of the Church in Romagna, sent a French general and an army to enforce that sovereignty. The two armies met at Forlì; Guido da Montefeltro gained a glorious victory, and piled the ground with the French dead,—fe' de' Franceschi sanguinoso mucchio (*Inf.* XXVII, 44). But the resources of the Church were greater than those of the Ghibelline cities of Romagna. Martin sent more mercenary troops, got together from all over, who (according to Salimbene) "destroyed vineyards, crops, apple-trees, olive orchards, figs, beautiful pomegranates, houses, cattle, vegetables, as well as everything that grows in the fields." Forlì made submission, and the rest of Romagna followed her example. Guido likewise made terms and departed from Romagna. For a time he lived in Lombardy, and then went to Pisa, at the request of the Ghibelline faction. The most famous episode of his life belongs to a later chapter. Villani says of him that he was "il più sagace e il più sottile uomo di guerra ch'al suo tempo fosse in Italia,—the most resourceful and ingenious soldier of his time in Italy."

In the third category come the feudal lords. In Romagna merchants had made but little progress, and the barons, lodged in their feudal castles or in their strongholds on the narrow streets, easily maintained their power. Indeed, the whole province was a breeding place of little tyrants, who were quite willing to take any oaths of allegiance but equally resolute to be masters in fact. In Ravenna the Polenta family held the seigniory, having discomfited the Bagnacavalli and what remained of the once great house of the Traversari; and before the century was out they had got possession of the little town of Cervia (*Inf.* XXVII, 40–42): —

> Ravenna sta, come stata è molti anni:
> l'aquila da Polenta la si cova,
> sì che Cervia ricopre co' suoi vanni.
>
> Ravenna is, as she has been for many years:
> The eagle of Polenta broodeth there,
> So that it covers Cervia with its wings.

Ravenna is near the coast of the Adriatic, south of the Po's mouth, or as Francesca dalla bella persona, daughter of Guido Vecchio da Polenta, describes the site (*Inf.* v, 97–99):—

> Siede la terra, dove nata fui,
> su la marina dove il Po discende
> per aver pace co' seguaci sui,
>
> The town, where I was born,
> Sits on the sea-coast where the Po goes down
> To seek for peace with his attendant streams,

and it was from there that she went to Rimini, for the sake of patching up a peace between two warring families by marrying the deformed Gianciotto, son to Malatesta da Verruchio, the old mastiff; to read the romance of Lancelot du Lac with Paolo, his handsome brother, and to die; and then to live forever in the most tenderly beautiful passage in poetry.

According to Boccaccio, after the heads of the two families had agreed on the marriage, it was suggested that if Francesca were to see Gianciotto before the rites were celebrated she would never consent. A trick was hatched. Paolo, the bridegroom's younger brother, handsome, agreeable, and of pleasant manners, went to act as proxy. As soon as Francesca, thinking that he was to be her husband, saw him, she gave him "l' animo e l' amor suo." She learned her deception too late. Of how their love first betrayed itself Boccaccio knew nothing except what Dante said; he was inclined to think, however, that Dante's account was the creation of his poetic fancy. But Dante knew a nephew of Francesca's intimately, and probably heard the story that was current in the family (*Inf.* v, 133–6): —

Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
esser baciato da cotanto amante,
questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
la bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:

When we read how her beloved smile
Was kissed by such a lover,
He, who never from me shall be parted,
Kissed my mouth, all atremble.

Boccaccio goes on to say that Gianciotto caught the guilty lovers in her chamber. Paolo tried to escape by a trap-door, and Francesca thinking him safe hurried to let her husband in; but Paolo was caught by his cloak. Francesca flung herself between them and received the first stroke of Gianciotto's sword; the second stroke killed Paolo. These details are of no great matter; Dante has told us the essential truth, the lovers loved one another passionately and were not parted in death.

The other cities of Romagna had their tyrants, but they have left little remembrance outside of Dante's scanty references (*Inf.* xxvii, 45–51). Mainardo Pagano set up his blazon, a lion azure on a field argent, in Faenza, Forlì, and Imola, the Manfredi, the Ordelaffi, and others, fought, murdered, triumphed or fell, during the closing years of the century; they were mere political brigands of ancient quarterings and after their stormy lives may well sleep the sweet sleep of oblivion.

In Ferrara the house of Este maintained its dominion. Azzo VII, the lifelong rival of Ezzelino da Romano, was succeeded by his grandson, Obizzo II, for his son, Rinaldo, had died in Apulia, where he had been carried a hostage by the Emperor Frederick. His captivity was not cruel, for he had freedom to fall in love with a Neapolitan lady, or, as some said, a washerwoman, who became the mother of Obizzo. The baby was carried back to Ferrara. Pope Innocent IV made him legitimate; and on his grandfather's death Pope Urban supported his claim to the seigniory. Obizzo repaid this prudent friendship. He stoutly supported Charles of Anjou, and defended the cause of the Church against Uberto Pelavicini and the Ghibellines of the North. He married a cousin of Cardinal Ottobuono dei Fieschi (Pope Adrian V). Obizzo was not a man of high character. He was a harsh, even a cruel, ruler; and according to the story, probably a slander, which made him out to be the son of a washerwoman, he drowned his mother from shame at her low condition. He was a man of loose life; Dante speaks of his seducing Ghisolabella, daughter of Alberto Caccianemici, chief of the Geremei of Bologna, with the help or connivance of her brother. Nor could he give as excuse that all the nobles lived as loosely as he, for his friend Count Louis of San Bonifazio, son of Count Richard, when going through the city never lifted up his eyes to look at any woman, though (so Salimbene, who ought not to have had any opinion on the subject, reports) there were most lovely women and ladies to be seen. He was a handsome man, as were all the house of Este, except that he was blind of one eye, which he had lost in a tourney, while tilting in honour of some woman of little worth; his spear handle shivered and a splinter put out his right eye, peccatis suis facientibus, as Salimbene says, "it served him right." Obizzo was a man of courage and shrewdness; for nearly thirty years he maintained his power in the northeast and established his dominion over both Modena and Reggio. He died in 1293. Calumny alleged that his son Azzo VIII, surnamed "the most magnificent," smothered him to death with a pillow. This sounds like a tale told by Ghibelline enemies; but Azzo VIII was far from scrupulous. It is certain that, out of revenge for political opposition, he caused the murder of Jacopo del Cassero, at one time podestà of Bologna (*Purg.* v, 77–78). He married twice, purely for political considerations; first Joanna dei Orsini, a relative of Pope Nicholas III, and secondly, one of the daughters of King Charles II of Naples. Dante hated him, and says that when he blew his horn, it sounded, "Come, ye murderers; come, ye traitors; come, ye followers of avarice." Azzo was always engaged in some intrigue for enlarging his power, and for a time he was a most redoubtable tyrant; but justice overtook him, and he died at last in misery.

In the northwest corner of Italy the counts of Savoy were dominant. They held sway on both sides of the Alps, and controlled the high-road over the mountains at Mont Cenis and other passes in that region. In Piedmont their authority extended as far as Ivrea and Turin. Their one object was to increase their dominions, and in particular they wished to possess Turin; this ambition brought them into collision with neighbours also endowed with appetites for dominion, chiefly the rich and prosperous city of Asti. Their uninteresting history is one confused story of border warfare. Like other nobles they played fast and loose with their loyalty to the Empire. The Hohenstaufens made great efforts to win them to their side; Frederick II created Count Thomas II his vicar general from Pavia to the Alps, and granted him investiture of Turin and half a dozen other towns in that region; Manfred married Princess Beatrice of Savoy. But Count Thomas was brother-in-law to Raymond Berenger IV, Count of Provence, and therefore uncle by marriage to King Henry III of England, Richard Earl of Cornwall, King Louis IX, and Charles of Anjou, and speedily forgot the benefits received from the Hohenstaufens. He and his brothers were much petted by the weak English monarch, one of them, a turbulent soldier, was made archbishop of Canterbury, to the scandal of the pious; and in return they became strong English partisans. Count Thomas gave his support to the plan of putting Prince Edmund of England on the throne of Sicily and Richard of Cornwall on that of the Empire. But he died in 1259, leaving little children, too young to take part in political life, and the house of Savoy became wholly eclipsed for the time by the house of Montferrat, its vigorous rival to the South.

The head of the house of Montferrat was the marquis, William V (1254–92), (*Purg.* VII, 134–36), —

Guglielmo marchese,
per cui ed Alessandria e la sua guerra
fa pianger Monferrato e Canavese;

The marquis William
For whose sake embattled Alessandria
Makes Montferrat and Canavese weep.

So Dante spoke of him, and put him in antepurgatory beside the Emperor Rudolph and the contemporary kings of England, France, Bohemia, Navarre, Aragon, and Naples, negligent rulers all, but lower down as became his inferior rank. The house of Montferrat was one of the noblest in Italy. Its marquisate was situate between the upper reaches of the Po and the river Tanaro, in what is now the southern half of Piedmont; but the chief towns, Asti, Casale, and others, early asserted their commercial independence and laid hold upon wide strips of territory that once belonged to the marquisate; besides, the cities of the neighbourhood, Alessandria, Vercelli, Chieri, hemmed it in, and the marquises sought a larger sovereignty in the romantic east. Marquis William III (1135–1188) accompanied the Emperor Conrad III on the Second Crusade, upon which Dante's ancestor, Cacciaguida, received knighthood at the hands of the Emperor. Three of his sons, adventurous gentlemen, followed him, hoping by politic marriages to increase their fortunes. The eldest, William (d. 1177), "a soldierly man of handsome person, strenuous, panoplied in virtues and renowned for strength" married Sibylla, sister to Baldwin IV, King of Jerusalem, and "begot a choice son — filium elegantem," Baldwin V, who while still a boy became King of Jerusalem, reigned three brief years and died. The fifth son, Rainerius, married a daughter of Emperor Manuel of Constantinople and received as dowry the Kingdom of Thessalonica, but both he and his wife were murdered a few years later in one of the bloody revolutions of the imperial house. Conrad (1188–1192), the second son, also grasped at high-sounding titles by the right of marriage, and became Prince of Tyre and upon the death of his nephew, young Baldwin V, titular king of the lost Kingdom of Jerusalem. He served worthily on the crusade led by Richard Cœur de Lion and Philippe Auguste, and in no wise deserves the ill treatment he has received at the hands of Sir Walter Scott in *The Talisman*. Those were stirring times in Syria, for Saladin, King of Kings, was pressing the Christians hard. The old marquis, William III, had gone to fulfil his pilgrim's vow, and was with the Christian army at the time when Saladin attacked. In the battles of Tiberias and Hittin, the Christians were terribly defeated; the marquis and many others of note were made prisoners. Within a few months Jerusalem was taken. Other cities fell, and it seemed as if the conquering Moslems would carry all before them. Conrad of Montferrat was then at Tyre. Saladin marched thither and demanded surrender of the city as the price of his father's ransom. The old marquis himself bore the summons, but Conrad, at his father's urging, answered that he would not yield a single stone of the city. Saladin threatened to set the father up as a butt for bowmen to shoot at, to which Conrad replied that he would let fly the first shaft. Tyre was not only defended with heroism and success, but by a daring raid the Christians captured the fortress in which the old marquis and other Christian captives were imprisoned. So the gallant old man ended his days in freedom.

His third son, Boniface II (1192–1207), won honourable renown as friend and patron of Pierre Vidal, Raimbaut de Vacqueiras, Almeric de Pegulhan, and other troubadours, at a time when Frederick II was a babe in arms and Italian poetry had not yet been born. Boniface was one of the leaders in the misdirected Fourth Crusade, and when the allies divided the Byzantine Empire and he was disappointed in his hope of becoming Emperor, he took the Kingdom of Thessalonica, to which he had a family claim. His son, William IV, aided young Frederick on his adventurous journey north to win an empire. William V, mentioned by Dante, was the grandson of William IV, and together with the marquisate had inherited the empty title of King of Thessalonica. He possessed the fighting qualities of his race, and earned the nickname Longsword. Ghibelline by descent, he shifted his friendship to catch the breezes of fortune. One year he joined with the Guelfs of Alessandria in order to gain the lordship of the city; the next he made an alliance with King Manfred, who was in the heyday of his power; three years later he abandoned Manfred, made friends with Charles of Anjou, and prepared the way for the French invasion. However, when he found that King Charles, now firmly established not only in his new kingdom, but also in Rome and in Tuscany, was trying to make himself master of Lombardy, William Longsword turned about, joined the Ghibellines, and, true to the matrimonial policy of his ancestors, married the daughter of King Alphonso of Castile, the imperial claimant, and gave his daughter in marriage to Alphonso's son. For twenty years he rode the wild storms of party warfare with alternate fortune. At one time he made alliance with Otto Visconti, received the seigniory of Milan, and became head of a Ghibelline league, with power as great as that once possessed by Uberto Pelavicini; curiously enough — so wanton were the tricks of Fortune, so dead was the old issue between Church and Empire — Cremona opposed the Ghibelline league as champion of the Guelfs. But Longsword soon fell out with the Visconti, and his allies and dependents deserted him. In order to strengthen himself he married his daughter to the son of Palæologus, Emperor of Constantinople, and gave her as dowry his shadow kingdom of Thessalonica, in return for Byzantine gold and the promise of five hundred knights to fight his battles in Lombardy. But after years of guerilla warfare, Longsword, quite as much as ever his marquisate, had cause "to weep," for he was taken prisoner by the people of Alessandria, locked in an iron cage like a wild beast and exhibited as a show for seventeen months until he died. He was succeeded by his young son; but the house of Montferrat was shorn of its power, and the Visconti of Milan became the chief nobles of Lombardy.

The period is a period of transition; the political problem was how to establish peace, law, order. The Empire had failed; the little commonwealths had failed; the whole plane of civilization had been raised, and yet city fought with city, faction with faction, as badly as before or worse; manufacture and commerce insisted upon the trial of some new system, and the system they adopted was that of petty principalities, tyrannies, as they are called. This system, by operation of the general law that causes things of a kind to unite into one body, would have led at last to the union of all Italy into a kingdom, if it had not been for the Papacy. So long as the temporal power of the Papacy lasted, a kingdom of Italy was impossible.

CHAPTER X

TUSCANY (1260–1290)

Al tempo che Fiorenza
Fiorío e fece frutto,
Sì ch' ell' era del tutto
La donna di Toscana.

BRUNETTO LATINI.

At the time when Florence
Flourished and bore fruit,
So that of all she was
The Lady of Tuscany.

THE fortunes of Tuscany, although the Malaspini, the Aldobrandeschi and the Conti Guidi still lorded it in their respective territories, — in the Lunigiana, at Santa Fiora, and about Porciano in the Casentino, — were wrapped up with the fortunes of the great cities. Neither count nor baron was to become so powerful as to be comparable in importance with Pisa or Siena, and much less with Florence. These three cities were so much within the main current of Italian affairs that the French invasion and the fall of the Hohenstaufens produced a most momentous effect upon them. After the battle of Montaperti almost the whole province had become Ghibelline, and for six years the lords and gentlemen of that party basked in the sunshine of victory. But Fortune turned her wheel; the battles of Benevento and Tagliacozzo cast the Ghibellines down and raised the Guelfs to power. Tuscany became more Guelf than she had ever been Ghibelline. Even imperial Pisa, though not overthrown, was shaken.

Pisa's foreign affairs, aside from her commerce, were usually wars with Florence and Lucca on land, and with Genoa at sea. In breathing-times of peace, political and commercial rivalry was scarcely less cruel than war. Within her walls, her domestic affairs were little more than a struggle for political power among her politicians, and a struggle for commercial power among her merchants. Factions in Pisa had always been fierce, but the stress of Guelf victories seemed to add to their fierceness. The struggle for power among the great nobles now, more than ever, meant a struggle for safety, for life, perhaps, at least for home and property. One of these nobles, Ugolino della Gherardesca, now comes conspicuously forward in the city's history. He had been a Ghibelline, but seeing which way the wind blew turned Guelf. The Ghibelline faction was strong enough, however, to expel him; he went to Florence and asked for help. The Florentines with their confederate Guelfs seized the opportunity, and forced Pisa to open her gates and admit the renegade. By these dealings with his country's enemies, Ugolino greatly strengthened his position at home; and by the same methods he continued to rise.

Hardly had Pisa made peace with her savage enemy by land than she was involved in a desperate war with her savage rival by sea. She and Genoa were competitors in Corsica and Sardinia, in the Black Sea, in all parts of the Mediterranean; the struggle between them was inevitable and could only end with the destruction of one or the other. Sea-fight succeeded sea-fight, and at last the decisive battle was fought near Leghorn off the little island of Meloria (1284). The Pisans were outnumbered and terribly defeated. Seven Pisan galleys were sunk, twenty-eight captured, and near ten thousand men taken prisoners; barely a thousand odd ever went home again. Count Ugolino commanded one of the three divisions of the Pisan fleet, and when the battle was going hard against his countrymen gave the signal for flight, in order, his enemies thought, to be able to profit at home by the catastrophe. At the news, Florence, Lucca, and other Guelf enemies swarmed about the fallen city, like vultures. Pisa, in desperation, felt that her only hope was to detach Florence from the league against her; as a proof of Guelf sympathy, she appointed Count Ugolino podestà and through his intervention, at the cost of severe sacrifices, made peace first with Florence, then with Lucca. In consequence of these events Ugolino became master of the city.

But though victorious, the Guelf party was split by internecine broils; it divided into two factions, one led by Count Ugolino, the other by his nephew, Nino dei Visconti (*Purg.* VIII, 53). Nino had married a daughter of Marquis Obizzo II of Este, and seems to have been a man of much higher character than his uncle, at least so Dante thought. In order to secure the mastery, Ugolino intrigued with Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, nephew of the famous Cardinal Ottaviano and chief of the Ghibellines. These two political leaders made common cause against the other Guelf faction and expelled Nino dei Visconti from the city. Having conquered their adversary they fell out with one another. The facts are not clear. There was fighting in the streets and in the palace of the seigniory; the archbishop triumphed, Ugolino, with his sons and grandsons, was taken prisoner, July, 1288.

As you go north from the river at its most northerly point before it turns southwest towards the sea, past the old Romanesque church, San Frediano, and a few yards to the east of San Sisto, where the Great Council used to meet, is the Piazza dei Cavalieri, formerly degli Anziani, the old central square of the town; on the north side of this piazza stood the Torre dei Gualandi. There the prisoners were locked in, and there they stayed. In the following March, for the Ghibellines were now in power, Guido da Montefeltro was appointed commander of the Pisan army; and after his arrival, or possibly before, as we may hope for the sake of his good name, the keys of the locked tower were flung into the river.

Dante says that in the depths of hell, among the wickedest traitors (*Inf*. XXXII, 125–29): —

Io vidi due ghiacciati in una buca
sì che l'un capo all' altro era cappello;
e come il pan per fame si manduca,
così il sovran li denti all' altro pose
là 've il cervel si giunge con la nuca.

I saw two so frozen in one hole
That one head was a cap for the other,
And as men gnaw bread for hunger,
So he above fixed his teeth in the other
Where the back of the head joins the neck.

At Dante's questioning, the one on top, Ugolino, lifted his mouth from the fell repast and told why he took this wolfish revenge upon Ruggieri (*Inf.* xxxiii, 46–49): —

> Ed io sentii chiavar l' uscio di sotto
> all' orribile torre: ond' io guardai
> nel viso a' miei figliuoi senza far motto.
> Io non piangeva, sì dentro impietrai.
>
> And I heard the keys turn in the lower door
> Of the terrible tower: at that I looked into
> The faces of my children, without saying a word.
> I did not weep, for I had turned to stone within.

There Ugolino, his sons and grandsons, starved to death; but the fearful implication that he had fed upon their bodies, inferred from the line,

> poscia, più che il dolor, potè il digiuno,
>
> Then fasting had more power than grief,

is not correct. So terrible a grief might well wreck the human soul and leave nothing but a hungry beast, but mercifully starvation put an end to Ugolino's terrestrial agony. The bodies were taken out and buried in the Franciscan church. The prison at once received the name, "Tower of Hunger," and the dreadful story set a foul blot on the city's reputation (*Inf.* xxxiii, 79–84): —

> Ahi Pisa, vituperio delle genti
> del bel paese là dove il "sì" suona,
> poi che i vicini a te punir son lenti,
> movasi la Caprara e la Gorgona,
> e faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,
> sì ch'egli anneghi in te ogni persona.

> Oh, Pisa, insult to the people
> Of the beautiful land where 'sì' is said,
> Since thy neighbours are slow to punish thee,
> Let Capraia and Gorgona move
> And dam the Arno at its mouth,
> So that it may drown every man in thee.

If Pisa deserved such punishment and the two islands failed to inflict it, Genoa and Florence were quite ready to be the instruments of justice.

For several years Guido da Montefeltro commanded the Pisan forces in a defensive war with the Tuscan Guelfs, but all the combatants grew tired of fighting; so peace was made and Guido dismissed. He went back to his own country, received a pardon from the Holy See and the restoration of his estates. Pisa, Guelf once more, also turned humbly to Rome, begged for absolution, and granted the seigniory of the city to Pope Boniface VIII.

In Siena, as well as in Pisa, the victories of Charles of Anjou shook the government. A sharp quarrel with the Papacy and the fierce enmity of Florence cost her dear; in 1269 her famous leader, Provenzano Salvani, was defeated at Colle in the Val d' Elsa by the Florentines, and put to death. The Ghibelline rule fell; the rich merchants and bankers, seeking the best means to butter their bread, shifted to the Guelf side; the Guelf exiles were recalled. The dominant party then altered the government to suit themselves. A council of thirty-six, afterwards reduced to fifteen and then to nine, was established as the seigniory, and limited "to good merchants of the Guelf party." This concentration of power in the hands of the wealthy burghers did not lead to peace; the nobles resented it, the petty traders and artisans struggled against it; and Siena, though for a time her riches increased, sank from her high estate as rival to Florence, and accepted her inferior destiny. But the fate of Siena or Pisa is of little interest compared with that of Florence, not merely because she far outstripped them afterwards in intellectual renown, nor because she was already the *Donna di Toscana*, as Brunetto says, but chiefly because young Dante, born the year before the battle of Benevento, was passing his boyhood and youth within her walls during these stirring years.

The city of Florence had been crushed, in fact nearly destroyed, by the defeat at Montaperti, and for six years she lay under the heel of the Ghibellines, restive but impotent. The Guelf cavaliers were in exile, but they were far from supine; a band of them supported the French at the battle of Benevento. This victory rendered the position of the Ghibellines in Florence precarious. Count Guido Novello, who had been King Manfred's vicar, and his advisers were at a loss what to do. They appointed to the office of podestà as joint tenants two gentlemen from the democratic city of Bologna, Catalano de' Catalani, a Guelf, and Loderingo degli Andolò, a Ghibelline. Both were men of rank and position at home, both members of the Ordo Militiæ Beatæ Mariæ; this was done in the hope that so obvious a manifestation of the spirit of compromise might bear fruit. Count Guido was a man of no great courage and little statesmanship; and his Bolognese podestàs accomplished nothing. The restlessness of the people increased, a riot took place, and Count Guido with his German troopers, fearful of attack in the narrow streets, fled from the city. The podestàs were turned out of office, leaving behind them such a reputation that Dante puts them into the circle of hell with Caiaphas, the high priest, and other hypocrites (*Inf.* XXIII).

Nevertheless, the Ghibellines were still strong, and both sides courted the spirit of compromise. The help of Hymen was invoked; young ladies of one faction were betrothed to young gentlemen of the other. Among these couples Guido Cavalcanti, son of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, plighted his troth to Beatrice degli Uberti, the daughter of Farinata, whom death had spared from seeing the Guelfs come back to power. Very likely Lady Cunizza da Romano, who had been living with the Cavalcanti the year before, was still there and present at the ceremony. But these hymeneal expedients could not stay the reaction against the oppressive domination of the Ghibelline nobles, and absolute supremacy was assured to the Guelfs by the arrival of Philippe de Montfort, sent by King Charles with a regiment of French cavalry. The Ghibellines were driven out; the Guelfs gave the seigniory of the city to the King for ten years, and reorganized the constitution in the interest of the rich burghers.

The first object which these burghers set before them was to prevent the government from falling into the hands of a small group of nobles, as had been the case under Ghibelline rule. Their second was to obtain as broad a base for the government as was consistent with the oligarchical notions of democracy current in those days: in order to secure this broad foundation there were two expedients, first, to give to each district in the city representation in the government, and, second, to make terms of office of short duration, partly, to be sure, in order to avoid any danger of treason from long-termed officials, but principally to induce influential citizens to be loyal to the government by the likely prospect of holding office. Their third object was to secure the support of the nobles, at least of such nobles as were well affected to the Guelf cause, and yet not to impair the dominant control of the upper bourgeoisie. The science of popular government was in its infancy, and these Florentine constitution-makers did not attempt to embody in their new institutions any new theory. They took most of the constitution that they already had, and made only such innovations as they deemed necessary; their main difficulty was to adjust conflicting rights, ambitions, and pretensions. There were three distinct bodies to be regarded: the whole city considered, from an imaginative point of view, as a body politic rising above faction; the *Popolo*, the upper middle class, organized as an independent society; and the Commune, which embodied what was left of the old aristocratic régime. These three separate organizations were merged into one body, and each given a share in the government. That part of the new government which may be looked upon as representing the city consisted of a cabinet of twelve worthy men, two from each of the six districts of the city, a council of an hundred, and a general parliament of all the enfranchised citizens. The share of the *Popolo* consisted of the captain of the People, with his two councils, a smaller council of about eighty or ninety, and a larger council of about three hundred; while the Commune was represented by the podestà and his two councils, which were made up of about the same numbers as the captain's councils. Nobles were admitted to the councils of the podestà but to no other. Measures of greatest moment were first approved by the cabinet of twelve, and then submitted in turn to the councils of the captain of the People and to those of the podestà. Matters of less consequence appear to have had a shorter legislative course to run. As members to all these councils were usually elected every six months, all the enfranchised citizens had an opportunity of taking part in the government. The difficulty of random and interminable debate was avoided, as in Bologna, by imposing strict limitations upon the right of discussion, and by confining to the magistrates the prerogative of proposing measures. In addition to these regular component parts of the city government, a corporate body, termed "The Guelf Party," was established and charged with the duties of promoting Guelf interests, of persecuting Ghibellines, of taking care of confiscated property, and of superintending sundry matters of public concern. This body, on account of its wealth and intolerant party spirit, possessed great political influence.

The new constitution, like that of 1250, is the political expression of the triumph of the upper middle class. For economic reasons the burghers had long been organized in their guilds, and now, thanks to their organization and to the military prowess of Charles of Anjou, they had again become the real power in the state. The guilds were of two kinds; the greater guilds, seven in number, and the lesser guilds, of which, either then or a little later, there were fourteen. Of the greater guilds the most important was the *Calimala*, composed of the merchants who imported woollen cloth from foreign countries, — France, Flanders, and Brabant, — dressed it, dyed it, and exported it again; its name appears to have been derived from the street upon which its warehouses stood. This guild had its four consuls, its special and general assemblies, its chamberlain, its notary, its investigating accountants, its committee on the revision of rules, and its commercial agents abroad. These officers and councillors were elected for six months or a year; and the consuls, or some of them, were *ex officio* members of the councils of the captain of the People and, usually, they were also admitted to those of the podestà. The other guilds were organized in the same general way as the Calimala.

The primary object of organization into guilds was to benefit trade — statutes provided that cloth must conform to prescribed measures and come up to the requisite standard of quality, minute supervision watched over counting-room and warehouse — nevertheless a guild was not merely a corporate body constituted for economic advantage, but also a training school in statecraft and public affairs. All the greater guilds had business in foreign countries as well as at home; this business was often of great pecuniary importance, requiring experience, shrewdness, foresight; discussion and action upon the conduct of these affairs fitted the members for participation in the city's government. Through these guilds, in spite of prejudice and narrowness, a career was made possible for all members of the upper middle class; the door of opportunity was flung open to men of talents, and by means of capacities thus brought to light, prosperity spread its quickening influence through the city and summoned her to fulfil her glorious destiny.

The complete triumph of the Guelfs did not remove all difficulties from the management of foreign affairs. Florence had two great protectors, who wished to exercise their high office, in part at least, for their own advantage. The Papacy, while it was guided by the policy of Gregory X and of Nicholas III, wished to recall the banished Ghibellines, reconcile the two factions, and bring the citizens into amity with one another, like brethren in a loving household. The admired precept of rhetoric, taken from Tully, was its appropriate motto: "De le compangnie neuna è più graçiosa ne più ferma, che quando i buoni huomini, somillianti in costumi, sono juncti di familiarità e d'amore — No society is more delightful, or more stable, than when good men, who are in accord as to their way of life, are united in affection and familiar intercourse." One cannot doubt that the Curia wished to do its Christian duty; but it wished to kill two birds with one stone. From a policy of reconciliation it would derive the double advantage of checking King Charles and of holding the balance of power in Florence. So, at papal instigation, there were ceremonious reconciliations of great solemnity, with sacred offices, embraces, and copious protestations of brotherly love. In the pontificate of Nicholas III, Cardinal Latino Malabranca assembled the heads of both parties in the piazza of Santa Maria Novella; all the important men of Florence were there, for instance, Brunetto Latini, Folco Portinari, and the poets, both Ghibelline and Guelf, Guido Cavalcanti, Schiatta Pallavillani, Federigo Gualterotti, Pacino Angiolieri, and Migliore degli Abati, who must have had this meeting in his mind, when he wrote: —

> Ché faccio vista d' amare e sembianti,
> e mostro in tale loco benvolglienza,
>
> For I make the semblance and show of loving,
> And in such places display good will.

No doubt among the youngsters crowding round the notables were Dino Compagni, Giovanni Villani, Dante Alighieri and another lad, a little younger, Giotto di Bondone. Decrees of banishment and confiscation were cancelled; the benedictions of the Church descended like the showers of spring, bidding the buds of friendship swell and blossom. But the ground was stony; the rain fell and the sun shone in vain.

On the other side King Charles did not believe in any such namby-pamby policy; he believed in the undivided supremacy of the Guelfs and the utter abasement of the Ghibellines. Doubtless in this policy he saw his own advantage; with bands of Ghibelline exiles threatening the gates of a town he would be needed to champion the Guelf cause; where he came as champion he might stay as master, and on these stepping-stones rise to the heights of his ambition. The Florentine Guelfs, for the most part merchants, manufacturers, traders, shopkeepers, were violent partisans, they wished the expulsion and destruction of the Ghibelline nobility, and yet they did not wish to imperil their right to manage their own affairs; when the Ghibellines were dangerous, they were glad to have King Charles for seigneur of the town, but when the Ghibellines were weak, they wanted to get rid of him. Their attitude towards the Papacy was the same; they desired its help, but not its control. They gathered together on the piazza of Santa Maria Novella, they bowed their heads to Cardinal Latino's benediction, they submitted to the papal reconciliations; but as soon as the blood of partisan passion swelled again, they tore the reconciliation to tatters. Yet the Pope protected them from King Charles; and they could not afford to break with him. Under such besetting difficulties, the city's policy followed a zigzag course, but with sails bellied out by the winds of good fortune, the Florentine ship of state seemed to sail faster on every tack.

Even in internal matters the expulsion of the Ghibellines did not procure quiet. The tendency of a rich society to produce an overbearing, insolent class asserted itself anew; Guelf nobles, aspiring members of wealthy, mercantile families, new knights of King Charles's creation, remnants of the old Ghibelline houses, fashionable folk of one kind or another, combined to make a new aristocracy, the *Grandi*, as arrogant and domineering as the earlier Ghibelline nobility had ever been. The struggle of the middle classes to reduce this hectoring aristocracy to subordination constitutes the domestic history of the last decades of the century. The division between the two discordant classes was not clean-cut; it was crossed by a dozen diverse cleavages. Quarrels, jealousies, ambitions, induced some of the nobles to join the popular side; reasons of family, of neighbourhood, of business, led burghers to one side or the other; artisans and shopkeepers, who were or believed themselves to be dependent upon the expensive habits of the rich, sided with the nobility; but on the whole in Florence, as in most of the manufacturing and trading cities of Tuscany and Lombardy, the political division was between the middle class and the *Grandi*.

This division was increased and emphasized by the growth of the city's power in Tuscany; the Ghibelline towns were pushed to the wall, and Florence became cock of the walk. Siena was forced to join the Guelf league; Pisa was brought to her knees. Arezzo, which had become the headquarters of the Tuscan Ghibellines, showed fight. She with her allies, nearly ten thousand strong, met the Guelfs in the decisive battle of Campaldino (1289), still memorable because young Dante Alighieri served in the Florentine army. The Ghibellines were put to rout; Count Guido Novello saved himself by flight, but many of their leaders lost their lives, among others Buonconte, son of Guido da Montefeltro. An imp from hell came exultant for Buonconte's soul, but the angel of God rescued it, because at the last he shed a little tear, *una lagrimetta*, of true repentance and called on Mary for help (*Purg.* v, 88–129). Perhaps it was in revenge for his son's death that Guido allowed the keys of the Tower of Hunger to be flung into the Arno.

Both outside and inside the city walls, events moved surprisingly fast; it was the growing time of adolescence; and as the city grew in wealth and the guilds increased in power, the political constitution also changed. The Florentines were like the people of Athens, always desiring new things; and they were very self-confident. Dante inveighs against them (*Purg.* VI, 133–51): —

> Many refuse the public burden;
>   But your people eagerly speaks up
>   Without being asked and cries: "I take it upon me."
> Now make yourself happy, for you have good cause:
>   You rich, you at peace, you with wisdom!
>   The consequences shew if I speak truth.
> Athens and Lacedæmon, that fashioned
>   Laws so long ago and were so civilized,
>   In well living made a puny mark
> Compared with you, who lay up provision
>   So nicely reckoned, that up to mid-November
>   Doth not last what you in October spun.
> How often in the time within our memory
>   Laws, money, offices and customs
>   Have you changed, and made yourself anew!

And if you will think back and see light,
You shall see yourself like to a sick woman
Who cannot on her feather mattress rest,
But turns about and tries to ease her pain.

Dante does not exaggerate. At the time of the famous reconciliation in the piazza of Santa Maria Novella, under the direction of Cardinal Latino Malabranca, the board of twelve worthies was enlarged to fourteen, and its powers increased. It became the seigniory, the administrative board of the government; and, as the suspicious Florentines were fearful lest this added power might bring the means, as well as the temptation, of compassing tyranny, they ordained that its members should be elected every two months. This practice of a shift every two months became a settled principle. A few years later this body of fourteen was superseded by a board of six priors, taken from the principal guilds, one representing each of the six districts of the city; and they held the supreme executive powers. Again in the course of a few years, when the *Grandi* had become more turbulent, especially after the victory at Campaldino, which they ascribed to their valour, the popular party, under the leadership of Giano della Bella, a man of great spirit and resolution, enacted laws of extreme severity against them. These laws were styled the "Ordinances of Justice." Nobles were excluded from all share in the government; if they wished for such civic privileges they were obliged to lay aside their rank and enrol themselves in a guild. Very severe penalties were imposed for offences committed by a noble against a burgher;

and if the offender escaped, his family was held responsible in his stead. To enforce these laws a new officer, the *Gonfaloniere di Giustizia*, the Standard-Bearer of Justice, was appointed, who was associated with the six Priors, and was furnished with a guard of a thousand armed citizens. But after barely two years the restless populace turned about, sided with the *Grandi*, denounced Giano della Bella, pillaged his house and drove him from Florence. Nevertheless the popular constitution stood; the *Grandi* were too busy with their own dissensions to unite long against it.

Political progress was irregular and spasmodic but, on the whole, there was a definite movement transferring power from the nobility to the mercantile classes. One of the steps that mark the change is the legislation in favour of serfs. That legislation differed in different communities; in some it was more radical than others. The Florentine servile act of 1289 merely forbade buying and selling slaves apart from the land, and proceeded more from a desire to abase the feudal nobility to whom the serfs generally belonged than from any sentiments of human fraternity and equality; the references to natural rights in the preamble are due rather to notarial knowledge of Roman law and notarial love of rhetoric than to devotion towards the fundamental principles of Christianity. Indeed, in Florence and Bologna the abolition of serfdom, so far as it was abolished, was primarily a war measure in the struggle with the landholding class. Though these acts count among the surest evidences of the triumph of the burghers over the nobility, they were not very far reaching; the great body of serfs still remained fixed to the soil, and passed with the soil, whether the soil was transferred by deed or by will, and fugitive serfs were subject to capture and return.

In spite of all this turmoil within the city and without, for in history the clang of arms has always made more noise than the loom of the weaver or the trowel of the mason, the growing wealth and prosperity of the Guelf democracy expressed itself in making the city beautiful. The Palace of the Podestà (now the Bargello), the Church of Santa Trinità, the Ponte Rubaconte (now Ponte alle Grazie) belong to the vigour of the *Primo Popolo*, and the Church of Santa Annunziata was begun in 1262. But the cornerstone of Santa Maria Novella was laid about the time when Cardinal Latino Malabranca altered the constitution of the state and endeavoured to reconcile Guelfs and Ghibellines; the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova was founded by Folco Portinari, the father of Dante's Beatrice, in 1287; San Marco was begun in 1290; and in the year after the reforms carried by Giano della Bella, during the popular government known as the *Secondo Popolo*, the great architect Arnolfo di Cambio began the Franciscan church, Santa Croce, the new cathedral, Santa Maria del Fiore, and four years later the palace of the Seigniory, now the Palazzo Vecchio.

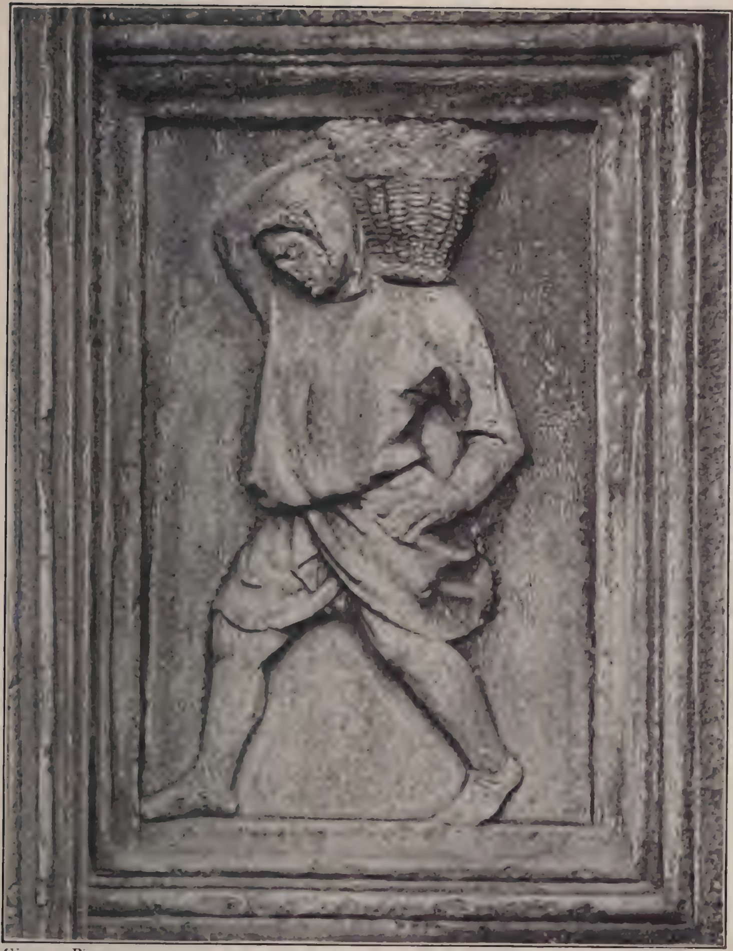
CHAPTER XI

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

> Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination; their discourse and speeches according to their learning and infused opinions; but their deeds are after as they have been accustomed. — LORD BACON.

THE cities of Italy in the thirteenth century, some crowning the hilltops, some seated by a river's bank, and others by the sea, individual as they were, and diverse in customs and in inheritance, present, in their contrast with cities of to-day, a certain likeness one to another. All, except for a few chance exceptions, were girdled about with great walls and a moat beyond. Turrets at frequent intervals guarded the ramparts. Four great gates or more, flanked by towers, marked where the principal roads from the country ran into the town. Outside the walls, first groups and then a scattering of dwellings and cabins, proved the growth of the city; beyond the suburbs stood isolated granges in vineyards and orchards, and farmhouses with stables and cattle sheds, all fortified against robbers and raiders. And, further out in the country, where there are now cultivated fields or barren hills, were forests, tenanted by wild beasts.

Near rich cities such as Bologna, these granges were often elaborate villas, at least towards the end of the century. The enclosure, covering an acre or more, was in the form of a rectangle; it abutted



Giovanni Pisano

Alinari, phot.

THE SERF

Panel from Fountain at Perugia

upon the high-road and was carefully arranged according to system. A ditch with an embankment, and on the embankment a wall, a stockade or thick hedge of barberry or other thorny tree, encompassed the court; the protection was made especially strong if the place was lonely. A drive was laid from the high-road through the court cutting it in two, and leading into the pastures, vineyards, and grain-fields behind. A stout gate guarded the entrance, with some sort of penthouse over it so that the ironwork of the gate should not rust from the rain. The master's house was situate immediately to the right or left as you entered the court; it fronted on the driveway and presented its side to the high-road as part of the enclosing wall. The better sort of house was roofed with tiles, the poorer with thatch. The half of the court on the master's side was treated as a garden; vines, some eight or ten feet high, climbing on pollarded trees or on a trellise, were planted all around along the inside of the wall or hedge. Within this species of pergola and nearer the centre of the court was an orchard filled with low fruit trees, such as figs, or medlars, or with nut trees; and among these little trees at distances of twenty feet apart tall apple and pear trees were set. In the centre came the vegetable garden and flower-beds, with dove-cotes, rabbit-hutch and bee-hives.

The half of the court on the other side of the roadway was set apart for the farm buildings, — the cottages and huts of the hands, barns, stables and outhouses, — which were ranged along the hedge or wall on that side. The open space in the middle of this half court was used in various ways; there was the well, the kiln, and, at the most remote spot from the master's house, the dung-heap. If it was beneath the master's dignity to live in the yard himself, his farmer or bailiff occupied the principal house and managed the farm. With a good-sized farm to take care of, the bailiff's duties were not light. There was the kitchen garden to be dressed, hoed, and weeded, with its beets, gourds, cabbages, onions, fennel, lettuce, spinach, and asparagus; there were the fields, with their crops to be sowed and harvested, oats, rye, wheat, flax, hemp, barley, buckwheat, millet, vetch, peas, and beans; there were the vineyards, with endless clipping and pruning, and the gathering of the grapes; there were the orchards, with apples, pears, cherries, figs, pomegranates, apricots, almonds, filberts, plums, peaches, and quinces; there were the olive groves and the hay; there was the live stock, horses, oxen, cattle, sheep, mules, asses, goats, and pigs, as well as pigeons, chickens, geese, ducks, peacocks, dogs, and bees. The bailiff's duty was to superintend all the farm; he must keep the servants, serfs, and slaves at work; he must not accept the excuse of illness, for if the hands are ill, it is his fault for having given them too much to eat. He must oversee the sheep-shearing, he must sell old oxen unfit for service, old cattle, old carts, and old slaves. Altogether, the grange or villa, with its cultivated fields, was an important part of the environs of a city.

This description I take from the treatise on agriculture written by Pier de' Crescenzi, a native of

Bologna and a contemporary of Dante; nevertheless in reading of such smiling prosperity, at the very time when the carroccio issued forth every spring as regular as the seasons, it is hard to shut one's mind to the suspicion that the writer's pen flows with milk and honey learned from the study of rhetoric, or else that he puts into his book descriptions of some villa or farm, once belonging to Pliny or Cicero, which he has taken from Varro, Columella, or Palladius. If this be so, at least we learn from him, as we do from a score of other witnesses, how the influence of the great classic past still maintained its hold on the mediæval imagination and only awaited a favourable opportunity to burst into new life.

The pictures that we get of the interior of a city are less agreeable. The main streets were perhaps twenty feet broad, but the alleys that connected them were barely twelve feet across or less, and both dark and crooked. Some alleys were so narrow that a swaggering horseman, who thrust out his legs to right and left, took all the space from wall to wall; or, sometimes, the second storeys of the abutting houses projected so far over the street, that a religious procession winding through the town would be obliged to bend their banners this way and that in order to pass. In many places, owing to the condition of the road, the steepness of the ground, and the darkness of the alley, it was more prudent for a horseman to dismount and lead his steed.

Streets and alleys were very dirty. Domestic animals crowded about; pigs ran at large; dye-works and tanneries poured their befouled waters out of doors; butchers contributed the blood of slaughtered animals. The lack of places of public convenience added to the filth; so that the dirtier alleyways must have resembled a barnyard. When some great personage came to town, the main streets were swept; but the alleys were left to be cleaned by the pigs and the rain. The great square of the town and the streets frequented by the gentry were no doubt better kept, especially after the middle of the century, when it became the custom to pave the squares and principal streets with brick or stone; but the smaller squares were mere grazing places for swine.

The town itself looked like a feudal fortress. The towers of the nobles shot up one hundred, two hundred, or three hundred feet high, and so thick that Siena is said to have looked like a canebrake and Lucca like a grove. Other cities counted their towers by scores, some by hundreds. But as the mercantile classes became more powerful and the bourgeoisie got the upper hand of the old nobility, many of the towers were cut down a third of their height or more, and many were torn down altogether. In Rome, when Brancaleone of Bologna was Senator (1252–58), it is said that more than one hundred and forty were demolished. Sometimes a great mercantile establishment had its own enclosure, protected by the massive backs of houses, that fronted on a court within, and by battlemented walls; in this enclosure were dwellings for masters, employees, and servants, stables for horses and pack animals, and open spaces and shops for displaying merchandise.

Rich noble families had strongholds of somewhat similar character. The lesser houses, too, with their massive doors and solid blinds, were like little fortresses, built as if to proclaim that a man's house is his castle. In the earlier years many of the houses were built of wood, and the roofs were shingled with wood or thatched with straw, but, as wealth multiplied, wood gave way to brick and stone, and the houses were generally tiled. The red tiles of the roofs, the grey, grim towers, the open belfries, the church pinnacles, the loggias on the tops of lofty houses, all crowded within battlemented walls, made the mediæval Italian city a most picturesque spectacle.

The great square was the centre of town life. Upon it fronted the cathedral, the bishop's palace, the baptistery, the town hall perhaps, and the houses of eminent families. The square itself was the real home of people whom blue skies urged out of doors; it was the unroofed family room for the whole city. There tournaments were held, candidates for knighthood exercised their hospitalities, singers, ballad-mongers, mountebanks exhibited their accomplishments, friars preached, pedlars cried their wares, heralds trumpeted and shouted their proclamations, hucksters chaffered, young men and boys played their games, trainbands drilled, the general council of citizens assembled, children romped and made mud pies; altogether, knights in armour, prelates in vestments, public messengers in red jackets, heralds on horseback, friars in corded smocks, merchants in robes, shopkeepers in leathern jackets, artisans in jerkin and hose, rich women clad in scarlet cloth, poor women in green, young women with fillets round their heads, mothers with swaddled babies on their backs, horses, mules, asses, cows, goats, chickens, dogs, cats, and pigs, with bells clanging and all the population talking at once, must have been a very gay and jolly scene. The piazza was also a great public school. There the people met every day, bargained, haggled, disputed, discussed, listened to monks, pilgrims, or troubadours from afar, heard the news of the Pope, of the Emperor, of Ezzelino da Romano, of Bro. Elias, and argued on this side or on that. It was the debating forum, the assembly room, the outdoor club, for all the citizens. There they rubbed off the rudeness of earlier times, and acquired a quickness of wit, a readiness of speech, and an ingenuity that distinguished them broadly from the country folk. The piazza ranks with the guilds as a factor in the development of Italian civilization.

That the piazza played so great a part in ordinary life was in a measure due to the dreariness of the houses. The windows had no glass; the panes were of linen or sheepskin, soaked in oil to render them translucent. The floors were sometimes furnished with carpets or mattings, but in the houses of the poor they were merely strewn with sand or rushes. The bedroom furniture consisted of a great bed decked with curtains, a long footstool (the predella), a bench, a three-legged table, a strong-box, and at times a wedding-chest. Several persons slept together in a bed, and sometimes as many as ten in a room.

The dining-room had table and benches. The table was set with wooden trenchers, spoons, bowls, saucers, and a double-handed drinking-goblet, and cups; in palaces there were dishes of silver, and vases of silver or gold, as well as tablecloths and napkins of fine linen. In most cities, especially in northern cities where the winters were cold, as in Venice, the houses of the rich had fireplaces not only in the kitchen, with hood and chimney, but also in the sleeping-rooms. Sometimes, no doubt, apartments were heated by means of a brazier; and the old Roman fashion of a furnace with radiating flues seems not to have been forgotten. But in the one-storey houses of the poor the fireplace had no hood or chimney and the smoke made its escape either by an opening in the roof or as best it could. The fire, however, was probably made of some fuel that gave out a not disagreeable smoke, and served the useful purpose of expelling fleas.

Food, of course, varied with the classes. Sometimes it was the custom to have but two meals a day, breakfast towards ten or eleven, and supper about four o'clock; sometimes there was a meal after dark. The poor ate beans, chestnuts, millet flour, macaroni, oatmeal, soups of bread and vegetables, and broths, but mainly bread with olive oil and slices of fat. The rich always eat well; they had pork, kid, chicken, veal, beef, mutton, pheasants, wild geese, partridges, quail, hares, venison, salmon, eel and trout, cakes, candies, pastry, and fruits, such as oranges, lemons, citrons, and dates.

Manners at table in the days before forks were matters of consequence, especially where a large company assembled from motives other than the mere pleasure of dining together, as in the refectory of a monastic order. A set of precepts concerning good manners, put into rhyme by a schoolmaster, Bonvesin of Riva, a little place near Milan, has come down to us: "First of all remember the poor, that inasmuch as you give food to one of them you give to the Lord; then wash your hands carefully; do not be in a hurry to be seated; bless yourself; sit properly without crossing your legs or twisting them about; don't lean your elbows on the table or stretch your arms over it; eat neither too much nor too little; do not take too large mouthfuls, or talk too much; be nice about drinking out of the common mug, never forget to wipe your lips first, and have a care not to drink too much, for a sot commits three offences, he harms his body, he hurts his soul, and he wastes the wine. Don't suck your spoon; turn aside when you cough; do not treat delicacies as if they were bread, — it is not commendable to appear greedy for meat, eggs, or cheese; don't find fault with the food, or say this is ill-cooked, that badly salted; cut the common loaf neatly; don't dip your crusts into the common wine mug; if a friend is dining with you, give him the best pieces; don't scratch a cat or pat a dog at meals, as your fingers go into the common dish; don't speak when your mouth is full; don't ask a question of your companion who is drinking; don't tell bad news, but try to say pleasant things; don't make a fuss, and if you feel ill, don't show it; if you see something disagreeable in the food, a fly, for instance, don't mention it; don't touch the rim of the drinking-cup with your thumb, take hold of it below; keep on eating as long as your guest eats; and when dining in company, don't put your knife back in its sheath too soon; and when finished, wash your hands again and give thanks to the Lord Jesus."

The business of life, for men, lay in war, in mercantile affairs, or in the Church. Only the nobles devoted themselves wholly to the practice of war and martial exercises, and in trading communities even nobles often entered into mercantile pursuits; the trainbands underwent a moderate drill and discipline. Young men destined to be merchants, after their first schooling, plunged into practical affairs and learned the details of their fathers' occupations; many of them travelled across the Alps in company with pack trains, to Lyons or to the famous fairs in Champagne, or even to Flanders or England. Lads who were to become artisans were apprenticed for a term of years upon conditions that varied very much in different trades and in different cities. After having finished their apprenticeship and become masters in their craft, they joined a guild, commonly that of their fathers, for admittance to a guild was primarily regarded as a right of inheritance.

Women seldom went to school, unless they were put in a nunnery; at home they learned nothing except sewing, embroidery, taking care of flowers, and household duties. The poor, no doubt, were burdened with too much to do, while those of the shopkeeping class were busy enough; but the ladies of the upper classes had ample leisure to be extravagant and wasteful, especially toward the end of the century. Even mothers had much time to spare, for they did not nurse their babies, but handed them over to a wet-nurse. Fashionable women wore fine linen, silks and brocades, trinkets of silver and gold, jewelry of all sorts, trimmings and gewgaws. Their gowns were cut low in the neck, to the scandal of the austere; they wore false hair and painted and powdered to a most reprehensible degree; they laced and they fasted in order to make their figures fashionably slim.

The Church discountenanced this extravagance and did what she could to stop it. Pope Gregory X, for instance, bade women give up pearls, ornaments of feathers, and gold and silver fringe, during Lent. Cardinal Latino, sent by Nicholas III as legate to Lombardy and Romagna, went still further. Brother Salimbene gives an account of his attempts at reform: "He disturbed all the women by a set of regulations that women should wear dresses only to the ground or barely a handsbreadth longer. Before this they used to wear trains that trailed on the ground a yard long. Patecchio [a poet of the time] says of them:—

> et trappi longhi ke la polver menna,
>
> and long skirts that take the dust.

"And the legate had these regulations proclaimed in the churches and bade the women obey, under injunction that, unless they did, no priest should absolve them; and this was bitterer to the women than any death. One woman said familiarly to me, 'that her train was dearer to her than any other garment that she had on.' And, besides, Cardinal Latino in the same regulations bade all women — girls, young ladies, married women, widows, matrons, — wear veils over their heads. This was intolerable to them. They could do nothing about the trains; but this tribulation they found a way of getting round, for they made veils of linen and silk, shot with a gold thread, in which they appeared ten times better-looking, and drew the eyes of those that saw them still more towards wanton thoughts." The lawgivers, also, — fathers, husbands, brothers, — made laws to check this display of vanity. The primary object of this legislation was to prevent extravagance; but it seems likely that some of the guilds took advantage of such puritanical opinions to protect their own industries against foreign competition.

Women married very young, from the ages of twelve or fourteen to twenty; and among the upper classes the marriages of girls were almost always arranged by their parents for social or economic reasons. Often a girl barely saw her husband before betrothal. The wedding itself was a great occasion. In Dante's time it was the custom to hold a wedding feast in the new house of the young couple; the bride invited ten friends and the bridegroom fourteen, while the invited guests were permitted to bring others with them, one or more according to rank and relationship. Weddings gave so much opportunity for wasteful vanity that the government passed laws to limit the numbers in the wedding retinue, the amount of food at the banquet, and the value of wedding presents.

Funerals, too, were matters of extravagant expense. Many bells were rung, torches and candles carried, loud cries and lamentations uttered in street and church, mourners were hired, special garments were worn, a crowd attended at the house and at the service in the church, mourning was displayed for an immoderate length of time. In this case, as with weddings and women's dress, old, frugal, puritanical notions strove to check the luxury and show introduced by the great increase of wealth. Laws were passed to moderate these practices and in this fleeting world to substitute a more reasonable show of grief. Naturally the funeral of a person of consequence was attended with greater pomp than that of a private citizen. Salimbene describes the funeral of Count Lodovico di Bonifazio, who died at Reggio in Emilia, where he had once been podestà. He was the son of Count Riccardo. "He had made excellent preparation for his soul, and the citizens of Reggio made excellent and noble preparations for his body." They were reckless of expense. All the monks in Reggio were there and many nuns; indeed the whole city turned out, and foreigners as well. Gentlemen of highest rank carried the bier. The body was clad in scarlet cloth with beautiful fur, and covered by a handsome pall; it was girt with his sword; gold embroidered shoes were on the feet, a silken purse at the belt, and on the head a very handsome cap of scarlet cloth and fur. The body was finally laid in a rich tomb, made at the public charge, and buried beside the church of the Brothers Minor.

Games and sports were played hard. The nobles held tourneys. The point of the lance was blunted or some device to take away the peril of the thrust adopted, and commonly no worse harm was done than splintering spears; nevertheless these jousts were dangerous and bad accidents happened; sometimes, for instance, a splinter put out an eye. There were other fashionable entertainments of a mock military order in which ladies had a part. Rolandino of Padua, one of Boncompagno's pupils and chronicler of Ezzelino's doings, gives an account of a fête which took place when he was a boy of fourteen. The Podestà of Padua, who was fond of gayety got it up. All the principal gentlefolk of Padua and Venice, as well as of Treviso, were invited. A scaffolding, like a mimic fort, was erected, hung with furs, silks, samites, brocades, and rich stuffs of various colours and strange names. Twelve ladies, the choicest in Padua for birth, beauty, and playfulness, constituted the garrison; their helmets were coronets blazing with precious stones, which Rolandino enumerates with all the ardour of earliest memories of splendour. These ladies were squired by their handmaidens. Two bands of young gentlemen, Paduans and Venetians respectively, then tried to take the fort by assault; their weapons were roses, lilies, violets and all sweet-smelling, pretty-looking, flowers, fruits too, and sweetmeats. The Venetians displayed a rich banner of St. Mark's and fought "with good manners and great fun." But while Venetians and Paduans were struggling to be the first to force the gate of the fort, one of the Venetians, a foolish fellow, with angry and malignant look insulted the Paduans, who thereupon lost their tempers, snatched the banner of St. Mark's and tore it. A fight followed, and the rulers of the city were obliged to rush in and put a stop to the game. Some such fêtes were kept up throughout the century, for in one of the sonnets by Folgore da San Gimignano, a young man of fashion who belonged to the *Brigata Spendereccia* of Siena, occur the lines,

> fruit go flying up
> In merry counterchange for wreaths that drop
> From balconies and casements far above;

and as manners grew more subdued with the revolving years, these peltings with fruits and flowers dwindled into the throwing of confetti at the carnival.

Other fêtes, introduced by the French, belong to the latter end of the century. Giovanni Villani describes one of these that took place at Florence in his boyhood when Dante and Giotto were young men. He says that, in one of the districts across the Arno, a company of young gentlemen and ladies was formed in the early summer to drive dull care away. They all dressed in white, and chose a lord called the Lord of Love. There were games, parties, dances, marchings through the streets with music, banquets and suppers for two months. Many gentlemen and strolling players came from far and near to take part in the revels and were handsomely treated. This was the very year in which Beatrice "that wonderful lady" appeared to Dante clothed in purest white, between two gentlewomen, who were older than she, and looked at him with a greeting of such wondrous power that he seemed to see the utmost ends of blessedness. Beatrice's white dress, and her being in the street with two other ladies, make it seem as if she must have been one of a band of merrymakers, similar to those of which Villani speaks.

The sports of the other classes were simpler and less expensive, but as rough and dangerous as tournaments. Some of these games were more played in some cities than in others; for instance, Pisa was noted for the Game of the Bridge, Perugia for the Battle of Stones, Florence and Siena for special kinds of football, Arezzo for the Game of Apples, Venice for archery, and all Tuscany for Elmore. The last was a mêlée or mimic battle; the players wielded wooden swords and lances and were protected by shields of leather and helmets woven from rushes. Players were often wounded and sometimes killed; and in Siena, at least, the game was finally forbidden by law. The Pisan game of Bridge was of much the same sort. The players fought on a bridge over the Arno; they were armed with two-handed wooden implements about three feet and a half long, used both for stroke and parry, and knocked one another into the river to heart's content. *Pugna*, fisticuffs, was another of the games. Young fellows divided into two bands, one at one end of the piazza the other at the other end, and punched and pounded till one side drove the other from the field. There was also, of course, hunting, hawking, horse-racing, and foot-racing.

The quiet games were chess and dice. Chess was played by staid and sober citizens. In the time of Guido Novello, a wonderful Saracen player came to Florence, and in the palace of the People played three games of chess at once with the best players of the city; he looked at one board and kept the plays on the other two in his head. Villani records that he won two games and tied the third. There were various games of chance, some of which were played with a board, as backgammon. The game of *Zara*, to which Dante refers (*Purg.* VI, 1), was played with three dice; it seems that the players before each throw guessed at the aggregate of spots, and that he who guessed aright, or came the nearer, won the throw. All sorts of people gambled. At the University of Bologna, games of dice were not allowed; and, at a synod in Milan, it was even found necessary to forbid the clergy to play. In order to prevent cheats from fleecing the inexperienced, statutes enacted that games of dice should be played only in public, and dice-throwers were appointed who presided over dice boards in public booths on the piazza.

Gay young men in those days were very like gay young men in any other, and every Italian town offered the opportunities of Eastcheap. Folgore da San Gimignano and his comrades of the *Brigata Spendereccia* were more splendid in their spending and perhaps more elegant in their tastes than their fellows with leaner purses, but love of pleasure and recognition of pleasure as an end worthy of unflagging loyalty, marked the idle poor as well as the idle rich. Cecco Angiolieri, another Sienese poet, older than Folgore and about contemporary with Guido Cavalcanti, sums up their case:—

Tre cose solamente mi son in grado,
le quali posso non ben ben fornire:
ciò è la donna, la taverna, e l dado;
queste mi fanno l cuor lieto sentire.

Only three things give me pleasure,
And them I cannot well procure:
They are woman, wine and dice box;
These the heart of care can cure.

Drunkenness, however, was not a common vice. There were many wineshops, too many, perhaps. Bonvesin da Riva computed that in the city of Milan in 1288 there were a thousand wineshops to thirteen thousand houses. On the other hand, waves of temperance swept over a town; for instance, in Siena shortly after the victory of Montaperti, a law was passed forbidding any wineshops in the city. The Italians as a matter of course drank wine with their meals; but there was neither rigour of climate nor stress of economic conditions to push them to excess. As for women of the town, they existed in great numbers, and as usual they, the weakest members of society, were adjudged solely responsible for their own existence and were harshly treated; but each town had its own laws. The usual method of dealing with these women was to expel them from a decent neighbourhood or else to expel them from the city. In one town it was provided that if such a woman should insult respectable persons, or say anything that displeased them, the persons offended were at liberty to beat her even to drawing blood, without penalty.

Criminal punishments were generally severe, but they varied in different jurisdictions and apparently according to the moods of those who administered the law. Heretics, witches, and false coiners were burned. Murder was punished with death and various kinds of torture and dishonour. If the murder was committed in a church, the offender was drawn and burned; the dust of a parricide was blown to the winds; for a specially brutal murder the criminal was first thrust in a barrel, studded with nails pointing inward, and then put to death. Traitors were drawn and beheaded; robbery was punished by hanging. A wound inflicted upon the gonfaloniere of the People was punished with death, an insult to an ambassador with amputation, an affront to a podestà with exile during his term of office. Amputation was not uncommon. Almost all the penalties seem to be founded on the vain hope that severity would establish peace and maintain order.

Virtues and vices are usually very stable in this shifting world; but there has been some change in the attitude for better, and also for worse, towards certain vices. The gross vice of gluttony — la dannosa colpa della gola — was common. It included both eating and drinking. A book, translated from French into the Sicilian dialect, that had great vogue both in France and Italy, defines it: "la quali est in biviri et in mangiari, lu quali est unu viciu ki multu plachia lu diavulu et multu displachia deu — it lieth in drinking and in eating, it is a vice which much pleaseth the devil and much displeaseth God." From Dante's indignation it would seem that a much larger proportion of people indulged themselves in that sin then than now. Brother Francis Pipin says, "Verum deus noster est venter noster, — of a truth the belly is our God." But perhaps austere idealists, such as Dante and this Dominican monk, had a higher standard than we have; — "if sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked!"

Accidie was then recognized to be a serious offence, and was ranked with wrath, avarice, and prodigality; men befogged by the smoke of their sullen thoughts, who do not welcome the sweet air and glorious sun, who refuse to rejoice in the myriad opportunities for the exercise of muscle and intelligence, are prone to evil suspicions, blasphemous thoughts, and malign detraction, they become traitors to society and by their presence make the world a poorer place. Usury, also, was a sin; because there were but two honest ways of earning a livelihood, one by cultivation of the earth, the other by some craft or profession, and usury made barren metal breed. Both Aristotle and the Bible forbade it. And, though money-lenders ran dozens of desperate risks that no longer exist, still a rate of interest that sometimes mounted to sixty or seventy per centum a year seemed not without reason wickedly extortionate.

In all these matters laws and customs differed from province to province, from city to city; and, moreover, there was a great change between the beginning of the century and its end. With the increase of wealth, comforts and luxuries increased, and, instead of ministering only to the pleasure of a few nobles, spread to the upper mercantile class. It is hard to tell how great this increase was. Dante, Villani, Riccobaldi of Ferrara, and Bro. Francis Pipin have left pictures of what they believed to be the simple, plain, sober, and virtuous mode of life of earlier generations; but all that they say must be taken with a grain of salt, for three of them at least make use of old ways and customs as a foil for the luxurious extravagance of their own times. In those days men had not learned to put the golden age, in which temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice bind a world of brothers together, into the future; they looked backward, and in their need of something better than what they saw all round about them, fancied that in an earlier time there had been a brave old world peopled by goodlier men. Dante looked back to the time of his ancestor, Cacciaguida, when Florence, within the first circuit of walls, was at peace, and lovely in her temperance and modesty. Then there were no chains of gold nor coronals, ladies were not all tricked out, nor was a girdle better worth a look than the lady's face; dowries were moderate, oriental luxury was unknown; the first gentlemen in Florence went about in skin jerkins with leathern belts and clasps of bone, and their wives did not paint their cheeks. Then ladies spun, or tended the cradle, or told old stories of the Trojans, of Fiesole and Rome (*Par.* xv). But Dante was an uncompromising aristocrat, an old Tory, passionately devoted to his dreamed ideals, and despised the newly enriched traders who had become the masters of Florence.

Villani chooses the time of the *Secondo Popolo* to hold up to his degenerate contemporaries: "At that time the citizens of Florence lived soberly, on simple food, and with little expense. Many of their ways were simple, even rude; both men and women dressed in coarse garments, often made of leather without any cloth to cover it, the men had caps, and all wore rough boots. The Florentine women dispensed with ornaments; a lady of rank was content with a scant gown of scarlet cloth, girded with an old-fashioned belt and buckle, and supplemented by a cloak, which was lined with fur and tasselled; women of the people dressed in green cloth of Cambrai. It was usual to give a dowry of a hundred pounds [a sum sufficient to liberate ten serfs]; two or three hundred was regarded as very large. Girls did not marry until they were twenty or more. Though the Florentines of those days had simple clothes, simple manners and led a simple life, they were true to one another, their hearts were loyal, they earnestly wished to see the affairs of the Commonwealth managed patriotically; and with their simple and frugal ways of living they brought more good and honour to their homes and to their city than is done to-day when we live more luxuriously."

Riccobaldi of Ferrara, a subject of the noble Marquis of Este, Azzo VIII, pretends to describe the state of society in the time of Frederick II. Men and women, he says, dressed in the plainest fashion;

men wore leather jerkins and a stout cap, fit to protect the head from blows as well as from the cold; women wore tunics and cloaks of homely materials, and plain ribbons round their heads; little gold or silver was ever seen in their dress; the table was ill supplied with utensils and food; a family had but few plates, never one for each person, and but one or two drinking cups; a stew served for dinner, cold meat for supper; there were no candles, and at supper a servant held a torch; wine cellars were few and storerooms scanty. In short, Riccobaldi describes a poor artisan's house of his own time. But the rich lived differently. When Bro. Salimbene, who was travelling in France in the year 1248, dined at the court of the Countess of Auxerre, twelve courses were served, and washed down by the white wines of Auxerre, goldenish, sweet-smelling, comforting, and of excellent savour. He also partook of a sumptuous banquet which King Louis IX provided at the Franciscan monastery at Sens. First the guests had cherries, then the whitest bread, and wine worthy of a king, fresh beans stewed in milk, fishes, crabs, eel pasty, rice with milk of almonds and powdered cinnamon, eels seasoned with excellent sauce, tarts, junkets, and fruits of the season, all served in the most finished manner.

Riccobaldi had not the same purpose in mind as the *laudatores temporis acti*. He draws a simple picture of the past in order to vaunt the material progress and the modern comforts of his time. Brother Pipin, the Dominican of Bologna, on the other hand, looks at life more from Dante's point of view. He quotes what Riccobaldi says and draws a melancholy contrast. To-day, he says, all is changed:—

"We love show and foreign things; we drink wines from abroad, and hold cooks in the highest esteem; all our life is one struggle for luxury; the vain pomps of the world that our sponsers renounced at baptism we now insist upon; the belly is our god; and so, we are all for usury, fraud, and rapine."

> O Friend! I know not which way I must look
> For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
> To think that now our life is only drest
> For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
> Or groom!

Brother Pipin is undoubtedly right in thinking that wealth and luxury had multiplied, but the decencies and comforts of life had multiplied as well; and this society, eager for enjoyment and show, curious for new things, and greedy for a larger life, prepared the conditions necessary to produce a Dante. Had the ambitious, covetous, garrulous, hard-working Florentines, fond of a jest and fond of a florin, not struggled to do what they deemed bettering themselves, the *Divine Comedy* would not have been written.

There is another class of society of which history says little; for the historians of those days were like children, whose interest is bounded by the sound of trumpets, the clash of arms, the comings and goings of kings and great noblemen. They said nothing of the people at the base of society: of peasants, serfs, and slaves. Peasants held their little plots of land on all sorts of terms; they were to do so many days' labour, draw so many loads of wood, give so many bushels of oats, or packets of peas, a portion of animals killed in the hunt, a part of the catch of fish, or pay rent in other kinds of service and produce, or in money. The slaves were chiefly Saracens, taken in war or bought in the East; most of them were in the sea-coast cities, Venice, Genoa, and Pisa. There was but little slave trade until after our century. The greater number of rural labourers were serfs, who were attached to the soil, and passed as appurtenances in the sale of land. If a serf ran away he was captured and brought back to his native place, unless he had the good fortune to find refuge in a city and remain unclaimed for a year and a day, or some such period. He was not allowed to enter the priesthood without permission from his lord. He was not allowed to serve as a soldier, to hold the office of judge or notary, to become a master in any trade; nor could he marry his daughter, or send his son to school without permission of his lord; yet he was possessed of such property as was left to him after he had complied with his lord's demands, and he was sometimes able to purchase exemption from many of his disabilities. There is a bitter poem written by one of these serfs, or perhaps by some one in sympathy with them, that tells their condition far better than chroniclers or random legal documents. The poem has come down to us in a very imperfect condition and presents episodes in servile life in a fragmentary form. The poet in some preliminary doggerel announces that his name is Matazone, that he comes from a village near Pavia, is the son of a serf, and then proceeds: —

"Rather I needs must tell the mode of life that villeins have, as I have experienced it. Do you know what the villein does for his good lord? He shall never give the lord so much but that the lord shall take from him as much again: then he goes complaining to the lord and says, 'Sire, you have done me wrong and I bear it patiently. Neither your father nor your uncle was ever so harsh to me, they never did me any harm, God bless them; you are very wicked to do this to me; and I have good hope in God that I shall leave your domain and that I shall get a new lord who will treat me better.' . . . But the lord gave his orders, speaking angrily: 'Take this churl, bind his hands, put him in prison; he knows no law, reason, nor good manners, the scurvy patch. See that he is put to work on a path for the people who wish to reach the high-road; for according to the law of the Emperor the fief and the serf belong wholly to me, and so it is with every good lord who bears himself honourably.' But the churl complains because he has no shame, for if he had any shame, he would remember. . . I want you to listen to the story of his birth. [He then narrates a very gross allegory of the serf's birth.] This is to show what kind of a life he shall lead. It is already settled that his food shall be coarse bread, raw onions, boiled beans, garlic, and raw turnips. His breeches and shirt shall be of rough canvas — he was born naked — made in queer guise; he shall be girt with a leathern strap, and he shall have a shovel and a pick to break the glebe, and a pitchfork on his shoulder to clean out the stable. The suspicious churl does n't believe my words, but I intend that he shall know that they are all true. There is never a donkey that jogs along the road but there is always a villein (or two) that goes beside him and comforts him and talks to him, because they are of kin, born of the same class: 'Get up, brother mine, you belong to me. Go straight along the road! Keep the highway' —

"And while Matazone was telling his tale before some gentlemen who were listening with interest, up spoke a villein, proud and bold, right before his lord, noisily: 'And you, how were you born, beautifully dressed cavalier? I should like to know wherefore you should have so many luxuries as you demand, pleasure and amusement, right or wrong?' The gentleman answered: 'I will tell you cheerfully what I know and what I have seen. The other day in the fresh dew, in the month of May when the weather is delightful, I got up and went into a garden. I looked about the garden; there was a fountain with a pipe of fine gold, and there I sat down and stayed awhile. There were two flowers of different colours, one white and the other red, a lily and a rose. I do not know for what reason the rose went close to the lily and took counsel with her; when they separated I saw appear a gentleman clad in very handsome garments. His clothes were of silk, fresh and gay in colour; he wore a jacket laced behind, in his hand a pennant, on his back a cloak fur-lined, very white and brilliant; he was girt with a belt richly wrought, his boots were of deep scarlet, tightly laced; on his head was a chaplet of flowers. He sat astride a steed; a hawk perched on his wrist; greyhounds and hunting dogs stood in the slips. Then seven [six] lovely maidens appeared, Joy, Gayety, Prowess, Generosity, Beauty and Daring, who came to wait upon him. They surrounded him with songs and merriment; they courtsied to him, and made salutations: 'Welcome to you, with great joy we receive you. You are a gentleman. We know what you need. A serf is born; it is our pleasure that he be given to you; you shall be well served by him, and feared even better. He shall drive your oxen; you shall get out of him what you want. Every month of the year you shall lay a burden on him. In the month of Christmas take a good porker; leave him the entrails (they may be poisonous) and the sausage meat, but not all, for roasted sausages are good if they're cooked quickly. Mind that you don't leave him the good fat hams. In the month of January make him walk if you have need, no matter how much he grumbles. In the month of February, since that is the season of the carnival, take a capon every day; that's fair. In the month of March, make him go barefoot and trim the vines, so that you shall have a good crop. In the month of April your spirits should be blithe; let him bring you junket every morning. In May, to pay for his privilege of having your grass, take from the rude churl a sheep every day, after it is shorn; don't bother to take the wool, it is not properly dyed. In June, cherry-time, make the hound toil in the orchard, a good bit every week (confound him!). Then have a search made on the farm to see if you have some strong, sour wine; give him some, there's no harm in that. In July and August, though it may seem a hardship to him, let him lie out of doors till he has stacked the grain. In the month of September, so that he shall stretch his limbs, make him harvest the grapes, and then work at the wine press: leave him the skins to make his wine out of the lees, but have him first trample out the pulp well — so that he shan't get drunk. In October, so that he shan't have a rest cure, make him dig about the vines and pull up the weeds; let him keep the roots with the clay stuck to them. In November, in order that the cold weather which comes shan't be disagreeable to you, don't let him rest; send him for wood, make him fetch it often and bring it in on his back, — that's the way. And when he comes up to the fire make him change his seat. With this manner of treatment the good-for-nothing churl will be punished.' Thanks be to God. Amen."

This cruel irony may well serve as an appendix to Pier de' Crescenzi's comfortable view of a Lombard villa, and to remind us of what the chroniclers forget, that their society, as well as ours, was based on the daily toil of the working-class.

CHAPTER XII

SCULPTURE

Va! . . . all' Ideale la barra!
Va! . . . all' Ideale, ch'è un pun ,
ch'è un nulla; e la morte lo sbarra;
ma quando sei giunto . . . sei giunto!

G. PASCOLI.

Up! . . . and at the Ideal!
Up! . . . At the Ideal! It is a point,
It is nothing; and death bars the way;
But when thou hast attained, thou hast attained!

THE new architecture of the thirteenth century is not a reawakening but an invasion, it is an unmannerly attempt of the arrogant Gothic style to impose itself on the alien taste of Italy. The beginning of Italian literature is the story of Provençal poetry and Provençal poets winning an audience and imitators in Italy. In political history, too, the French invasion, the first since the reign of Charlemagne near five hundred years before, is not the least important chapter. In fact the history of Italy in the thirteenth century may, in many respects, be described as the working of French influences on Italian soil. The story of Italian sculpture is on the whole a story of Italian genus; nevertheless even here French influence imprints itself upon accessories and outward trappings and in the end, so it seems, upon the inward spirit of the art.

At the beginning of the century there was no established school of sculpture that might hope under favouring circumstances to become dominant throughout the peninsula, as the Gothic style did in architecture, or as Giotto's art was to do in painting. In Rome and its dependent territories there was no sculpture except such bits as the Vassalletti carved in the Lateran cloisters. In the south there was a school, attributed, on hypothetical grounds by his enthusiastic admirers, to the encouragement of Frederick II, which has left but a fragmentary and uncertain record of its achievements. It is to the north that we must look for such sculpture as the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century have bequeathed to us. Here we find various carvings, reminiscent of the Lombard taste for sculptured beasts, that give proof of vigour if not of artistic sensibility. In several cities, Verona, Modena, Ferrara, Pistoia, and Pisa, sculpture had served as the handmaid of architecture to beautify the outside of churches. The names of some of these sculptors have survived and by their barbaric syllables suggest the rudeness of their work: Wiligelmus of Modena, Nicolaus of Ferrara, Biduinus of Lucca, Gruamons of Pistoia. But the work of these primitive sculptors belongs to the twelfth century. In the beginning of the thirteenth there are but two names that interest us, Benedetto Antelami of Parma, and Guidetto of Lucca.

Like other artists of the time, Benedetto Antelami was both architect and sculptor. He (it is believed) designed the baptistery at Parma. His best works are the bas-reliefs and other figures on the outside of the baptistery there, and the statues and bas-reliefs on the cathedral at the neighbouring town of Borgo San Donnino. There are also bas-reliefs by him in the church of Sant' Andrea at Vercelli, and a little early work inside the cathedral at Parma. Some of these statues catch the eye at once and imprint themselves on the memory: for instance, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, two prophets, two draped and winged angels, upon the walls of the baptistery at Parma; and David and Ezekiel at Borgo San Donnino. These figures are of heroic size and great dignity, and though the drapery in places is heavy, they present the repose, the calm, the solidity, of noble art.

Benedetto Antelami belongs to the Lombard school of Romanesque sculpture; his art begins where that of Nicolaus of Ferrara and of Wiligelmus of Modena left off. Critics perceive certain qualities in common between him and those sculptors who carved the reliefs on the portals of St. Trophimé at Arles, and infer that he was influenced by Provençal art; otherwise they do not see their way to explain his immense superiority over his predecessors. Another influence also affected him, which indeed had affected his less richly endowed predecessors, only they lacked the skill to avail themselves freely of its lessons; that influence emanated from the scattered fragments of ancient sculpture found here and there in the cities that survived from Roman days. It shows itself, for instance, in the head of King David at Borgo San Donnino, or in the two draped angels on the baptistery at Parma. He was also perhaps influenced by certain bits of sculpture, or maybe by artists, from Verona; and it is not unreasonable to imagine that he learned something from the four angels set on pillars in the basilica of St. Mark's at Venice.

Benedetto endeavoured to express repose, dignity, massiveness, and beauty, and, by abstraction, by generalization, by adherence to the typical, to escape from trivial detail and the importunities of petty things. At the end of the century other ideals and other principles carried the day; imitation of nature, dramatic expression, became the dominant rules. And with the achievements of Giovanni Pisano at the beginning of the three brilliant centuries of Italian sculpture, and the masterpieces of Michelangelo at the end, one cannot regret the triumph of other principles; but had the example set by Benedetto Antelami been consistently followed, Italian sculpture would have renounced the temptation to express passion in marble and bronze, and with a single mind would have aspired to ideas of serenity, peace, and dignity. Benedetto, however, had no successor. He died about 1233. Several years before his death the Lombard cities had renewed their League, and war had broken out between them and the Emperor. Parma was dragged into the thick of the fight. Then followed the famous siege and the imperial rout, and from that time on, the city, distracted and divided by fears from without and quarrels within, seized by Ghiberto da Gente, coveted by Uberto Pelavicini, was no place for the muses; and the brilliant beginning of art in Parma was snuffed out almost completely.

In Tuscany the principal early works in sculpture are to be found in Pisa, Pistoia, and Lucca. Gruamons in Pistoia and Biduinus in Lucca carved rude and heavy bas-reliefs; but the noble architecture in those two cities necessarily stimulated the sister art And an outside impulse came from Como, the little town on the southern bay of the lovely lake of Como. Sculptors went from Como to the western part of Tuscany, and carved a pulpit here; a font there, or decorative bas-reliefs for the outside of churches, and educated local artisans. Of these migrating sculptors the most notable is Guidetto of Como. About the year 1233, the masters of the works upon the cathedral at Lucca, wishing to make its gay and fanciful front still richer and more charming, employed Guidetto to carve bas-reliefs of St. Martin, the patron saint of the church. These bas-reliefs are not very interesting to anybody but the historical student; neither are those that concern St. Regulus, which are also ascribed to Guidetto. But out on one of the spandrels of the portico, in full relief, there is a noble statue of St. Martin on horseback, cutting his cloak in two for the benefit of the beggar who is standing by, expectant. This group is very striking: St. Martin himself is an heroic figure, the pitiful beggar, lean and lank, is fairly well done, and the horse is admirable, the head both handsome and natural. It might be put over a portal at Chartres or Rheims without fear of the comparison; it is indeed so well modelled and executed that, in spite of the critics, credulity balks and finds it hard not to believe that the group is really some two generations later. To be astonished by its merits one has only to compare this horse and rider with the statue erected in honour of Oldrado da Tresseno, the great burner of heretics, on the Palazzo della Ragione at Milan in 1233. The main interest, however, in the sculpture at Pisa and Lucca is that it immediately precedes the great period of regeneration; for while Guidetto was carving his bas-reliefs or perhaps finishing his equestrian statue, Niccola Pisano, with apprentice hand, was beginning his earliest work, which decorates the left doorway of the cathedral at Lucca.

Romanesque art, if one may give that name to the old order, had now reached the end of its tether. But for untoward circumstances it might well have hoped to continue a career of steady progress. The architecture that had created the cathedrals of Emilia, San Zeno of Verona, the glorious edifices at Pisa, the baptistery and San Miniato at Florence, the cathedrals of Palermo, Monreale, and Trani, might well seem able to hold its own. Benedetto Antelami and the sculptor of St. Martin's horse were worthy progenitors of any school of sculpture. The unknown painters of Subiaco and Anagni were groping for the light. The Notary and his fellow poets had laid the foundation of Italian poetry, and in time would have given it a national stamp. But social forces were changing their currents. The development of art was split in two by the wars of the Popes with the Hohenstaufens and the events that accompanied those wars. All, or almost all, was to be changed; the old art went out, and in its place came in the new art — the ogival arch, the sweet new style in poetry, and the young schools of sculpture and of painting.

The new school of sculpture, Gothic sculpture as it is sometimes called, announced itself to the world in 1260, the year in which the troubled Joachimites had hoped to see the coming of a new era, the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. In that year Niccola Pisano finished his famous pulpit in the baptistery at Pisa. This pulpit is supported by six columns, of which every other one rests on the back of a lion. Between these columns are archivolts with the trefoil arch. On the capitals of the columns stand statues. The panels of the pulpit are carved with religious scenes; the Nativity, the Adoration of the Three Kings, the Presentation in the Temple, the Crucifixion, and the Last Judgment. These bas-reliefs have called forth an immense amount of admiration; almost every critic has emptied his pannier of praises. From the time of Vasari it was assumed that in this pulpit genius suddenly presented itself full grown, like Athene from the forehead of Zeus, with no explanatory cause. But with the prevalence of the doctrine of evolution the general theory that genius is inexplicable has fallen into disfavour; critics now hunt for causes, preliminary steps, preparatory stages, predecessors, a school, or at least a master, and this they have been at some pains to do in regard to Niccola.

It was obvious first of all that Niccola Pisano had been powerfully influenced by ancient sculpture. His Madonna is a recumbent Juno, his horses are Roman, his magi are emperors or senators; and in the Campo Santo, not a hundred yards away, stand the Greek vase and the old sarcophagus that gave him some of his models. So the theory went that his genius had been kindled into life by Promethean fire from the antique. But in the early part of the nineteenth century a document was discovered which described him as "Nicolaus Pisanus Petri de Apulia," that is Niccola the Pisan the son of Peter who came from Apulia, or "de Apulia" may qualify Nicolaus, and the phrase will then mean Niccola from Apulia, citizen of Pisa and son of Peter. Acting on this hint critics developed a theory that there was a school of sculpture in Apulia in existence before Niccola, and that he owed his technical skill, his appreciation of the antique, and the higher qualities of his art to this Apulian school.

Since then this theory in some respects has been much strengthened. At Capua, Amalfi, Ravello, Acerenza, and other southern cities, heads and various bits of sculpture have been studied, and they show or seem to show that at the beginning of the century there were southern sculptors, who were imbued with the belief that their true path lay in imitation of the antique. The traditions of this school were well fitted to give to a young sculptor or stonecutter, who began to learn his trade under its influence, a reverence for classic art, such as Niccola Pisano felt so strongly. Another bit of evidence has been furnished by M. Bertaux, a French architect and scholar. In the hall of Frederick's celebrated castle, Castel del Monte, near Andria, a town not far from the Adriatic sea, is a simple set of architectural members, an architrave supported by two columns; and these members, so put together, have a markedly individual character. M. Bertaux has found that these members, reduced to a miniature scale, have been almost exactly reproduced in the architectural part of Niccola's pulpit in the baptistery at Pisa; this coincidence apparently shows that Niccola must have been familiar with certain building formulas current among the Apulian builders. And, finally, another document has turned up in which the great sculptor signs himself Nicolaus Apulus, Niccola of Apulia. Upon this evidence we may accept the theory that, though a citizen of Pisa, Niccola came originally from Apulia. But as nothing further issued from the southern school, as the evidence still leaves Niccola his own best teacher, and as he would surely have attained a full expression of his talents whether he had been born in Apulia, Lombardy, or Tuscany, the question of his birthplace seems of little value, except that this solution confirms the evidence that there was a southern school of sculpture in the reign of Frederick II.

It is probable that the first work by Niccola which we know is the bas-relief of the Nativity on the architrave over the left door of the cathedral at Lucca; it represents the scene very much as it is shown on the panel of the pulpit at Pisa. In the lunette over the same door there is a Deposition from the Cross, also carved by him, a dramatic work of great power, so good in fact that it seems as if it must have been executed after the Pisan pulpit. It was the pulpit, however, that established his reputation; and Siena, having recently completed the cupola of her new cathedral, engaged Niccola to make another like it. The contract, dated September 29, 1265, still exists; it provides for the employment of Niccola, of his two assistants, Arnolfo di Cambio and Lapo, and, at his father's pleasure, of his son, Giovanni, at half wages. This second pulpit, which was finished in 1268, was an even greater success. It has the same architectural form as that at Pisa, except that it is eight sided instead of six. The bas-reliefs on the panels also show classical qualities, but there is here evidence of a greater desire to copy nature. Perhaps this marked change is due to maturity of power, to the share which the younger sculptors had in the work, or perhaps to northern influences. The figures at the corners of the pulpit, and especially the Madonna and Child, bear marked traces of French influence; and altogether there is less calm, less repose, less classical unconcern, and in exchange an eagerness, an impatience even, to express dramatic action. One wonders whether this sudden leaning toward the French manner was not a consequence of political events.

Siena and Pisa were Ghibelline cities, but at the very time the contract for the pulpit was made, Charles of Anjou was already in Rome and his army on the march through Lombardy. In February, 1266, the victory of Benevento shook all Italy; Charles became King of Sicily, Senator of Rome, lord protector of Florence; Pisa and Siena made submission. Military success throws a glamour over the victor's arts of peace as well as his art of war; the young genius of Giovanni Pisano may well have been strengthened in its natural inclination for the foreign style, and the mature genius of his father not left untouched. But military success merely gave an added impulse to forces already at work. French prestige had long been running its brilliant career. Benedetto Antelami was not unaffected by the sculpture of Provence; Guidetto of Como, when he carved St. Martin on horseback for the front of the cathedral at Lucca, must have had some inkling of northern craft.

The roads across the Alps from Provence into Italy, the course over the sea from Marseilles to Pisa, were too familiar to merchants, monks, heretics, poets, and prelates, not to be known to artists and artisans. Cistercian monks and Franciscan friars were carrying the Gothic vault and the pointed window far and near. Where architecture went, its handmaid, sculpture, would be likely to follow. It was natural that the great school of sculpture, which had already been at work on the portals of Chartres, Rheims, Paris, and Amiens, should shed an influence even as far as Siena.

Niccola's next great work is the fountain at Perugia, which consists of two large basins, one above the other, and a central ornament surrounded by a group of figures. It was begun in 1273. Father and son both worked here; but Niccola was old and perhaps did no more than create the design and carve some panels of the lower basin. Other panels were done by Giovanni, and a little later Arnolfo di Cambio also worked on the fountain, while an artist named Rubeus designed, or at least cast in bronze, the griffins and nymphs of the central ornament. This fountain was Niccola's last work. He died soon after, leaving a reputation which, on account of the consideration deservedly bestowed upon pioneers, is inferior only to that of Donatello or Michelangelo.

CHAPTER XIII

NICCOLA'S PUPILS

> Diviner hauntings of the mind,
> Gods, goddesses, the forms of men but far
> More beautiful, from the creative chisel
> Do receive a marble immortality.
>
> O. SHEEPSHEAD.

NICCOLA is a very great figure in the history of art. Tastes differ; men like this style or that according to their nationality, their generation, or their personal experience. Niccola has the advantage of a great weight of authority, and it would be foolish to question the wisdom of that authority; but if we were ignorant or unmindful of it, we might find him cold and unsympathetic. Many of his figures are awkward, their heads are too big, they seem indifferent to the rôles they play in the respective scenes. Rich details mar the elegance of his designs. In some panels there is crowding and confusion, such as Niccola found on late Roman sarcophagi; episodes and figures are huddled together. The sculptor seems to be filled with a passionate desire to tell a whole chapter of Luke in a single panel. Perhaps the remembrance of St. Luke and his way of telling the story prevents us from doing justice to Niccola's scenes. For example, St. Luke says that while the shepherds were making known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the child, all they that heard it wondered, "but Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart"; and the reader thinks of the mother, forgetful of all else, losing herself in the sacred privacy of motherhood. But Niccola's Junonian Madonna in the Nativity pays no more heed to her new-born baby than a fashionable hostess to what may be going on in her nursery; she is a pagan queen in the midst of adoring kings, glorifying shepherds, and many another object. He gave in fact scant heed to the deeper meaning of his subject, so bent was he upon following the classical footsteps of the men who had carved the old Roman sarcophagi. There is beauty, great vigour, and some good modelling; but Niccola falls into the snare spread for sculptors who wish to tell a story. He neither evokes a mood, nor does he let the beholder's mind rest on what he sees, on modelling, on play of shade, on curved lines, on varying planes, on the arrangement of masses, on the accord and harmony of the design; no, the beholder is given as it were a book which he must read. And when, as in the panel of the Nativity, he finds the spirit of the gospel scene changed from holy calm and holy joy, from a sense of a wondrous revelation of something glorious and loving, into a spirit of unrest, hurry and scurry, he is vexed by the discrepancy, and cannot do full justice to the excellencies before him.

Niccola has the restless Gothic spirit, whereas the true sculptor should set his heart on tranquillity and peace, and pay due rites to the Cherub Contemplation. Romanesque art had these calmer qualities, and Benedetto Antelami had perhaps a truer ideal than Niccola; but Benedetto Antelami's fame has been overcast because he left no school, no disciples, to carry on his art, and repeat the noble repose, the Romanesque stateliness, of his prophets and angels. Niccola came in a happier hour and his reputation was spread abroad far and wide by his pupils and his pupils' pupils, who carried the new style to many a city far and near.

Among these pupils Arnolfo perhaps has left the most famous name because of his work as architect, for most critics think sculptor and architect one and the same person, although some propound the theory that there were two different men; but Giovanni, Niccola's son, was the greater sculptor. After his father's death, Giovanni (1250?–1320?), whose reputation was firmly established by his work on the pulpit at Siena and the fountain at Perugia, was employed by his native city to build the Campo Santo. Holy earth had been brought from Mount Calvary to make a graveyard fit for the noblest Pisans, and the city wished for a cloister worthy to enclose the sacred spot. Giovanni worked at this for five years (1278–1283), but it was not finished till much later. It exhibits the influence of two mingled currents, the classical that had descended through the Romanesque from the ancient world, and the Gothic that had come south across the Alps from France. The long arcades of round arches that border the grass-covered yard, have all the charm, the delicate tenderness, the calm, of what is best in the arcaded Pisan Romanesque; and each round arch is divided by three slender mullions that express the eager Gothic spirit. The rich tracery unites with the slim columns to cast their lacework shadows on the cloistered walk, while melancholy cypresses drop their black shadows on the grass. In this graveyard, if anywhere, the art of man has matched architecture to the sweet memories of things that are no more.

Giovanni also carved the Madonna over the door of the baptistery, a second Madonna, now in the Campo Santo, a third, a little figure in ivory, now in the sacristy, as well as much besides. These Madonnas are interesting because they bear a strong likeness to the French Madonnas. There is something noble in the mother's countenance, as she looks, questioning the future, in her baby's face; but we miss the tenderness, the winsomeness, the simple, human motherhood of the Gothic Madonnas.

The Campo Santo was virtually finished in 1283; the next year the crushing defeat, inflicted upon the Pisans by the Genoese in the sea-fight off Meloria, stopped short ambitious hopes of further architectural glory. The great days of Pisa had been numbered. Ten thousand Pisans sickened in Genoese prisons, and there was little place in Pisan hearts for interest in art. Giovanni Pisano went to Siena, where he was made master of the work on the cathedral. He stayed at Siena for a dozen years or so, with irregular visits to Pisa; on one occasion he was called there to give advice with regard to the dangerous tilt of the Campanile. Concerning the sculpture on the façade of the cathedral at Siena, critics do not agree as to what is due to his hand, nor whether the actual façade is in whole, or even in part, after his designs. But an artist of his power and energy, of his passionate eagerness, of his sympathy for the great French sculpture, was sure to exercise a strong influence upon his fellows and successors; marked traces of his style are to be seen in many of the statues that remain.

His next famous work is the pulpit at Sant' Andrea, Pistoia. This pulpit shows how fast the new art was travelling along its road; there is less classical stateliness here than in the pulpits at Pisa or Siena, but the figures are more mobile, more natural, more life-like. Giovanni, however, even more than his father, was taken up by a desire to tell a great deal in a small space. The little panels are crowded with events. In the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment dramatic emotion is pushed to the uttermost. With both father and son, the whole scheme of profuse decoration in these pulpits is disquieting and distracting. The interest is never concentrated on a central point. There is little or none of what one calls Christian sentiment; the mind is too much importuned by dramatic details to be able to receive and measure the significance of a great scene; solemnity needs more repose; there is no hush. If one were to judge Christianity from these panels one would suppose it to be a religion of great agitation. Both Niccola and Giovanni laboured under the burden of thinking themselves obliged to accomplish what fresco painters accomplished; they sought to narrate episodes of sacred history dramatically, and turned their backs on a task that was more within the domain of their art, the evocation of a religious mood.

From this time on Giovanni's history lies outside the limit of our century: part of his time he was at Pisa, where he was master of the works for the cathedral and where he made another famous pulpit, part of his time at Padua, and perhaps he went to Florence to carve some statues for the beautiful cathedral that his old fellow-apprentice, Arnolfo di Cambio, had designed. We must leave him at the height of his powers, and turn for the moment to another sculptor, who although several years his senior, had also been a fellow-apprentice with him, Fra Guglielmo, a Dominican friar.

Guglielmo was a man of taste and sentiment. He profited well by his study and work in his master's atelier; there he learned ideas, rules of composition, and a good technique, but nature had not endowed him with power as she had endowed Niccola, nor with passion as she had endowed Giovanni. The chief question of importance concerning him is whether or not it was he that carved the bas-reliefs on the tomb of St. Dominic in the Dominican church at Bologna. St. Dominic had died in that city forty years before, and since then his bones had been resting in a temporary tomb. Perhaps the brethren had been prevented by the wars with Ezzelino da Romano from making ready a suitable lodgment for those hallowed relics; perhaps they had been too busy with their practical duties as inquisitors, ferreting out heretics, or perhaps they had felt that since Benedetto Antelami's death there had been no sculptor worthy of the task. But on the completion of the pulpit at Pisa, the fame of Niccola and his atelier spread to Siena and Bologna, and the monks must have asked Niccola either to carve the tomb himself or have it done by a suitable sculptor under his direction.

The sarcophagus is adorned on the sides and ends with bas-reliefs that represent episodes in the saint's life. The carving was done probably between 1265 and 1267, and then the holy bones were lodged therein with due ceremony.

The question is how much of the work is due to Guglielmo, and how much to his master. Some critics assign the general design and the bas-reliefs on the front and at the two ends to Niccola, and those at the back, which are obviously inferior, to Fra Guglielmo. But the composition is too symmetrical, the figures too soft and too smooth, for Niccola's style; both composition and figures, however, are all so immensely superior to the bas-reliefs that precede Niccola's time that there would be little derogation in attributing them to him. In addition to the character of the workmanship, there is an outside argument in favour of the theory that all the bas-reliefs are Guglielmo's work. In Niccola's contract for the Sienese pulpit, Arnolfo, Lapo, and Giovanni are named, but Guglielmo is not named, and, although Niccola reserves the right of going to work at Pisa, he says nothing about going to Bologna. It seems fair, therefore, to assume that Niccola, giving counsel perhaps for the general design, handed over the task to Guglielmo. A few years after this Fra Guglielmo executed his well-known pulpit in San Giovanni Fuorcivitas at Pistoia, which shows a close adherence to the lessons he had learned in his master's studio. Not much is known of his later career; he had something to do with the cathedral at Orvieto, and shortly before his death he designed the façade for San Michele in Borgo at Pisa. Fra Guglielmo was a man of no great capacity; both as sculptor and as architect whatever he did well was because he had been well taught.

Far more important than Fra Guglielmo is Arnolfo di Cambio, who is said to have come from Colle di Val d'Elsa, to the south of Florence, not far from Siena. His great fame is as the architect who planned Santa Croce, the Palazzo Vecchio and the cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore; but before his career as an architect he enjoyed a high reputation as a sculptor and designer, always supposing that Arnolfo the sculptor is the same man as Arnolfo the architect. Most uninstructed travellers will care little for his sculpture, in fact they will prefer the gentle and graceful figures on St. Dominic's tomb, but nobody would deny that even as a sculptor Arnolfo had a far more interesting personality than Guglielmo. He certainly had far greater influence, for it was he that carried the decorative Gothic style to Rome.

Arnolfo was first in Rome about 1277; he was then in the service of King Charles, who was still Senator. It is not known what Arnolfo was doing there at this time; perhaps he had been sent for to carve the statue of the King which now stands in the Palace of the Conservatori, on the Capitoline

Hill. Some critics feel confident that this statue is by him. The King must have wished for the best sculptor he could get; Niccola was too old, Giovanni was bound by contract to work in Pisa, and Arnolfo would naturally have been the next choice. But the main stretch of his career in Rome did not begin till the pontificate of Martin IV, when he made the canopy over the high altar in St. Paul's basilica. This elaborate structure is very different from the old-fashioned, light and graceful canopy of the Roman school. It is wholly Gothic. The trefoil arches, the rich capitals, the statues on the columns, the reliefs in the spandrels, are all of the same general style as in Giovanni's pulpit at Pistoia. On top is a pointed roof, with lantern, finials, crockets, and all the gewgaws of the new fashion. In order to satisfy Roman taste, glass mosaic was added; but perhaps this is due to Arnolfo's assistant, Peter, who shares the honour of being mentioned in the inscription on the canopy. There are excellent details, but the whole is pompous, ostentatious, and quite out of harmony with the long columned nave and stately semi-dome of the tribune. Here more than anywhere else, perhaps, appear the evil effects of Gothic influences in Italy. Some ten years later Arnolfo made another canopy, for the high altar in Santa Cecilia in Trastevere, less heavily encumbered with decoration but not a whit more graceful on that account. One must ascribe the Gothic canopy in St. Paul's to Pope Martin's taste or policy; and also, we may believe, the canopy at Santa Cecilia was due to the canons and priests of the church, who had become thoroughly impressed with French ideas during the long incumbency of the two titular French cardinals, Simon de Brie (Martin IV) and Jean Cholet. Perhaps Cardinal Cholet, who did not die till August, 1292, approved the design himself. Nothing could be less in keeping than these ornamented Gothic canopies with the general spirit of a Roman basilica; but the new style arbitrarily overrode good taste.

Arnolfo was also instrumental in bringing the fashion of Gothic tombs to Rome. The old custom had been to make use of a Roman sarcophagus and put over it a simple canopy, similar to those over the high altars. The new fashion was to carve the effigy of the dead man, as in France, at full length on the top of the tomb, and design the canopy over it according to the new Gothic style, with trefoil arch, crockets and finials, like the canopy over the high altar at St. Paul's. This new fashion established itself wherever papal influence was supreme, in Rome, Viterbo, and Orvieto. To Arnolfo, who was compact of vigour, and somewhat ruthless in his energy, is due, but only in second place, this pushing aside of the traditional style for tombs and canopies, and putting the Gothic style in its stead; he was merely the means, the instrument, set in motion and directed by the compelling force of French influence. In itself indeed the Gothic style was the most potent artistic energy that had ever appeared in the world of European art; but it swept down across the Alps less like an army of permanent occupation than like a harrying band of raiders who impose their will here and there during a temporary invasion; and although it established its control over outlying matters of art, the Gothic style never wholly overcame the old, tenacious, native, classic spirit of Italy.

It is easy to see why the Roman Curia turned Arnolfo's talents to the Gothic style. The Curia was dominated by Frenchmen who had French tastes. Urban IV was born and bred at Troyes, in Champagne, and there had seen the choir and lateral portals of the great cathedral building, stone by stone; he had been archdeacon at Laon, where the cathedral was already built and decorated with sculpture; in 1262 he himself founded a Gothic church at Troyes. His nephew, Cardinal Pantaléon Ancher, was also born and bred at Troyes; he, too, had been archdeacon at Laon and many a time had heard the sister bells, Marie, Bridaine, Capelaine, Manière, and Anieuse, ring out from the Gothic steeple. On Urban's death Ancher continued the work upon the Gothic church at Troyes. Guillaume de Braye, whom Urban also raised to the cardinalate, came from near Sens and was archdeacon of Rheims at a time when, the main body of the cathedral having been already built, stone-cutters and sculptors were hard at work on the great west façade. Clement IV, though he may have preferred the Provençal art of his native cathedral at St. Gilles, had been much in Paris, both while he pursued his studies and while he practised law, as well as upon later visits, and must have become very familiar with the cathedral of Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle. Gregory X, though a native of Piacenza, was at one time bishop of Liège.

Martin IV, both as a student and as papal legate was for years in Paris; he had probably been a canon at Rouen, he had certainly been stationed at Tours. Innocent V, a Burgundian, had been archbishop of Lyons. The famous French lawyer, Guilielmus Durandus, who afterwards led a very active career in the papal service, had been a deacon at Chartres; and various other Frenchmen, who were raised to the cardinalate by French popes, had been brought up under the triumphant northern style and had learned to admire its restless beauty. Moreover, Charles of Anjou had built several Gothic churches in Naples, and from them Arnolfo may have learned the details of Gothic ornament.

When these French prelates came to die, naturally their friends erected Gothic tombs to their memory. Some of the tombs, those of Urban IV and Martin IV among the number, have been destroyed and lost; others have been moved and mutilated, so that it has become difficult if not impossible to trace the first beginnings of the new fashion. Pope Clement's tomb is now in the Franciscan church at Viterbo, and near it, across the nave, is that of Hadrian V, both in the new style, but neither very rich nor beautiful. The former, according to an inscription upon it, was designed by Pietro Oderisio, the latter, it is surmised, by Arnolfo. Of all these monuments the most elaborate is that to Cardinal de Braye in the Dominican church at Orvieto. This tomb has been moved and mutilated but it is still stately. There are several stages or storeys: first, the base all panelled with familiar Roman cosmatesque work; next, the columned and arcaded tomb, inlaid with heraldic shields and mosaic; higher up two young acolytes draw curtains aside and show the cardinal lying at length in his robes, his head propped on two cushions. Higher still, in two niches to the right and left, are figures, the cardinal kneeling, with a saint beside him, and, opposite, St. Dominic, looking up at the enthroned Madonna who crowns the monument. The face of the recumbent cardinal is evidently a portrait; the big, smooth jowl, the snub nose, the broad placid brow, the determined, pugnacious chin, tell a lively tale of the cardinal's character. Originally there was a Gothic canopy over the tomb which ostentatiously displayed the pride of the Curia and of the Dominican Order; but of the canopy only fragments now remain. Nevertheless, even in the lonely, half abandoned church, the monument is noble, in its way magnificent.

In the cathedral at Viterbo a recumbent figure on a sarcophagus, now hidden behind a door, is all that remains of the monument to John XXI. In Santa Maria in Aracœli at Rome, is the tomb of Honorius IV, which suffered sadly in the course of its banishment from St. Peter's. Cardinal Ancher's tomb, uncanopied, neglected, thrust aside, lies in Santa Prassede. Then, these churches were full of life and animation, Arnolfo was the centre of fashion, and the very eminent personages who were deemed worthy of his commemoration did not look forward to dust and forgetfulness.

The Gothic style was so triumphant that nobody thought of going back to the old Romanesque.

Roman artists and artisans bestirred themselves to master the new method. The Vassalletti had disappeared, but when Arnolfo went to Florence and to architecture, the Cosmati succeeded to his place as tomb-makers to the Roman Curia. Giovanni, the son of Cosmas, was the most gifted sculptor of the whole family. He followed Arnolfo's models closely; but he added a Romanesque grace, moderation and harmony that bettered his teaching, as the beautiful tombs of Guilielmus Durandus in Santa Maria sopra Minerva, of Cardinal Gonsalvo in Santa Maria Maggiore, and of Stefano de Surdi, chaplain to Boniface VIII, in Santa Balbina, testify. Giovanni's brother Adeodatus, who designed the canopies over the high altars at St. John Lateran and at Santa Maria in Cosmedin, copied in a simpler form Arnolfo's models in St. Paul's and Santa Maria in Trastevere.

Although the Roman school had been overpowered by the taste of French prelates, supported by the genius of Arnolfo, it had not completely succumbed. It imposed its fashion of bright mosaics; Arnolfo's tombs and his canopy at St. Paul's both show how he blended Roman decoration with the Gothic forms. Even in the monument to Cardinal de Braye at Orvieto, now that the Gothic canopy is gone, there is little or nothing but the deacons who pull aside the curtains that reveals northern influence. Had there been a line of Roman Popes, like Nicholas III and Honorius IV, instead of the French, the story of Roman art would have been different. The ateliers of the Cosmati and the Vassalletti might well have produced sculptors and decorators able to hold their own against the successors of the Pisan school; but the tragic end of Boniface VIII (1303) and the transfer of the seat of the Papacy to Avignon, crushed the revival of art in Rome.

CHAPTER XIV

PAINTING IN THE LATTER PART OF THE CENTURY

> Ce sont choses crépusculaires,
> Des visions de fin de nuit.
>
> VERLAINE.

In this half-century Italian painting makes its first brilliant efforts. Long enough the insipid, ill-drawn, monotonous manner of painting, that flattered itself with Greek or Roman lineage, had held the field; the new Italian spirit now lifted its head. Many influences encouraged it. The patronage of the Papacy, the Franciscan movement, opulence, freedom, technical inventions, and the discovery that the instinct of imitation need not stick to the models of an incompetent and bigoted past, but may lawfully concern itself with life and tangible reality, all worked together to break the chrysalis for the young genius of Italian painting and help it spread its tremulous, iridescent wings.

Painters now began to feel their own personality; they were no longer mere implements to record again and again the traditions of the ateliers, but individuals with private taste and personal imagination. Nevertheless the sense of individuality, of a right to look with one's own eyes and test for one's self what is interesting, stimulating, agreeable, or ennobling, was slow to assert itself; for a long time it seemed powerless to budge respectable conventions. The art of painting lay like a stagnant pool, so mantled with scum that it could not mirror the gracious shapes bending above it; then slowly as if under the push of a new-stirring current, it began to clear, brushed aside the muddy cover, and exposed its glassy surface to the fair world above. This current was the resultant movement of a thousand young energies, all restless with curiosity and agog for new things; it detached the merchant, the manufacturer, the banker, the craftsman, the artisan, the apprentice, from the dry banks of the past, and sweeping on its breast the crowds of the piazza, of the university, of the council halls, bore along the painter and the patron of art as well. To us, as we look back lengthwise through the foreshortened centuries, this current looks like a freshet, but the contemporaries were merely aware of dissatisfaction with what seemed an intolerable sluggishness, and not till a generation had passed did they realize that a great change had come.

If one cares to see the scum-mantled pool still stagnant, one may go to Parma. This little town, proud of its baptistery, designed and adorned by the great sculptor, Benedetto Antelami, determined to make the interior aspect worthy of the structure. At some uncertain time, probably after the famous siege, possibly in the days of Ghiberto da Gente, or maybe some years later, an unknown painter was employed to decorate the walls and vaults. The painting is the most considerable that there is in Upper Italy during this period; and yet the great rows of frescoes — Christ enthroned, episodes concerning St. John the Baptist, St. Francis receiving the stigmata — are all in the old degenerate Greek manner, and present the extraordinary awkwardness that comes from childlike ignorance of anatomy. Much the same may be said of the old frescoes in the church at Grottaferrata, near Rome.

From these lazy, scum-mantled tarns, in order to find more of the same kind, we must go to the monastery of Sacro Speco at Subiaco. There a painter, who proudly signs himself Master Conxolus, painted various pictures upon the walls of what is now known as the lower church; the upper church being of later date. Conxolus repainted the portrait of Innocent III; he painted the Madonna and Child on the adjacent wall. She sits between two angels who, in spite of their adoration, are ready to support the canopy that threatens to come tumbling down upon her head. He also painted scenes from St. Benedict's life, as Gregory the Great has recounted them. Master Conxolus was trained in the school of popular Roman art, but he was still very Byzantine; and he, as well as the painters in the church at Grottaferrata and the baptistery at Parma, show how ineffectual were even conscious efforts towards the light, when there was not a powerful, emancipating force behind them, such as the Papacy or the Franciscan Order.

There is nothing of consequence to be found in the south, so we shall turn to Tuscany where, in the sister art of poetry, Guittone of Arezzo and Bonagiunta of Lucca were at work. Here, scattered about in various churches and museums, are still to be seen sundry old Madonnas, and portraits of St. Francis. The painters that painted them now live shadow lives in the limbo of prologue that precedes learned disquisitions on Italian painting, but in those days they were men of repute: Giunta of Pisa, Bonaventura Berlingheri, who it is said was born in Milan, Margheritone of Arezzo, and Coppo di Marcovaldo of Florence. All the pathos of oblivion carelessly and imperfectly arrested hangs about these precursors of the early masters. In their day they were called to this city and to that by the canons of a cathedral or the clergy of a parish church, to paint the panels for an altar, the walls of nave and choir, or a crucifix to be hung aloft. They wrote their names proudly upon their works; and now only the inquisitive student stops to wonder whether they could have had any influence on Giotto, Duccio, or Cavallini. Giunta Pisano painted a crucifix for Brother Elias in the sunny days of the latter's prosperity, while he was minister-general of the Order. At almost the same time, indeed the year before, Berlingheri painted a portrait of the great founder of the Order. Margheritone, whose hideous pictures have stirred M. Anatole France to untender raillery, painted numerous pictures a little later. Coppo the Florentine, who was made prisoner at the battle of Montaperti, painted for his conquerors the Madonna that now hangs at Siena, in the church of the Servi.

Coppo left Siena soon afterwards and went to Pistoia. In Siena Florentines were regarded with scant favour; but if Coppo had the choice between going and staying, as a Florentine he may have been right to leave Siena for Pistoia, but as an artist he was wrong, since Siena was well ahead of all Tuscan cities in the art of painting. There was a community of painters there: the archives yield a long list of forgotten names, even the covers of municipal ledgers show miniature portraits of comptrollers and bursars. One early name attached to a Madonna, once in the church of St. Dominic now in the palazzo pubblico, is still to be seen, Guido of Siena. The date of this Madonna has been the subject of heroic controversy; it was probably 1271. The picture has been repainted and repainted, so that all its interest now lies in its concealed antiquity, and in that it represents, like the Madonnas of Master Conxolus or of Coppo di Marcovaldo, the type of Madonna that was painted everywhere before the triumphant Giotto substituted his new conception. The Sienese painters were very pious; they studied the illuminations in old missals and books of hours, and learned to love with all the ardour of early affection those flat figures of saints glorified by rich colours and gold backgrounds. They had little or no share in the love of the antique or in the early feeling for nature; Niccola Pisano and Giovanni left them cold. They held fast to the old Byzantine traditions; indifferent to modelling, heedless of light and shade, they nursed their delicate Sienese sensibility and their mediæval affections. Here at least was devotion to beauty; and here, high above the others, steps forth the great painter and lover of beauty, Duccio of Buoninsegna.

Duccio is the earliest great figure in Italian painting. Owing to the force of tradition at Siena, to the conservative teachings in the studios there, or perhaps to study in his youth at Constantinople, Duccio always remained steadfast to the great Greek school that had come down from classic times by the crooked and stumbling way of Constantinople. He is Byzantine in theory and in manner; not at all like Giotto, a son of the morning. Duccio was a master of colour, of a rude almost barbaric splendour of colour, and like all Sienese painters he was fond of a golden background; perhaps he had once been a painter of missals himself and kept true to what he deemed the reverent treatment of sacred subjects. His most famous work is the Madonna, with a series of panels that depict episodes in the life of Christ, done for the high altar of the duomo; but it lies a dozen years or so beyond the limit of our century. His later painting surpasses that of earlier date, but both are essentially alike. To the ordinary eye, Duccio's great Madonna is not very different from the pregiottesque Madonnas; the panels, however, are enchanting in their simplicity and force. They are sacred tales twice told, visions of a mind that knew no guile, which the painter transferred to his panels without a thought of himself. His figures do not counterfeit reality. The stuff of dreams, however heavenly, cannot furnish bodies for terrestrial things; yet these pictures assert that two dimensions, if the painter will choose rich and glowing colours, are quite enough to glorify God. Duccio had a spiritual mind, as we say, of the sort that deems it not wholly reverent to set forth the images of Christ and the apostles as if they were creatures of common clay.

He stood between the older generations, whose highest task was to produce glorious symbols, and the men to come who were to throw symbol to the winds and set their hearts on copying nature. To his way of thinking symbolism might be a nobler method of portraying holy things than any attempt to make them solid. How (he thought) can spirit be a solid thing? And so, while he was willing to give his figures a setting of perspective, he rested content to make the figures themselves flat. But, given flatness, the portraiture is sometimes exact. The most indifferent traveller stops before his St. Peter: —

> This is the Jew
> The Gospels drew.

The glory of Siena at this time is to have produced Duccio, and the glory of Duccio is not merely his own painting but the school that he founded; nevertheless, Siena is almost as much away from the new movement in art as Parma or Subiaco. Her painters were destined to paint beautiful pictures, but to live close to the borders of dreamland; whereas the new school was all on edge with interest in the real world of men and women. This new movement centred where the Roman Curia and the Franciscan Order had the most control, at Rome and at Assisi; but first we must cast a look towards Florence, where, preceding the Florentine painters, the poets of the *dolce stil nuovo* were brilliantly at work.

It was not only on the field of Montaperti that Siena triumphed; in painting she was distinctly ahead of her rival, and yet the future lay with Florence. In Florentine pictorial annals the first name we come upon is that of Cimabue. If ever a name was surrounded by the fogs of uncertainty and the dust of controversy, it is that of Master Cenni di Pepo or dei Pepi, familiarly known as Cimabue. The Florentines, so modern critics say, in their arrogant patriotism, gradually formed a legend which attributed the whole new movement in painting to themselves. Vasari, in particular (they say), though two hundred years later, fixed the legend, making out Cimabue to be the first to break away from the Byzantine manner, describing him as the morning star of the new day and Giotto as its rising sun. But to-day Cimabue's name is written in doubtfully, as if he were the creature of legend, and some critics say that there is nothing to be ascribed to him with certainty except portions of a mosaic, which has been much restored, in the duomo at Pisa. The Madonna of the Louvre, she in the Belle Arti at Florence, even she of the Rucellai chapel in Santa Maria Novella, as well as the frescoes in the basilica at Assisi, have all been doubted or denied. The predatory critics have feasted on him: —

> Ye 'll sit on his white hause-bane,
> And I 'll pike out his bonny blue een:
> Wi 'æ lock o' his gowden hair
> We 'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

Others, however, give him back all but the Rucellai Madonna, which they assign to Duccio. So shift the favours of these gods. But apart from the paintings once ascribed to Cimabue there is satisfactory proof that he was in his day a great figure in

Tuscan art. In the first place there are records that he was in Rome in 1272 and in Pisa in 1301. Both facts are important. It is fair to infer that he went to Rome either because he was summoned as an artist of renown by some member of the Curia, or because he felt within himself the possession of powers that justified a visit to Rome for their development. The mosaic in the duomo at Pisa is a *majestas*, the Saviour enthroned in glory between the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist; it would hardly have been entrusted to an artist not of high repute. But the chief testimony to Cimabue's distinction is the famous passage in the *Purgatorio* (XI, 94–96): —

> Credette Cimabue nella pittura
>   tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido,
>   sì che la fama di colui è oscura.
>
> Cimabue thought to hold the field
>   In painting, and now Giotto has the cry,
>   So that the former's fame is dim.

Dante was not indifferent to art and his testimony is conclusive that, according to local judgment, Cimabue was once the recognized head of the painters in Florence. The second witness is Francesco da Barberino, a notary, a man of letters and a fair draughtsman himself, who was born in Val d' Elsa in 1264. He lived in Florence from 1297 to 1304 and again from 1314 to 1348, and must have known his fellow-citizens Cimabue and Giotto, either personally or through their friends; he classes them together as painters of great worth: "Ridiculum esset picturam Cimabovis et Giotti in accessionem vilissime tabule cedere, — it would be ridiculous to displace paintings by Cimabue and Giotto, for the acquisition of some very poor pictures." This remark is not a mere echo of Dante's lines; and the book which contains the reference, Francesco's comment on his own *Documenti d'Amore*, was in all probability written, and also published, before the *Purgatorio*. The third witness is the author, believed to be a Florentine, of the commentary on Dante, known as the *Ottimo Commento* and probably written about 1334. In his gloss upon these lines in the *Purgatorio*, this writer says that Cimabue was so proud and sensitive that if a visitor criticised something in his painting he immediately rubbed it out. This is the sort of anecdote recounted of eminent painters, and owes its interest solely to their eminence. Besides this testimony, a nephew of Giovanni Villani the historian, Filippo Villani, in the brief sketch of Giotto's career contained in his *Lives of Illustrious Florentines*, speaking of the painters who revived the art of painting says: "Among these the first was Giovanni, called Cimabue, who by his skill and genius called back the art of antiquity which had wandered far from nature and indeed had lost its way; before him Greek and Italian painting had been going wrong for many centuries as the figures painted on panels and walls plainly show. After him came Giotto."

It seems certain, therefore, from these literary sources that the body of tradition which Vasari accepted, no doubt in too great detail, must have been right in giving Cimabue the rank of foremost painter in Florence prior to Giotto; and it seems equally certain that Cimabue, though he may have struggled in his own way towards the light, must have adhered closely to the Byzantine style of painting. His Madonnas must have been like those attributed to him. The stately mother sits on a formal throne, her child in her lap and angels on either side adoring them; the mother's cloak falls in loose drapery over her knees, her hooded head turns slightly toward her child, her left arm supports his body while the right touches his foot, or with a gentle wafture seems to say, "Here he is." Her face, with its big eyes, its curving nose, its little mouth, and the sweeping oval contour of cheek and chin, has a sad, far away expression. And yet there is a dignity, a touch of grandeur, a majesty, a truth to a supernatural order, that are lacking in Giotto's Madonnas, noble mothers though they are.

Inferior to Siena in early achievement, Florence was more in the central current of life, more concerned with modern ways, more ready to welcome the new spirit in art, and knowing better whither to turn. Duccio may have gone to Constantinople, Cimabue went to Rome; and Cimabue, not Duccio was right. Roman art was lifting its head and preparing to take the lead in a renaissance. For two score years adverse circumstance had shed its blight on Rome. The Papacy had neglected her, almost abandoned her. But at last Romans were again elevated to St. Peter's chair, and their patronage stirred the arts to new life. Pride of family, pride of tradition, and pride of city, fortified their purpose to make the arts serve papal ambition. Architects, artisans, decorators, were again set to work on Roman churches and palaces; St. Peter's basilica, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, Santa Maria in Aracœli, the chapel Sancta Sanctorum, the Vatican and the Lateran, felt the rush of artistic energy. This zeal for the fine arts was at first directed to building and renewing, but a little later it summoned artists in fresco and mosaic to work. Pope Nicholas IV, though not a Roman by birth, shared the Roman spirit, through the influence, perhaps, of his friends, the Colonna cardinals, Jacopo and Pietro, and stands out as a precursor of those famous patrons of art, Sixtus IV and Julius II. During his pontificate three Roman artists in especial won great renown.

Of these three the greatest is Pietro Cavallini. Cavallini's youth is wrapped in obscurity; some critics think that he is the Pietro who worked as assistant to Arnolfo on the Tabernacle in St. Paul's, others that he is the Pietro who decorated the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey. His first certain work is in Santa Maria in Trastevere, where at the bidding of a Roman nobleman, Cardinal Stefaneschi's brother, he laid the mosaics which represent episodes in the life of the Virgin. The designs are good, the light and shade well done, the colours agreeable, and though the master has not departed from Byzantine tradition, nevertheless he has infused new life into his scenes. These mosaics make us feel that the change is coming. Here is the twilight that precedes the dawn. We may miss the dark majesty of the pure Byzantine symbols, but we are on the road to fresco and the day, to the painted pleasure of our beautiful world and its stock of goodly creatures.

Cavallini's next work, the frescoes in Santa Cecilia, was painted in 1293. At some time or other they were walled up by a baroque generation and have but lately been restored to the view of permit-bearing travellers. Thanks to this long sojourn in the dark, they exhibit their "unwithered countenance as fresh as on creation's day." On the back wall is the Last Judgment. Christ is seated in the centre, with Mary on his right, John the Baptist on his left, and six apostles on either side. Round the throne archangels and cherubim with gorgeous wings flutter celestial; lower down, angels blow the last trumpet, and to right and left stand the joyous troop of the elect and the terrified troop of the damned. On the side walls are remnants of smaller pictures. The colours vibrate in fresh intensity, and for noble beauty the heads of the angels rival those ascribed to Orcagna on the wall of Santa Maria Novella. The heroic dignity of the figures, the power of design, the antique freedom of the whole, reveal the new birth of art. We know that the change has come; "the cock doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat awake the god of day." In Cavallini's hands fresco has thrown off all the Byzantine restraints that still controlled mosaics. No wonder that Lorenzo Ghiberti, a great lover of beauty, in whose time the paintings were still uncovered, admired this "most noble master." Cavallini did many other works, in mosaic and in fresco, for Roman churches, but they lacked the kind protection erected by alien taste and have been destroyed or else damaged past pleasurable recognition. It is said that he drew the designs for a great cycle of Biblical pictures in St. Paul's, and superintended their execution. They perished in the great conflagration that destroyed the old church in 1823. It may be that Cavallini lacks tenderness, delicacy, the hovering charm of thought half uncertain where it shall alight, that one finds in the Sienese school; indeed these are not Roman qualities and Cavallini is essentially Roman. He has the antique Roman traits, boldness, largeness of gesture, heroic manner, that easily excuse an over-emphasis upon triumphant force. He is a real forerunner of the classical renaissance.

Under Nicholas IV two other great decorative works were undertaken, in St. John Lateran and in Santa Maria Maggiore. The tribune of St. John Lateran was a most sacred spot, for there according to tradition Constantine had proclaimed Christianity as the state religion. In this tribune was a mosaic, which included a head of Christ, said to have been made when the church was originally built and always held in deepest reverence. Serious restoration was necessary both to the church and to the decoration. The mosaic was entrusted to a Roman artist, Jacopo Torriti. This artist made the whole tribune anew, but it seems that he either restored or imitated the old mosaic. The design is full of symbols. In the middle is the cross, the central sign of the Faith; by the cross the dove pours forth a flood of grace at which the faithful flock quench their thirst; a little town stands below, — the New Jerusalem of eternal life, — guarded by an angel, and within its walls are tiny figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, and a palm tree with a phœnix, symbol of the resurrection, upon it. To the right and left of the cross, and on a lower row, are figures of saints and apostles; and in among these mighty images of the early Christian Church, have been tucked tiny figures of St. Francis, St. Anthony, Nicholas IV, and Bro. Jacobus de Camerino, who (such is the inference) assisted Torriti with the mosaic. Nothing has been omitted to show that this work is due to Franciscans.

The same Pope remade the back of the choir of Santa Maria Maggiore. He did not live to restore the interior mosaics; but his friends, the two famous Colonna cardinals, Jacopo and Pietro, carried on the work and employed Torriti. The subject is the coronation of the Virgin. Christ says: "Veni, electa mea, et ponam te in thronum meum, — Come, my elect, and I will set thee upon my throne." The saints below worship, saying: "Exaltata est sancta dei genetrix super choros angelorum ad celestia regna, — The Holy Mother of God is lifted up to the kingdom of heaven above the choirs of angels." These mosaics sum up the three great periods of Roman art: here are the antique ornaments, children, fishermen, boats, swimmers, swans of imperial Rome; here are the figures of Byzantine tradition; and here a sense of liberty testifies that new conceptions have come, that young Phœbus Apollo has overthrown the decrepit Titan of Byzantium. Here, as in St. John Lateran, Torriti accepted the antique background of the old design, or imitated it. At all events he showed that mosaics can rival fresco as mere decoration.

On the façade of Santa Maria Maggiore is a mosaic, now in great part done over, of Christ in an oval, and below are other mosaics that tell the legend connected with Pope Liberius, the reputed founder of the church. The moment that mosaics attempt to tell a story they abdicate their true office, challenge comparison with fresco, and fail; and these story-telling mosaics are very inferior to those within the church. Yet the artist who did them, Filippo Rusuti, was a master in his way; he is the third of the great artists to show how full of achievement as well as of promise the Roman school had become, and what Roman art might have done under the patronage of the Curia, had not fate been unpropitious.

CHAPTER XV

THE FRESCOES AT ASSISI

> Coglierò da quì innanti i fior novelli,
> La primavera del tempo migliore,
> Quando son gli anni leggiadretti e belli.
>
> Poliziano.
>
> From now on I shall gather flowers new,
> The Spring of better time,
> When years are young and beautiful to view.

Rome has the honour of having reared the painters and mosaists who led the way back to antiquity. Siena may well be proud of Duccio and his spiritual school; Florence gave birth to Cimabue and to Giotto; but there is a fourth city, far inferior in power and general importance to her three sisters, that can claim an equal rank in the history of primitive art, the Umbrian Assisi.

The basilica of St. Francis had been consecrated by Innocent IV in 1253, and though Bro. Elias had been driven away in disgrace, his ideas of making a noble and beautiful church, worthy of the sanctity of the founder and of the greatness of the Order, had been fully accepted. Money had been begged from far and near, from France, Germany, and Bohemia, from the Christians of Morocco even, as well as from Italy, money in heaps, to the scandal of the spiritual-minded. Indeed, the great basilica, noble without and all glorious within, cannot free itself from the shame of disloyalty towards the ideals of

St. Francis; on the contrary, it is the strongest apology for that disloyalty, and remains the justification for the advocates of lax interpretation. Here in this basilica are garnered the first fruits of the golden epoch of Italian painting; noble examples of the old style that was passing away, and noble examples of the new style coming in triumphant. There is no edifice in Italy, ecclesiastical or civic, except the Sistine Chapel, that can rival it. Such an achievement shows that large forces were behind it.

It is plain that so long as the spiritual-minded were in power, that is while John of Parma who was wholly possessed by their ideals, and Bonaventura who was greatly in sympathy with them, were ministers-general, from 1247 to 1274, no such grandiose plan of decoration as adorns the walls of the basilica could have been adopted. The spiritual-minded did not believe in the beauty of carving, the splendour of fresco, the glory of glass; to the worshippers of Lady Poverty these were idle gawds that hid the glory of God. Their position stands recorded in the ordinances of the chapter-general held at Narbonne in 1260: "Since show and extravagance stand squarely in the way of poverty, we ordain that pomp of edifice, in pictures, carvings, windows, columns and such like . . . be strictly avoided. . . . Those that transgress this ordinance shall be severely punished. . . . No church shall be vaulted (except the major chapel), no towered belfry shall be built; there shall be no storied or painted windows, except that, in the main window of the choir, figures of Christ crucified, the Virgin, St. John, St Francis and St. Anthony, may be put; if there are others, they shall be removed by the visitors." Bonaventura commanded that these ordinances should be read once a month in every monastery. It was also enacted at Assisi, in 1269, that visitors who discovered any wrongdoing "in pomp of edifice . . . or extravagance of painting" should report to the chapter-general.

Up to 1274, the time of Bonaventura's death, no large plan of decoration could have been undertaken at Assisi. But then the worldly-minded came into unfettered control. Brother Jerome of Ascoli, afterwards Nicholas IV, was elected minister-general. He was a lover of art, a man of learning and worldly experience, he had been to Constantinople and had seen the splendour of Saint Sophia, and had little or no sympathy with the radical party. His successors in office, Bonagratia and Arlotto were men of much the same stamp. After them came the distinguished Matteo Acquasparta, of whom Dante speaks as the head and front of lax observance (*Par.* XII, 124). Under these men the fanatical *zelanti*, like Pier Giovanni Olivi of Provence, and Ubertino of Casale in Piedmont, were strictly called to account and many of them punished. The spiritual-minded always looked back upon this time as a period of tribulation; and it was the very time for the worldly-wise to proclaim their beliefs on the inner walls of the basilica. So great a task, however, needed the co-operation of the Papacy.

From the time of Gregory IX for nearly forty years, the Popes had been too busy with war and grave political questions to give themselves much concern about art. Innocent IV, Alexander, Urban, and Clement, were taken up with the overthrow of the Hohenstaufens and the establishment of the French in the southern kingdom. The short-lived Popes, Innocent V, Hadrian V, and John XXI, had no time to do anything, and John disliked the Brothers Minor. At last a Roman noble, a great prelate, came to the papal throne, Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, Nicholas III (1277–1280), a man delighting in the "curiositas et superfluitas—the pomp and circumstance" so hateful to the *zelanti*, who took up the Roman tradition, established by Innocent III and adopted by Honorius III and Gregory IX, of rendering art a handmaid to the papal ambitions. With his coming to St. Peter's throne, the Papacy and the Order were in accord as to the policy of making the basilica beautiful. As soon as the grave political dangers from King Charles to the south and the Emperor Rudolph to the north, had been removed, and the city of Rome reduced to dutiful subjection, the Pope was free to express his belief in the serious use and high significance of beauty. As usual he acted with vigour. Jerome, the minister-general, who afterwards became Pope Nicholas IV, was made a cardinal. Brother Bonagratia was put at the head of the Order, while Matteo Rossi Orsini, a nephew of the Pope, was appointed protector. These high personages, together with Cardinal Bentivegna, a Franciscan, and Benedetto Gaetani, afterwards Boniface VIII, held a consultation with the Pope, and a new bull was launched against the *zelanti* and their ideas of poverty (1279). It is fair to assume that this was the time when the older Franciscan policy against sumptuous decoration of churches was tacitly but definitely abandoned.

In the lower church at Assisi the left wall of the nave had been painted years before with scenes from the life of St. Francis, probably before John of Parma became minister-general. Nobody knows who painted them ; none, not even the critics, care. Was it poor Giunta Pisano, to whom sympathy goes out as to an ugly duckling that swims down the stream of time at the head of a younger brood of swans, himself destined to remain immortally ugly ? Or was it some unknown, forgotten, painter ? The frescoes on the opposite wall, which depict scenes from the life of Christ, are so much better done, that they seem to belong to the period of which we are now speaking. But both series were in great measure destroyed sometime towards the end of the century, for the walls of the nave were cut into to make way for new chapels that were then added.

The important frescoes of our period are in the upper church and in the choir and transept of the lower church. Here uncertainty maintains her sway. Nowhere have critics tasted more delight of battle with their peers than on this frescoed field. Tradition embodied in Vasari asserts that Cimabue and Giotto were the two great masters. Let us accept this tradition so far as the frescoes themselves will permit. In the upper church the walls and vaults are all covered with paintings, but time, restorers, and in places a leaky roof have rendered what once may have been distinguishing traits of different styles well-nigh unrecognizable. However, the critics have been very industrious. In the north transept are a crucifixion and scenes from the life of St. Peter, in the choir pictures of the Virgin, and in the left transept a crucifixion and scenes from the Apocalypse. The frescoes of the north transept are the worst damaged; some think them the worst painted, and ascribe them to the ugly Giunta or to Coppo di Marcovaldo, humble precursors both. Others think better of them and suggest that Cimabue either painted them or directed the work, or that some painter of the older style executed them after Cimabue's designs. The unlucky pilgrim who is tormented by an evil spirit in the shape of curiosity about names and authorship, is indeed badly off. The wisest plan is to be bold, accept Vasari's tradition, and decide that Cimabue had charge of all these decorations and painted them in great part himself. But any pilgrim who pauses before the damaged crucifixion in the south transept becomes at once indifferent to names and authorship, for there tragedy shows itself in one of its noblest forms. It is impossible ever to forget the frantic grief of Mary Magdalene. At the foot of the great crucifix she stands erect, her agony heightened perhaps by the ruin wrought by time, with arms outstretched in passionate confusion, a worshipper whose god has been crucified, a sinning soul deprived of its saviour, a woman robbed of her child. All about the crucifix in agitated affliction hover grief-stricken angels. Below are vague groups to left and right; John is comforting Mary the mother, and troubled soldiers know not what to think. Darkness is over all the earth. A tragedy without equal is here enacted. Much no doubt is due to the hand of time, but the design conveys a most powerful impression. And the immediate impression is deepened, or rather despair is rebuked and comfort ministered, by great benignant seraphim that stand beyond, as it were present but unseen, in high, majestic calm. This fresco, at least for the ignorant pilgrim, half the work of Cimabue and half of Time, destroyer and beautifier alike, is the tensest expression of passion to be found in Byzantine painting in Italy. These painters of the old style, steeped in lingering Byzantine traditions of a strange deity, half divine man, half magic idol, use the human body as a symbol more than as a representation of nature, and thereby give to their pictures a mysterious savage grandeur, a touch of the superhuman.

The frescoes in the nave are in a different manner, or rather in different manners, from those in the choir and transepts. On the walls are three rows of frescoes. High up on the right, scenes from the Old Testament, eight in each row, fill the spaces left by the windows. Of these, two catch the straining, weary, attention: in one Isaac blesses Jacob, in the other Isaac receives Esau and learns of the cheat. Both have a classic, Roman beauty, and have been with a fair measure of probability attributed to Cavallini; but some critics ascribe them to Giotto, others to some followers of Cimabue. On the left wall are corresponding pictures from the New Testament;

among these the kiss of Judas stands pre-eminent. On the ceiling there is a fresco of the four doctors of the church, which critics attribute to a Roman master, perhaps Torriti.

The lower part of the walls of the nave, the place of honour, was still bare. Therefore, if Cavallini and Torriti were employed to paint the upper walls and the vaults, it must have been before they had attained their great renown, before Cavallini had painted his noble fresco in Santa Cecilia or Torriti had executed his mosaic in St. John Lateran. Indeed they probably did their work before 1289, for in that year a notable change took place in the election of ministers-general and a member of the spiritual-minded party was chosen, Raymond Gaudefroi. This brother was a friend of those extreme zealots, Pier Giovanni Olivi, Ubertino da Casale, and others, who walked in the footsteps of Leo, Rufino, and Angelo, and clung to the ragged skirts of their beloved Lady Poverty. These men had the bitterest scorn for the worldly-wise. One of them, the poet Jacopone da Todi hurls many a sarcastic verse at the neglect of poverty by the Order. He represents Lady Poverty as going her rounds:—

Me n' andai tra mendicanti
Ci sentia molti gran canti;
Sopra aveano di buon manti,
  Non mi vollono ascoltare.
Quelli mi presero a dire,
Se non parti mo' di quire
Noi ti farem ben vedire;
  Ch' altro è il dire ed altro il fare.

I went among the Brethren Grey
And there heard many a jovial lay;
And good cloaks to their backs have they,
  But they would n't listen to Poverty's name.
Some took me aside and whispered near,
If you don't at once get out of here
We 'll make you see things very clear;
  For saying and doing are not the same.

Raymond Gaudefroi, who was in sympathy with feelings of this sort, could not have had the heart to violate the command of St. Francis, even under the specious pretext of honouring him by depicting his life to thronging pilgrims. The decoration must have stopped or lingered during his term of office. And it was then that the spiritual-minded were lifted to the seventh heaven of joy by the election of poor Pietro of Morrone to the Papacy. But in 1295 the fiery Pope Boniface gave scant shrift to such visionary folly. To him all lovers of poverty were mad and hurtful. He removed Gaudefroi and supplanted him by a good, tough-minded brother, Giovanni di Muro, just as he himself had supplanted the unpractical fanatic, Celestine. According to Vasari, Giovanni di Muro summoned Giotto to Assisi. Nobody knows where Vasari got his information, but it is no doubt true. The plan of decoration must have been taken up again with fresh vigour. Some time during Giovanni's term of office, 1296–1304, the great Giotto began to work at Assisi.

Giotto's name is inseparably associated with the frescoes of the upper church which depict episodes in the life of St. Francis; nevertheless it is plain from an examination of these frescoes that they have been very much restored if not entirely repainted, and also that more hands than one painted them originally. The critics do not agree as to which Giotto himself painted and which his assistants or co-workers. The scenes follow as closely as possible the narrative of the saint's life by Bonaventura, and were probably designed under the constant supervision of the friars.

In the lower church, the frescoes in the right transept that depict scenes from the lives of Christ and the Virgin, those in the chapel dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, as well as the famous allegories of Poverty, Obedience, Chastity, and the Triumph of St. Francis, have all been attributed to Giotto; but such attributions are the most transitory of earthly possessions. However, most critics, if not all, agree that Giotto designed and painted at least part of the frescoes in the Magdalene chapel; but as to the frescoes in the right transept some say that Giotto painted them when he was young, some when he was old, others that he did not paint them at all. And by the latest critics even the famous allegories have been denied to him. The other chapels were painted after our period.

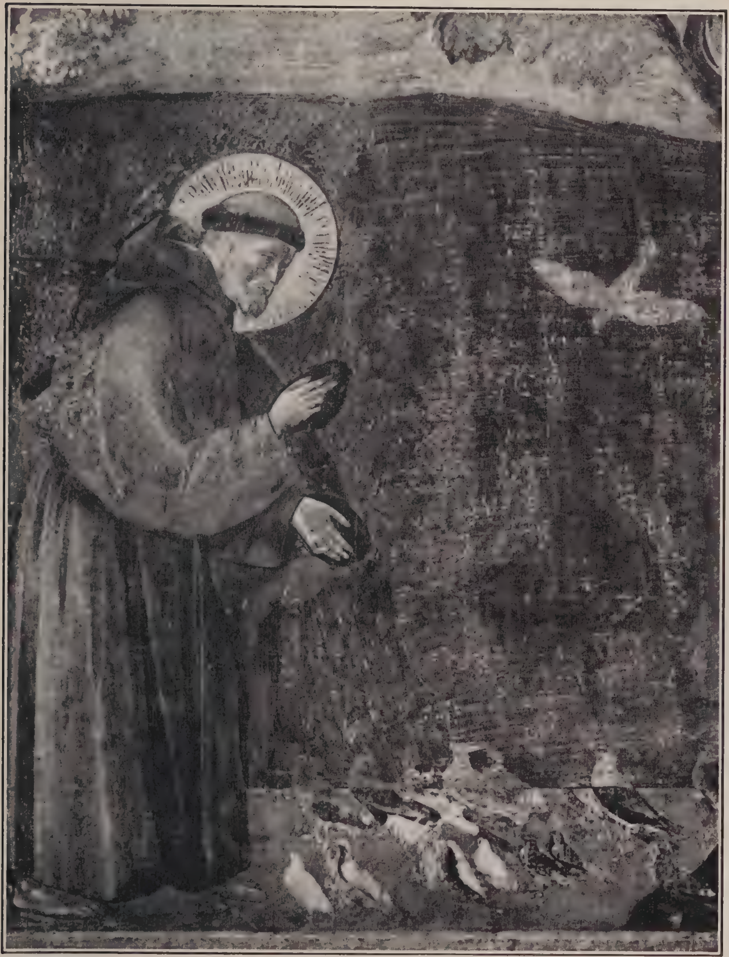
Giotto was not only one of the greatest painters, but also a great leader in art. Through him, indeed, a spirit of freedom, an interest in this world of sense, a curiosity for the new, an admiration for the good things of life, a pleasure of living — beliefs and feelings cradled and fostered by the young manufacturing commonwealths — entered into the realm of art. The old painters had been loyal to the past, to ecclesiastical conceptions, to traditional symbols, to conventional habits of affection, of understanding, of seeing; the young Italian spirit was all impatient to leave the ancestral habitation, to go out-of-doors into the brave new world, to possess and enjoy it. In order to lead, in order to represent this new spirit, Giotto had need to be a master of his craft. He must have made many experiments with his paints, and introduced many technical innovations, before he fitted himself to become a revolutionary leader. To judge from his effect upon the painters coming after him, his great renown was as sonorous with his fellow-craftsmen as with the general public. Like Lord Byron or Walter Scott he leapt into general favour. Story-tellers, like Sacchetti and Boccaccio, could be sure that their readers would find him an interesting subject, for this little ugly man, a wit, a great talker, full of energy, common sense, and love of his art, was singularly typical of the bourgeoisie that had lately come to power in the little Italian commonwealths.

Giotto's popularity with the general public was due to his power of telling a story; and part of the secret of his story-telling power lay in his ability to give solidity to his figures. In his frescoes, friars, burghers, prelates, walk and talk in the thickness of flesh and blood. His dramatis personæ are not content with a flat unprofitable existence in two dimensions, such as satisfied the symbolic shapes of the old Byzantine masters or the gracious images of the Sienese painters; they demand length, breadth, and thickness. In this respect they challenge comparison with forms chiselled by the sculptor. This plastic quality, shown so soon after the achievements of Giovanni Pisano, has induced various critics to believe that Giotto came under his influence; but it is not easy for an artist in one domain of art to profit by the lessons of a master in another. Giotto's ambition, his zeal for perfection, may have been quickened by Giovanni Pisano's sculptured panels; but a safer explanation is that both artists were carried on by the same great current. Men's minds were turned away from the stuff that visions are made of, to the solid realities of this material world; people no longer wished spiritual things to be delineated by symbolical designs, but by human figures and other tangible objects.

Some critics also think that Giotto learned his dramatic power from Giovanni Pisano, at least in part; but here, too, both men obeyed a common instruction, they were employed to depict dramatic scenes and each did his best. Ecclesiastical art had always exacted dramatic treatment; the story of the Passion could not be portrayed otherwise. Giotto's native dramatic power, with its root in his mastery over the third dimension, makes the other half of his story-telling capacity. He groups his figures in such a way that he brings out the full dramatic significance of his episode. These two qualities of solidity and dramatic power were demands made upon Giotto by the generation in which he lived, a generation that wished to touch, to handle, to have its proofs on the plane of material existence, and also, being a generation of counting-house computations and practical knowledge, to have ideas presented to it in a definite, matter-of-fact, manner.

Giotto's genius as a painter, apart from his power of modelling, apart from his technical skill, lies in his composition; he groups his figures and his masses, — whether the mass consists in a hill, a town, a tree, or a crowd — so that he not only brings out in high relief the point of his story but also makes a harmonious and beautiful pictorial composition. One may forget the incident recounted, but the mind retains pleasant sensuous memories of concord between colours and shapes, of grouped images and ranged forms, of happy contours. Giotto, too, has a special charm for those unlearned in the canons of criticism; he thinks nobly of the body, he always endows it with dignity, conferring upon it a fine, Franciscan courtesy, as if to teach the meaning of the phrase, nature's gentleman. For him the human body is the temple of the soul, and if time and repainters had not destroyed all or almost all the original colouring, we should see, we believe, that this little, ugly, Florentine burgher had cast a beam on the human shape and rendered it even in common men a beautiful thing.

With Giotto's frescoes the great period of decoration in the basilica of St. Francis comes to an end. The poor begging friar was, as Renan says, the father of Italian art. In his basilica the first great experiments were tried, there the most famous masters worked with their assistants and disciples, and there Giotto learned his first great lessons. One



Giotto (?)

Alinari, phot.

ST. FRANCIS PREACHING

Assisi

may prefer other qualities in art; one may regret the savage grandeur of Cimabue's Crucifixion, or the noble calm of Cavallini's Last Judgment, or the sweet beauty of Duccio's Majestas, but with Giotto nature comes in, and if he is inferior to Cimabue in passion, or to Cavallini in classical reserve, or to Duccio in spiritual delicacy, he is far truer to the world he sees, and in this basilica he stands out as the founder of modern painting.

CHAPTER XVI

IL DOLCE STIL NUOVO

But obtuse as almost all the Tuscans are in their degraded dialect, we notice that some have recognised wherein the excellence of the vernacular consists, namely, Guido, Lapo and another, all Florentines, and Cino of Pistoia. — DANTE, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, I, 13.

THE Florentine poets who were present at Cardinal Latino Malabranca's peacemaking in the piazza of Santa Maria Novella, and who, being men of consequence, were made sureties for the observance of those fraternal agreements, were all, with one exception, entangled in the artificial modes of thought and expression that kept Jacopo da Lentino, Guittone d' Arezzo, and Bonagiunta da Lucca, short of that sweet new style which was soon to produce poetry, such as for form had not been heard since Horace, nor for passion since Catullus. The exception is Guido Cavalcanti. He might mix with the artificial versifiers upon the piazza but as a poet he stood apart from them, for he, together with Lapo Gianni, Dino Frescobaldi, Gianni Alfani, Guido Orlandi, and Dante Alighieri, all Florentines, constituted the new school; Cino of Pistoia also was one of them. They took for their device the central idea of Guido Guinizelli's ode; as Dante puts it,—

Amore e cor gentil sono una cosa,

Love and a noble heart are one thing.

Of these young men Guido Cavalcanti was probably the oldest, he was born between 1250 and 1255 and was therefore some dozen years older than Dante, and he was probably the first to distinguish himself as a poet. In the estimation of the young school he even surpassed their common master, Guinizelli (*Purg.* XI, 97–98),—

> ha tolto l' uno all' altro Guido
> la gloria della lingua,

> one from the other Guido hath ta'en
> The glory of our tongue.

Cavalcanti was a very interesting person. His family, though not of the old nobility, for it seems that in earlier generations it had made its money in trade, was rich and important. His father is believed to have been a free-thinker, a member of the sect of Epicurus which says that the soul dies with the body; and Guido, who occupied himself as much with philosophy as with poetry, was at times at least unorthodox, and got a reputation for skepticism. According to gossip, he speculated whether there was a god or not. Boccaccio says, "He was one of the best logicians in the world, an excellent natural philosopher, a man of true gallantry and high breeding, a great talker, and knew how to do the things that become a gentleman better than any one else." He was quick-tempered, sensitive, and proud.

His marriage to Beatrice degli Uberti did not profess to be a marriage of affection, and he seems to have let his heart flutter whither caprice invited. There was Giovanna, and Mandetta, and Pinella, and very likely many another. With his courtesy, his grace, his high spirit, his reputation for learning, and his lyrical gifts, he was a lad to turn a woman's head. It is fair to assume that these flirtations, or some of them at least, were quite within the bounds of conventional propriety, for Giovanna, a lady so gentle and so beautiful that she was called Primavera, was beyond reproach, or Dante would never have coupled her with Beatrice as he did in a sonnet (*Vita Nuova*, § XXIV): —

Io vidi monna Vanna e monna Bice
  Venire invêr lo loco là ov' i' era,
  L 'una oppresso dell' altra meraviglia.

I saw Monna Vanna and Monna Bice
  Come toward the place there where I was
  The one wondrous creature after the other.

Guido's most famous poem is an ode on the nature of love. It begins, —

Donna mi prega, perch' io voglio dire
  d' un accidente che sovent' è fero,
  ed è sì altero ch' è chiamato Amore.

A lady prays me, therefore I will speak
  Of a happening that is often cruel,
  And also noble, whose name is Love.

His Florentine biographer, Filippo Villani, says of this poem: "Guido, discussing with great nicety and subtlety of that human love, which by instinct leads us to love women and is rather a thing of the senses than of reason, and also of love's motions, affections and passions, composed a very elegant and wonderful ode, in which, like a philosopher, he treated of many things with great ingenuity and completeness." But to us it is very difficult; like Guinizelli, Guido unravelled his thought too fine for easy reading. It is said to have been written in answer to a sonnet by Guido Orlandi,—

Onde si muove e donde nasce amore?

From whence starts love, where is it born?

Other poems of Cavalcanti's are far more charming to us; for instance:—

Chi è questa che ven, ch' ogn' om la mira,
e fa tremar di claritate l' are,
e mena secho amor, sì che parlare
om non può, ma ciascun ne sospira?
de, che rasembla quando li occhi gira!
dichal amor, ch' i nol poria contare.
cotanto d' umiltà donna mi pare,
che ciascun' altra in ver di lei chiamo ira.
Non si poria contar la sua piagença,
ch' alle' s' inchin' ogni gentil vertute,
e la beltate per suo dio la mostra.
Non fu sì alta già la mente nostra,
e non si pos' en noi tanta vertute,
che nprima ne poss' aver om canoscença.

Who is this comes, whom all men gaze upon,
And sets the air a-tremble with her light,
And brings Love with her, so that to speak
A man cannot, but each one sighs for her?
Ah, what doth she look like when she turns her eyes!
Let Love say, for I could not tell.
To me she seems a lady of such gentleness
That matched with her all others I call Wrath.
Her pleasantness could not be told,
For every noble virtue bends to her,
And Beauty points to her as its divinity.
Never were our minds so lifted up,
And not enough worth in us is put,
That we should ever have imagined such as she.

Of Lapo Gianni little is known, except that he was a notary, and acted in professional capacity in Florence, Bologna, Venice and elsewhere. His fame for the world at large rests upon his friendship with Dante and Guido Cavalcanti, which is recorded in a sonnet written by Dante to Guido. In this sonnet Dante wishes that the three poets with three ladies, Vanna, Lagia, and a third, to whom he refers, fantastically, were in a boat together:—

Guido, vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io
  Fossimo presi per incantamento,
  E messi ad un vascel, ch'ad ogni vento
  Per mare andasse a voler vostro e mio;
Sicchè fortuna, od altro tempo rio
  Non ci potesse dare impedimento,
  Anzi, vivendo sempre in un talento,
  Di stare insieme crescesse il disio.
E monna Vanna e monna Lagia poi,
  Con quella ch' è sul numero del trenta,
  Con noi ponesse il buon incantatore:
E quivi ragionar sempre d' amore;
  E ciascuna di lor fosse contenta,
  Siccome io credo che sariamo noi.

Guido, I would that thou, Lapo and I
  Might be taken by a magic spell,
  And put upon a boat, that in every wind
Over the sea should go at your will and mine;
So that ill luck, or any bad weather
  Should not be able to impose impediment,
  Rather, living always of one mind,
Our desire to stay together should grow.
And Monna Vanna and Monna Lagia, too,
  With her who stands the thirtieth in the list,
  The good enchanter should place with us;
And there to discourse always of love,
  And each of them would be content,
  As I believe that we should also be.

Lapo is ranked near his two friends by the critics, and indeed he has his share in the charm of the sweet new style: in one of his ballate he speaks of his lady almost as Petrarch does of Laura, not without art and artifice and also not without a touch of that deeper feeling which, according to the mode of the time, only dared show itself in elegant set phrases. She, a *rosa novella*, is so full of *giovanezza* and *gentilezza* that it would be impossible to recount what nature has done for her, but Lapo can say that when he lifted his eyes to look at her fixedly he was made prisoner by her *dolce riso* and *gli occhi suoi lucenti come stella,*—by her sweet smile and by her eyes that shone like stars. Then he lowered his gaze before the ray that shot into his heart, and Love said to him:—

"Costei
Mi piace signoreggi il tuo valore,
E servo alla tua vita le sarai."
Ond' io ringrazio assai,
Dolce signor, la tua somma grandezza,
Che vivo in allegrezza,
Pensando a cui mia alma hai fatta ancella.
Ballata giovincella,
Dirai a quella, ch' ha bionda la trezza,
Ch' Amor per la sua altezza
M' ha comandato sia servente d' ella.

"It is my pleasure
That she shall be lord of your best,
And you for all your life her slave."
For this, Sweet Lord, most deeply
I thank thy Majesty,
For now I live in joy,
Thinking on her to whom thou hast made
My soul a slave.

Go, happy song,
Tell her that has the golden hair,
That Love of his own nobleness
Has bid me in her service be.

Cino da Pistoia, or less familiarly, as is becoming towards a jurist of his eminence, Guittone de' Sinibuldi, enjoyed the great honour of friendship with Dante in his youth, and of being both imitated and mourned by Petrarch. In later years he became a famous lawyer, wrote much-admired legal treatises and held political offices of consequence. His poems belong to the season of his youth, when he became pre-eminent among his fellows as the poet of love. Like them he wrote canzoni, ballate, and sonetti subtle and sweet; and though his heart was somewhat light of love, he has made the name of Selvaggia rank at no mean distance behind those of Beatrice and Laura. This lady, according to some commentators, was daughter of Messer Filippo Vergiolesi, and married Focaccia de' Cancellieri. So husbanded she must have led a wild and stormy life. His family, the richest and most considerable in Pistoia, split into two factions. Some brutal crime was committed, and report makes Focaccia a conspicuous actor in the bloody drama; some say he did the fatal deed. It was these unnatural family factions that first received the names Bianchi and Neri, Whites and Blacks; and Pistoia was rent asunder by their strife. When Florence interfered to quell the flames, she, too, caught fire; Viero de' Cerchi and his partisans sided with the Bianchi, Corso Donati ranged himself and his supporters with the Neri; and so, perhaps, Selvaggia's husband set the match to this world-famous conflagration. But she for herself goes in eternal lines to Time, for Cino, as she could say, —

> Me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle.

She was the genius of his better self, and made him the absolute bondman of love: —

> Nelle man vostre, o dolce donna mia,
> Raccomando lo spirito che muore,
> . . . .
> Voi mi legasti alla sua signoria,
> Sì che non ebbi poi alcun valore
> Di potergli dir altro che: Signore,
> Quel che tu vuoi di me, quel vo' che sia.
>
> Into your hands, my Lady sweet,
> I recommend this soul that dies,
> . . . .
> You have bound me so fast in Love's dominion
> That I have not had since any strength
> To be able to say more than: Lord,
> That which you wish of me, I wish shall be.

Nevertheless, though his soul may have been fixed, his lighter affections flitted from passion to passion. These flirtations became notorious. Dante, at a distance, heard of them and blames him: —

> Ma perch' i' ho di voi più volte udito,
> Che pigliar vi lasciate ad ogni uncino,
>
> But because I have many times heard of you
> That you let yourself be caught by every hook,

(the lover of Beatrice felt called upon to rebuke this inconstancy to Selvaggia,)

Chi s' innamora (siccome voi fate)
E ad ogni piacer si lega e scioglie,
Mostra ch' Amor leggiermente il saetti:
Se 'l vostro cor si piega in tante voglie,
Per Dio vi prego che voi 'l correggiate,
Sì che s'accordi i fatti a' dolci detti.

Who falls in love (just as you do),
Grasps at each pleasure and then lets go,
Shows that Love's arrows lightly hit:
And if your heart to many desires bends,
For God's sake, I beg you to amend,
So that your deeds accord with your sweet ditties.

These sweet ditties were famous for "their excellence, clearness, completeness, and polish," and they at least, however Cino's actions may have erred and strayed, were constant to the last; for his sweetest sonnet is on Selvaggia's tomb.

The date, if one cares for a date, of the birth of this new school may be taken as 1283. That year Dante and Guido Cavalcanti became friends. Dante was eighteen; his own mother had been dead several years, his father, too, had lately died, and he was left with a stepmother, a half-brother and two half-sisters, to make his own way in the world. Yet the significance of this year does not lie in his outward circumstances but in a spiritual experience. Nine years before, for mystic numbers had to his thinking some strange unison with great matters, he, then but nine years old, had seen "the youngest of the angels" clad in a frock of the most noble of colours, a gentle and modest crimson, girded with a girdle and wearing such ornaments as suited her tender years, for she, too, was about nine years old. Then his heart said to him: "Behold a God stronger than me, who shall come and be thy Lord." But the first meeting was magnified and rendered mystical by the magic of love's retrospection; the real acquaintance with Beatrice took place when she was eighteen. This "most noble, wonderful and blessed lady," the daughter of Messer Folco Portinari, appeared to Dante a creature blessed by close commerce with God and endowed by Him with wondrous attributes of grace and wisdom. On the second meeting she was in company with two ladies older than herself, and clad in purest white; and she, of her ineffable courtesy, gave him a greeting of such passing power that the uttermost ends of heaven seemed to open before him. He went home and dreamed a dream, in which a lord of fearful aspect appeared before him and said: "Behold thy Lord." In his arm this lord carried the lady of the ineffable greeting lightly wrapped in crimson drapery, and in one hand he held a thing all on fire: "Behold thy heart," he said. The lord awoke the maiden and by his art made her eat, all fearfully, of the burning thing. Then the lord wept, and gathering the lady in his arms went heavenward. This vision appeared to Dante in the first of the last nine hours of the night.

As Dante had already composed verses, he wrote a sonnet addressed to all loyal subjects of love, and begged them to interpret this strange dream.

A ciascun' alma presa, e gentil core,
Nel cui cospetto viene il dir presente,
A ciò che mi riscrivan suo parvente,
Salute in lor signor, cioè Amore.

To every captive soul and noble heart,
Unto whose sight these present lines may come,
That they may write me how to interpret them,
Greeting in their Lord, that is, Love.

He sent these verses to a number of famous poets of the time. Many answered him; among others, perhaps, Cino da Pistoia, and chief of all, Guido Cavalcanti, who wrote an answering sonnet with his interpretation that Dante had made trial of that "sengnor valente, che sengnoreggia lo mondo de l' onore,—the mighty lord, who rules the world where honour lives," and that Love, seeing that Death demanded the Lady, fed her with the poet's heart. From that moment these two poets became friends. And though Charles of Anjou and Peter of Aragon were preparing for wager of battle at Bordeaux, though Otto Visconti and William of Montferrat were quarrelling for dominion in Lombardy, though Pope Martin was making every effort to dislodge Guido of Montefeltro from Romagna, and Pisa and Genoa were grappling like bull-dogs, the muse of history lets them all drift towards the horizon's edge of oblivion, and like an enamoured schoolgirl fixes her eyes upon the two young Florentines.

These poets wrote sonnets to one another, and in the spirit of fellow-labourers, all working to a common end, composed their verses. Their poetry, like all the Italian poetry that preceded theirs, was derived from the lyrical poetry of Provence; they all studied the more famous troudadours. Dante has put a half dozen lines of Provençal into the *Purgatorio;* and Guido Cavalcanti, we know, went to

Provence. He was bound on a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of Compostella, and went as far as Toulouse, but went no farther, —

che 'n tolosa
donna m' apparve accordellata istretta,
Amor la qual chiama la Mandetta;

because in Toulouse
I saw a lady, her bodice tightly laced,
Whom Love calls Mandetta.

The heritage from Provence appears in part in the vocabulary of courtly words, but chiefly in a conventional gallantry, an artificial admiration, an affected appropriation of all delicate sentiments that hover about or emanate from *fino amore*. Yet it would not be just to catalogue these young Florentine poets, according to the classification in *Le Misanthrope*, with Oronte rather than with Alceste. When Lapo Gianni, for instance, speaks of a lady, —

per cui si fe' gentil l' anima mia,

For whose sake my soul did gentle its condition;

and says, —

il nobile intelletto, ched io porto
per questa giovin donna, ch' è apparita,
mi fa spregiar viltade e villania;

The noble mind, which I now bear
Because of this young lady who
Has dawned upon my sight,
Makes me despise baseness and discourtesy;

his words are not merely a hollow echo of stale feelings and phrases. These young men at the daybreak of love were full of spiritual disdain for all that is base; to them love was no mere terrestrial attribute but a power from on high, a metaphysical essence, which was born in the handsome eyes of the beloved, and in its very cradle spread its wings to carry their souls aloft; it was an emanation from the divine intelligence that, lodging in the heart, — the aristocratic, high-born heart, — made the coarse fine and ennobled the common. Young love, wrapped in the first glory of human passion, brought with it the assurance that love and nobleness of heart are one. The spirit of chivalry, which north of the Alps had inspired the *Chanson de Roland*, the *Roman de la Rose*, the story of Tristan and Iseult, and a whole literature of romance, now touched the young poets of Italy, and quickened in their souls sentiments of love, of service, of nobleness and courtesy.

It is contrary to our conventions to write love poems to married women; but it was not contrary to theirs, nor to the conventions of many other generations, Petrarch's for instance, or that of Sir Philip Sidney, "a spirit without spot." Poets offered their devotion to married women because in polite society there was no intercourse between men and maidens; girls were married very young, and a poem openly written to a maid would have been a gross breach of good manners. Besides, poetical devotion might be founded on a very slight acquaintance; a look, a salutation, a wave of the hand, was enough to conjure up the god of love; and the young poet let his hot southern imagination play about that half-seen glance, that half-extended hand, and endowed his lady with the qualities recognized as belonging to the most exquisite, — gentleness, high-breeding, and beauty. At first these sensitive poets were like children, living in a world of fantasy; then, under the cudgel of life, offended by much that was base, cruel, and vulgar, they felt the need of worshipping something higher than themselves, and mingling strains of religion with human admiration, endowed their mistresses with heavenly qualities, until at last they beheld, in her beauty and her gentleness, a manifestation of the presence of God.

The poems of Dante speak for themselves; and proof, that in his contemporaries of the *dolce stil nuovo* fine phrases were not merely fine phrases and chivalric sentiment not merely a convention, may be found in the fact that while some poets set their hearts on ideal love others snapped their fingers at it. The notaries of Bologna wrote or copied ribald verses on the margin of their notarial records; in Siena, Cecco Angiolieri flung lofty sentiment to the winds; and even Guido Cavalcanti, the great doctor of love's metaphysical character, had place for thoughts of a very different kind, and wrote his most charming lyric under their influence: —

> In un boschetto trova' pasturella:
>   più che la stella è bella al mi' parere.
> Capelli avea biondetti e ricciutelli,
>   e gli occhi pien d'amor, cera rosata.
>   con sua verghetta pasturav' angnelli;
>   scalça, di rugiada era bangnata.
>   cantava come fosse 'namorata,
>   er' adornata di tutto piacere.
> D'amor la salutai mantenente,
>   e domandai s'avesse compangnia;

ed ella mi rispose dolçemente,
che sola sola per lo boscho gia,
e disse: sacci, quando l'augel pia,
allor disia 'l me' chor drudo avere.

In a little wood I met a shepherd girl:
To my thinking more beautiful than the stars.
Her hair was fair and all in curls,
Her eyes were full of love, her face a rose.
With her little crook she drove her sheep afield;
Her feet were bare and bathed with morning dew.
She sang as if she were in love,
And she was decked with every charm.
In love at once, I greeted her
And asked if any company she had,
And sweetly she replied to me,
That she was going all, all, alone through the wood,
And said: do you know, when the bird sings,
Then my heart longs for a lover.

Strong though the heritage was which these poets received from Provence, it was by no means the greater part of their possessions. Cavalcanti and his friends found in the traditions of Provençal poetry a courtly vocabulary, a highly developed prosody; and as young artists do, they followed the models that they had and accepted a ready-made style and taste. But this heritage did not come direct to Florence from the Courts of Toulouse and Rousillon; it had meandered by way of Frederick's court, and more lately by way of Bologna, where it had acquired from Guido Guinizelli a philosophical or metaphysical colour, as Cavalcanti's famous ode on the nature of love shows.

One consequence of this study of the elaborate poetical forms developed in Provence was a feeling for language. The careless, colloquial Italian that had sprung up out of the degenerate Latin of the dark ages, bristling with rough words and rude expressions, was obviously not fitted for composition that should rival the great Latin classics; and these young men, especially Cavalcanti, were strongly patriotic for their own language. It seems that Cavalcanti went so far in his linguistic patriotism as to hold Virgil in disdain. They wished to clear away "the rude words, the involved constructions, the faulty expressions and rustic accents" that beset the Italian dialects, and by a process of selection create a literary language, "illustrious, cardinal, courtly and curial," as Dante calls it. They were conscious of genius running fresh and strong; and toiled as if they already saw the *Divina Commedia* looming majestic in front of them. So if at times they seem less bent upon giving expression to the natural emotions of the heart than upon composing verses in an elegant and high-bred manner, they were in fact seriously and nobly preparing the means for one among them who could build the lofty rhyme better than all the rest; and when the instrument was perfected the poet came, in full knowledge of the fundamental truth of poetry (*Purg*. XXIV, 52-54): —

Io mi son un che, quando
amor mi spira, noto, ed a quel modo
che ditta dentro, vo significando.

I am one who, when
Love inspires me, take note, and in the way
That he doth sing within, I go and tell.

The years that followed the beginning of the friendship between Dante and Guido Cavalcanti, were devoted in the main to the common affairs of life. Guido, as became his position, had a place on the important councils of the government. Nothing is known about Dante, except what he tells of his spiritual life in the *Vita Nuova.* He wrote lyrics and studied philosophy. In 1287 Beatrice married a rich banker, Simone de Bardi, and three years later, the year after the battle of Campaldino, on June 8, 1290, "the Lord of Justice called this most gentle lady to dwell in glory under the ensign of that queen, the blessed Mary, whose name was in very great reverence on the lips of this blessed Beatrice."

In the next year or two Dante wrote the *Vita Nuova*, a little book of prose interspersed with lyrics containing the praises of Beatrice and the record of his love. Every lyric has a comment. To us to-day, this beautiful little book hardly seems to touch human life, so remote is it from common experience; and yet, in its beatification of the earliest touch of human passion, it is a sacred book and reveals to common men what life may contain.

Of all the lyrics in the *Vita Nuova* the most famous is that which begins: Donne, ch' avete intelletto d' amore, for it first revealed to the world Dante's poetic genius; until then there was nothing that he had written to mark him from his fellows. In this canzone he begins by saying to whom he wishes to speak of his lady, then he tells what is understood of her in heaven, and in the third stanza, which I quote, what is thought of her on earth:—

Madonna è desiata in l' alto cielo:
Or vo' di sua virtù farvi sapere.
Dico: qual vuol gentil donna parere
Vada con lei; chè quando va per via,
Gitta ne' cor villani Amore un gelo,
Per che ogni lor pensiero agghiaccia e père.
E qual soffrisse di starla a vedere
Diverria nobil cosa, o si morria:
E quando trova alcun che degno sia
Di veder lei, quei prova sua virtute;
Chè gli addivien ciò che gli dà salute,
E si l' umilia, che ogni offesa oblia.
Ancor le ha Dio per maggior grazia dato,
Che non può mal finir chi le ha parlato.

My lady is desired in high heaven:
Now I would make you know her worth.
I say: Let her that wishes to appear a noble lady
Go with her; for when she passes by,
Love casts a chill into coarse hearts,
By which every thought of theirs is frozen and dies.
And he that shall endure to stop and see her
Shall become a noble thing, or he will die:
And when any one finds that he is worthy
To look upon her, he proves her power;
For it befalleth him that she gives him salutation
And renders him so meek, that he forgets all wrong.
Besides hath God given her for greater grace
That he who has spoken to her cannot end ill.

In the course of writing this little book, Dante became aware of his own genius: at the end, after the last sonnet in it, he says: "There appeared to me a wondrous vision, wherein I beheld things that made me determine to speak no more of this blessed one until such time as I could treat of her more worthily. And to attain to this I study all I may, even as she truly knoweth. So that if it be the pleasure of Him, by whom all things live, that my life shall last for some few years, I hope to write of her what hath never been written of any woman." And indeed, as Rossetti says: "Throughout the *Vita Nuova* there is a strain like the first falling murmur which reaches the ear in some remote meadow, and prepares us to look upon the sea."

What was there in the fierce, impetuous, city of Florence that enabled young Dante to catch in this little book, as in a seashell, the reverberant music of the soul awakened by the god of love? Was it the puritan habit of mind accepted and fostered by the main body of burghers, who, perhaps too poor or too self-restrained to adopt the new customs which sudden gains were bringing into the city, maintained the simple ways of their pious ancestors? Was it that the hollow words of the Provençal troubadours became filled with true feeling when they reached the banks of the Arno? Was it the influence of Brunetto Latini, who like a dear and kind father taught him how a man should fit himself for immortality, and had discerned even in Dante's youth that if he followed his star he could not fail to attain a glorious haven? Was it that the spirit of St. Francis still quickened the beautiful land where *sì* is said for yes, and blessed the spirit of Dante? Was it that religion, having helped some yearning souls towards God through the loneliness of the desert, through the cell of the monk, and through the pages of Holy Writ, had now discovered that the maiden passion for a maid is a still diviner means? However it may be, the *Vita Nuova* is enrolled in the canon of the sacred books of humanity.

It was not long before this goodly fellowship of Tuscan poets was rudely broken up. In Florence, after Giano della Bella's reforms, came the triumph of the reactionary Grandi, the feud between Viero de' Cerchi and Corso Donati and their partisans, and from Pistoia — "fit for savage beasts" — descended fresh causes of quarrel, originated or aggravated by Selvaggia's husband, so that in Florence, as well as in Pistoia, Bianchi and Neri watched each other like snarling dogs. The poets were in the thick of the storm. Guido Cavalcanti's high spirit could not brook the insolent arrogance of Corso Donati, and the two were at swords' points. The seigniory, of which Dante was then a member, was constrained, in desperate hope of peace, to banish the chiefs of both factions. Guido Cavalcanti was exiled to an unhealthy spot where he fell ill and wrote his touching poem: —

Perch' i' no spero di tornar giammai,
ballatetta, in toscana,
vattu leggera e piana,
dritt' a la donna mia;
che per sua cortesia
ti farà molto honore.

. . . .

Tanto è distructa già la mia persona,
ch' i' non posso soffrire;
settu mi vuoi servire,
mena l' anima techo,
molto di ciò ti pregho
quando uscirà del chore.

Since I despair of returning ever,
  O little song, to Tuscany
  Go, lightly and gently,
  Straight to my Lady ;
  For of her courtesy
  She will receive thee well.

. . . . . .

So wasted away is my body already
  That I cannot endure ;
  If you will render me a service,
  Take my soul with thee,
  For this I pray thee greatly,
  When it shall leave my heart.

Cavalcanti was allowed to come back, but only to die. Then came Prince Charles of Valois, sent by Pope Boniface, and the triumph of the Neri. Dante was banished, never to return. Cino, too, shared the fate of the conquered faction, and was banished from Pistoia. The lesser members of the group likewise were scattered: Gianni Alfani was exiled, and Lapo Gianni wandered far from his native city. But perhaps the exile of these Tuscan poets from their native cities was a blessing to their country, and scattered, "as from an unextinguished hearth ashes and sparks, their words among mankind." The *Divina Commedia* could not have been written by one whom fortune loved.

CHAPTER XVII

LATIN LITERATURE

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire.

GRAY.

An account of the literature in our century cannot be limited to young Italian poetry, whether of Apulia, Lombardy, or Tuscany. Latin still asserted her privilege of precedence, her right to control all serious matters, and left little but amorous trifling to her soft-syllabled daughter. All through the century Latin maintained itself on what to the great multitude seemed a far superior plane. Latin was the language of theology, jurisprudence, history, of the forum, of papal, royal, episcopal, and municipal chanceries, of bishops and professors, in short, of all intellectual expression. Only lyrical poetry, and light literature that skirted the edge of practical affairs, escaped from the authority of the majestic, classical language. Almost all educated men were of opinion that the Latin language was inseparably bound up with the cause of conservatism, respectability, and civilization. As the century advanced, this opinion was modified, but it prevailed across the limit of the century and until the Tuscan idiom had asserted itself as the language of the literature of Italy. Literature, therefore, except for secular poetry, was Latin; and although it cannot be compared for literary excellence to the literature of classical Rome, yet in variety it is not unworthy of the comparison. It includes theology, history, biography, sacred poetry, religious stories, and even personal memoirs.

Theology, in which I include religious philosophy, makes a contribution greater than that of any other branch. The two doctors of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura, are far more important in the literature of their time than, let us say, Hooker in the Elizabethan period or Newman in Queen Victoria's reign. The position held by Bossuet in the time of Louis XIV is, perhaps, a better comparison to show their consequence. But as I have already spoken of them in a former chapter I shall say no more. In this division of literature also come the works of Abbot Joachim, as well as the sermons and treatises of Innocent III. There are other sermons, but for the most part preachers are like actors; when the sermon has been preached it has fulfilled its function. Even the discourses of St. Francis or of the famous revivalists, like Friar John of Vicenza, have scarce left a trace behind.

History makes a not inconsiderable contribution. A great part consists of chronicles, brief annals of towns or abbeys, in which events of the world outside, when they appear, shamble along like hobbled beasts; yet several chroniclers, or historians perhaps I should say, concern themselves with larger affairs. The southern kingdom here, as in poetry, leads the way. Her historians, Riccardo da San Germano, Matteo Spinelli, Niccolò di Jamsilla, with whom may be included Saba Malaspina, enjoy a tranquil immortality in the great compilation of Muratori, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores,*

> Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

These writers have furnished us with most of the information, not derived from official documents, concerning the Emperor Frederick and his sons. Compared to the municipal chroniclers they are gay and fanciful; and, even cut off from the advantage of that comparison, when their hearts are touched, as where Niccolò di Jamsilla describes Manfred, they are human and interesting. None of them can be placed in the same rank with Matthew Paris, the English historian, who often tells much more of the affairs of Papacy and Empire than they do, nor with Geoffroi de Villehardouin, whose history of the conquest of Constantinople by the French and Venetians has become a French classic; nevertheless they give much valuable information and prepare the way for Giovanni Villani.

In history, as in painting, sculpture, or poetry, there is an energetic effort to leave old formality and keep nature company; the historian girds himself to describe living men, just as the painter to paint a solid figure, the sculptor to chisel human lineaments, or the poet to forswear the ideal lady of Provençal convention for a real Vanna or Selvaggia. One reason that history made such strides is that these writers are no longer monks, circled about by narrowing monastic walls, who repeat what they receive from tradition or hearsay, but men of the world describing personages whom they saw and heard, events which they themselves witnessed.

Of the historians in the north, the most interesting and entertaining is Rolandino of Padua, who wrote a chronicle of contempory events in the March of Treviso. Rolandino was born in the year 1200. As the University of Padua was not established until a few years later, Rolandino went to the University of Bologna, where he studied grammar and rhetoric under Professor Boncompagno. Rolandino was already interested in history, for his father having a taste for it had kept notes of current events, and had given these to his son with the injunction that when he should reach the age of twenty-three he too should keep notes; and it is likely that Boncompagno encouraged him in plans of historical work, for that energetic professor, not content with his other literary occupations, had himself dipped into history. He had written an account of Barbarossa's siege of Ancona, and his little book ends with so much happy self-satisfaction that it may well have stirred an ardent young man to emulation. But whatever good seed was sown, for the time being Rolandino, who was by no means a rash spirit, stuck to what we may call the regular academic course in grammar and rhetoric, took a master's degree, and later became a professor in those subjects at the University of Padua.

Rolandino was also a notary and as such, a few years after his return home, received a post of some consequence in the city government. He belonged to the patriotic party opposed to Ezzelino and the Emperor; yet after Ezzelino had got possession of the city Rolandino continued to stay there and was not molested. His chronicle is undoubtedly written from notes made of events that took place under his very eyes. One cannot help liking him, he is so full of Italian guilelessness; even his rhetoric is childlike. The voice is often the voice of Boncompagno, but the heart is always the pure heart of Rolandino. He begins: "The weighty authority of the Ancients is to be followed in their wholesome customs and doctrines; and these worshipful authors were wont, as is patent in all their works, to invoke with sedulous devotion the divine Apollo and others whom they believed to be gods. And I, least of moderns, dedicated to the Christian religion, make bold to invoke divine grace with still greater devotion, so that that grace may enable me, who in a tiny boat push off so presumptuously into so deep a sea, to weather the perilous storms in what I undertake to do and to arrive unshipwrecked in the haven of safety. For I attempt a thing not small and for which I see my strength doth not suffice; but I set my thoughts upon God, who once willed that an irrational animal should speak." Underneath this last phrase, which seems to be a very humble allusion to the story of Balaam, really lurks rhetorical pride in the happy use of a simile; the influence of Boncompagno could have led to nothing else. But apart from this florid style Rolandino has merit; he looks on Ezzelino's career as an exciting drama, and narrates it as such. Best of all he is fair, and in spite of his abhorrence of cruelty and tyranny, cannot forbear from giving expression to his flashes of admiration for Ezzelino's satanic energy and courage.

There are several long historical poems, one by a Dominican monk of Milan upon the doings of the famous archbishop, Otto Visconti (1262–1295), and others on the life of Pope Celestine V and the accession of Pope Boniface, written by Cardinal Jacopo Stefaneschi. These poems are of historical value; that of the Dominican monk also interests us because, though a friar writing of an archbishop, he is full of classical allusions, to Megæra, Tisiphone, Alecto, Astræa, and Phœbus. Cardinal Stefaneschi we meet elsewhere as a patron of art; he employed Giotto in St. Peter's basilica and perhaps the other great painter, Pietro Cavallini, in San Giorgio in Velabro. Certainly his brother, Bertholdo Stefaneschi, employed Cavallini in Santa Maria in Trastevere.

In the department of biography there are lives of the Popes, such as that of Innocent III by an unknown contemporary, or that of Innocent IV by Niccolò di Curbio, and some biographies of great nobles; but more interesting beyond all comparison are the biographies of St. Francis. Here, as in portraiture or in religion itself, he is the fountain of new life. There are several of these biographies; and all are curiously entangled with the story of the unhappy divisions in the Order. There is much controversy as to which is the earliest. According to M. Paul Sabatier the *Speculum Perfectionis*, the Mirror of Perfection, is the first; he holds it to have been written by Bro. Leo in 1227. According to the contrary opinion, held by scholars of the Franciscan Order, the book is a compilation of Bro. Leo's recollections put together long afterwards. In this labyrinth, I follow M. Sabatier. Almost immediately after the death of the saint, the imperious Elias, full of worldly wisdom, who was in control as vicar, was the most likely candidate for the office of minister-general. The spiritual-minded brethren, who adored St. Francis and Lady Poverty, could not bear the prospect of having him for Francis's successor; so Leo wrote his book in order to bear his witness as to what the Order really meant and to show that Elias was not the sort of man whom Francis would have wished to be general. The spiritual-minded carried the day, and not Elias but John Parenti was elected (May 1227). The new Pope, Gregory IX, who had great projects of making the Order useful to the Papacy, knew that Elias was the proper instrument for him. It would not do to leave a Life, such as these memoirs of Leo's, as the chief authority for the founder's hopes and doctrines; so Gregory bade Friar Thomas of Celano, a man of some literary reputation, to whom the great hymn, *Dies iræ, dies illa*, is ascribed, write the official narrative of the founder's life. This biography (1229) is full of the charm and poetry that could not but fill any life of Francis written while his memory was fresh in everybody's heart; yet in some respects it is marred by the constraint of partisanship. Perhaps Friar Thomas, as he had been away for years in Germany, was ignorant of the divisions and heartburnings that had arisen in the Order even in the saint's lifetime; perhaps he only listened to the stories of Elias and his friends. However it was, Friar Thomas depicted the relations between Francis and Elias very differently from what Leo had done, and made out that Elias had been Francis's choice for the head of the Order. This was the view commended by the Pope; and, as we know, at the next election, with the Pope's support, Elias and the worldly-minded won the election.

But after Elias's disgrace it was obvious that a biography which represented that malignant renegade in a favourable aspect could not remain the official biography of the founder of the Order. Therefore, at the chapter held in 1244 all the brethren were invited to present their recollections of St. Francis to the minister-general. In consequence of this invitation, Leo and his two friends, Angelo and Rufino, all three intimate companions of St. Francis and passionate adherents to his teachings, wrote the biography known as *The Story of the Three Companions* (1246). These brothers, animated by an ardent wish to hold the mirror up to the life that they held in such honour and reverence, have written a most charming account of the early days of the Order. Unfortunately the last part has come down to us sadly curtailed. Besides these three brethren, others contributed their recollections. The minister-general, Crescentius, affected perhaps by political as well as by literary considerations, took all the contributions thus gathered together, and confided them to Thomas of Celano with the duty of composing a second official biography. Thomas had been at work for a year and had completed the first part of his book, when there was another political turnover in the Order. John of Parma, the truest and sweetest of the spiritual-minded brothers, was elected minister-general in the place of Crescentius. Thomas, therefore, in the second part of his biography, was subjected to different influences from those brought to bear upon him while writing the first part. From these discordant circumstances this *Second Life* by Friar Thomas is not a well-constructed book and is reputed less interesting than the earlier biographies.

The *Second Life*, however, did not remain the official biography as long as the *First Life* had done. The dissensions in the Order grew very bitter; at the end of ten years the worldly-wise prevailed and John of Parma was ousted (1257). There were moderate men, however, who wished to follow a middle course; they had sympathy with the radicals, and yet their intelligence ranged them on the side of those who held that it was impossible to observe a strict rule of poverty and maintain a great Order. Of these moderate men, Bonaventura, the new minister-general, was the chief. What they wanted was peace and concord. They came to the conclusion that the early biographies (which represented St. Francis as wholly opposed to wealth, power, and worldly position) encouraged and fostered dissensions. So, in the course of a few years, they planned and carried out a drastic measure, that Bonaventura should write a final, official biography, and that all the earlier lives should be destroyed. Bonaventura's book inevitably smacks of the circumstances under which it was written, and would have little or no interest for us were it not that his chapters furnish the scenes which Giotto and his successors put into frescoes. The ill-fated early Lives, for long resolutely suppressed, have been at last restored to their high place in the literature of Italy.

Another book, also by a Franciscan, has no rival in the European literature of that century, and indeed few in the literature of any century since. This is a book of memoirs written by Fra Salimbene of Parma at the end of his life (1283–1287) for a niece. Salimbene is a most agreeable chatterbox, somewhat like Samuel Pepys or Goldoni, but without Goldoni's wit and less vulgar than Pepys. He had the same curiosity for common things, the same interest in gossip, the same ferreting inquisitiveness, as Pepys; and the same genial spirit and roving disposition as Goldoni. His mind is commonplace, his soul unspiritual, he never feels the holiness of the great founder's spirit. To him the Order is a little commonwealth to which he owes his livelihood and in return gives a blind patriotism. He is superstitious, egotistical, wholly unintellectual, not averse to a good dinner, and much concerned with the ways and customs of the great; nevertheless he is a delightful companion, for if he has the spiritual defects of curiosity, he has its literary merits, and he never had the misfortune to study rhetoric. Salimbene is always natural, and always truthful, or almost always, for one cannot help suspecting some of his pious visions; he depicts his world — not its soul, nor mind, but its rather tawdrily dressed body —

with the fidelity, accuracy, and at times almost with the power of Hogarth. Even his habit of stuffing his pages with Biblical quotations — which he takes for a display of mind and soul — is diverting and instructive. His very partisanship is a virtue; it is so honest-minded, so unsuspicious of itself. For instance, he compares the Order of St. Dominic to Esau, "Symbolized, too, by the crow, not on account of the blackness of sin but of the dress," and his own Franciscan Order to Isaac, with no consciousness of partiality whatever. All his judgments are downright, and some of them obviously unfair, as anybody but himself can see. He is as innocent as a little child.

Salimbene was born in Parma in 1221, and joined the Order at the age of sixteen against the wishes of his family, for his father was a gentleman and a soldier and wished his son to remain in the world and perpetuate the family name. The boy, carried away by monkish ideals, cast off his father and mother with what seems to us priggish ostentation; yet he never regretted the step and never had the slightest sympathy for his parents. In the world he had been known as Balianus, after his godfather, a French nobleman, or, to his friends and family, as Omne-bonum, but in the Order he was called *Salimbene*, Leptwell, because as the old friar who named him said, "In taking up a religious life you have lept well." His life resembles that of a strolling player; he goes from monastery to monastery through all northern Italy and many parts of France, to Fano, Lucca, Siena, Pisa, Parma, Cremona, Ferrara, Genoa, Modena, Imola, Faenza, Reggio, Bagnacavallo, to Lyons, Troyes, Sens, Auxerre, Paris. He saw many notables of his time, King Louis of France, Charles of Anjou, Bro. Elias, John of Parma, Ghiberto da Gente, Bro. Gerard of Borgo San Donnino, Bro. Hugo of Digne, Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, Bro. Leo, the biographer of St. Francis, Bro. Bernard of Quintavalle, the first disciple, and many others less known to us, though eminent in their day.

Another Latin book, more widely known than any I have mentioned and for centuries most eagerly read, is the *Legenda Aurea*, the *Golden Legend*, a charming book written by Jacobus de Voragine. Vorago is the Latin form of Varazze, a little coast town near Genoa. Jacobus, or Jacopo, to give him his Italian name, was seven years younger than Salimbene, and like him at the age of sixteen entered a mendicant order; but he chose the Order of St. Dominic, and showed that a Dominican could be as pure in spirit, as true a follower of the ideal, as loving, as gentle, as patient, as any of the early disciples of St. Francis. He became a person of consequence in the Order and finally in his old age was made, against his will, archbishop of the turbulent city of Genoa, and there passed his last years trying to impose peace and good will upon the angry nobles. Jacopo wrote other books as well, but the *Golden Legend* alone has lived. No other book written in the century is one half so widely read. It is a compilation of the lives of saints enumerated in the calendar; and beginning at Advent, November 30, ranges their lives, according to the sequence of the days dedicated to them. There, in these old tales piously edited, the dead, forgotten worthies of the Church, St. Nicholas, St. Remigius, St. Hilary, St. Macarius, and their peers, like the heroes of fairy tales, sit in the radiance of childhood and innocence, wrapped in their fantastic virtues, with the laws of nature lying broken in bits about them. The *Golden Legend* is the Church's *Wonder-book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, and delighted many a generation. The good friar, of course, was all ardour to teach, and as he goes through the calendar pauses to explain the significance of feasts and fasts. For instance, in the brief chapter given to the four fasts for the four seasons, he says: "Spring is like childhood, summer like youth, autumn like manhood, and winter like old age; we ought, therefore, to fast in the spring in order to be strong like young men; in summer, in order to attain ripeness through justice, as becometh manhood; in winter, in order to acquire the wisdom and probity of old men, or, a better reason yet, in winter we ought to fast in order to expiate the faults committed by us during the preceding seasons."

In poetry, for all matters of love and sentiments of youth, Italian reigned supreme, but for religious matters, thanks to the Church, Latin held its own. Three very famous Latin hymns were written by Italians in this century. The first of the three, although it seems quite out of keeping with the feelings and doctrines of the early Franciscans, was composed by Bro. Thomas of Celano, and, if one may hazard a guess, is still the best-known poem in Christian Europe:—

Dies iræ, dies illa,
solvet sæclum in favilla,
teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
quando judex est venturus,
cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
per sepulchra regionum,
coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
cum resurget creatura,
judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
in quo totum continetur,
unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
quidquid latet apparebit,
nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
quem patronum rogaturus,
cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
quod sum causa tuae viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Macaulay and others have tried to translate this into English verses; Sir Walter Scott's version is the best.

But as Dante says, "nothing which hath the harmony of musical connection can be transferred from its own tongue into another without shattering all its sweetness and harmony," and the same is true of these stern, austere, unharmonious rhymes. There is a dread, a solemnity, an inexorableness, in the Latin syllables that cannot be rendered in English verses, and therefore I give a literal translation.

The day of wrath, that day,
The world will dissolve in flame,
Witness David with the Sibyl.

How great will be the trembling,
When the Judge shall come
To examine all things straitly.

The trumpet, scattering its portentous sound
Through the tombs of the lands,
Will drive all before the throne.

Death will be struck dumb, and Nature,
When the creature shall rise up
To answer Him that judges.

The written Book shall be brought forth,
In which all is contained,
From it shall the world be judged.

Therefore when the Judge shall sit,
Whatever is hid shall appear,
Nothing shall remain unpunished.

What shall I, wretched man, then say,
What protector call upon,
When the righteous man shall scarce be safe?

King of tremendous majesty
Who unpaid saveth those that shall be saved,
Save thou me, well-spring of pity!

Remember, piteous Jesus,
That I am the cause of thy journey,
Do not lose me on that day.

The second of the three hymns to which I have referred was written by Thomas Aquinas and has been incorporated in the Roman breviary. It has a more elaborate rhyme and greater doctrinal significance than the others but it is much less generally interesting: —

Pange lingua gloriosi
    Corporis mysterium:
Sanguinisque preciosi,
    Quem in mundi precium
Fructus ventris generosi
    Rex effudit gentium.

Tell, my tongue, the mystery
    Of the body glorious:
And of the precious blood,
    Which in purchase of the world
The Fruit of a generous womb
    The King of nations shed.

The third hymn, *Stabat Mater*, has become part and parcel of our Christian literature; but for it, no one would believe that mediæval Latin was able to express pathos and passion so profound, and in so touching and tender a manner.

Stabat mater dolorosa
juxta crucem lacrimosa,
    dum pendebat filius.

. . . . .

Eja mater, fons amoris,
me sentire vim doloris
    fac, ut tecum lugeam;

. . . . .

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
in amando Cristum Deum
    ut sibi complaceam.
. . . . .
Fac me vere tecum flere,
crucifixo condolere
    donec ego vixero.
. . . . .
Virgo virginum præclara,
mihi jam non sis avara
    Fac me tecum plangere.

Stood the Mother suffering,
Next the cross aweeping,
    While her son was hanging.
. . . . . .
Oh! Oh! Mother, spring of love,
Make me feel the might of grief
    That I may mourn with thee;
. . . . . .
Make my heart burn
In loving Christ the Lord
    So that I may please Him,
. . . . . .
Make me truly weep with thee,
Suffer with the Crucified,
    So long as I shall live.
. . . . . .
Maid of Maidens most bright,
Be not niggard now to me,
    Make me wail with thee.

The poet is Jacopone da Todi, one of the strange and haunting figures of our century; he stands black against the closing horizon, gaunt and tragic, in sad contrast to the happy brethren that walked the Umbrian plains and hills with their blessed founder, *gaudentes in Deo.* Ser Jacopo dei Benedetti was born in Todi, a little Umbrian town, some twenty miles south of Perugia in 1228, the very year in which the placid spirit of Jacopo de Voragine appeared on earth. He studied law at Bologna and then took up its practice in his native town. It seems that he passed a wild and wayward youth; but at the age of thirty-nine he married a good and beautiful young woman, much younger than himself. Not long after his marriage, at some festival, a crowd of ladies, his wife among them, were standing on a platform watching the show; the platform gave way, the women were flung to the ground and Jacopo's wife was crushed to death. The light of his life had gone out. Sorrow unhinged his mind. He abandoned home, profession, ordinary ways, and became profoundly and strangely religious.

Mondo, addio, mondo fallace,
Son pur fuor di tua balía.

. . . . . .

Dammi a dir quel dolce canto,
Quale in ciel per ogni canto
Suona: Santo, santo, santo,
    Il bel figlio di Maria.

. . . . . .

Signor mio, dammi a sapere
Et a fare il tuo volere:
Poi sia fatto il tuo piacere
    Che dannato o salvo io sia.

World, good bye, deceiving world,
I am free from thy custody.

. . . . . .

Grant me to sing that sweet song,
That through heaven in every corner
Sounds: Holy, holy, holy,
    Mary's beautiful son.

. . . . . .

My Lord, give me to know
And do thy will;
Then let thy pleasure be done
Whether I be lost or saved.

At this period of his life Jacopone seems to have been an excitable, unstrung, unstable, passionate Italian. He put on a hermit's dress, and became a wild, fanatical vagrant, crying out aloud his sins and his sorrows. At times a wild fit would come on him, and he trotted about on all fours like an ass or smeared himself with tar and feathers. Either his wits were light, or the world had so turned to ashes that he no longer accepted any of its measures or standards. He joined the Third Order of St. Francis, wandered about and preached by the roadside and in the market-place, or, for he was a glib improvisatore, trolled out verses, a hymn, a satire, or a dramatic poem. One of these dramatic poems, *The Lament of the Madonna* has come down to us. It is a little sacred play in verse, very short. The scene is evidently not meant to be acted as we understand the acting of a play; it is rather a series of tableaux, with some voices speaking. A messenger tells the Virgin that Christ is made prisoner and scourged, and she, who sees the scene from afar, calls to the Magdalene for help, bids Pilate be merciful, and entreats the mob to stop. Christ speaks to her, and then the Virgin laments:—

O filglio, bianco e biondo,
filglio, volto jocondo,
filglio, perchè t' ha el mondo,
filglio, cussì sprezato?

O son, white and fair
  Son, with visage debonnaire,
  Son, why has the world used thee,
  Son, so despitefully?

For ten years, like Lear's fool, he went about singing poems and catches, rough and rude, free as his life. He was an itinerant, religious poet, charged with a message: —

Voglio invitar tutto 'l mondo ad amare,
Le valli e i monti e le genti a cantare,
L' abisso e i cieli e tutt' acque del mare,
Che faccian' versi davanti al mio Amore.

I invite all to love — you — everything,
And the vales and the hills and the people to sing,
The abyss, and the ocean and heaven above,
That all become poets to honour my Love.

At times he was found weeping and when asked why, answered, "I weep because Love is not loved." After ten years of vagabondage and poetry he entered a monastery (1278). The friars thought him mad and exacted a proof of sanity. So he wrote a Latin poem on the vanity of the world, its deceitfulness and transitoriness; in which occurs the melancholy thought, rendered so often in poetry, where are the departed great?

Dic, ubi Solomon, olim tam nobilis
  Vel ubi Sampson est dux invincibilis?
Vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis,
  Vel dulcis Jonathan multum amabilis?

Naturally once a full member of the Order, Jacopone became one of the extreme spiritual party, like Ubertino da Casale and others who come into the full view of history a little later. When the poor hermit, Pietro da Morrone, was elected Pope, they all rejoiced, and thought that Joachim's vision of a world governed by monks was about to be fufilled, but Jacopone had had more experience of the world than they, and doubted. Yet he shared their bitter disappointment and anger when the high-handed Boniface overturned them and their wishes, as well as Celestine and all that he had done. He joined the Colonna in their refusal to render the Pope obedience, and added his satirical doggerel to their swords: —

O Papa Bonifatio
Molto hai jocato al mondo,
Penso che jocondo
Non te porrai partire.

. . . .

Pare che la vergogna
Derieto agi gittata:
L' alma et el corpo hai posto
Ad allevar tua casata.

. . . .

O pessima avaritia
Sete induplicata,
Bevere tanta pecunia
Non essere satiata!

O, Pope Boniface,
You 've had a merry day,
But when you go away,
It won't be with a jolly face.

. . . . .

It seems that you have shameless been,
Yes, flung all shame aside,
And all your soul applied
To elevate your kith and kin.

. . . . .

O avarice still worse than pride,
O thirst most multifold,
To drink a monstrous mass of gold
And still be quite unsatisfied!

Upon the surrender of the Colonna, Jacopone was put into prison, his feet were gyved, his food was bread and onions. But in spite of his contempt and hatred of Boniface as a man, he had great respect for his mystical powers as a priest, and in prison he made pitiful entreaties for pardon; or perhaps bodily suffering was too strong for his spirit. The entreaties were in vain and Jacopone remained in prison till after the Pope's death. He himself died within three years; and it was during these last years, according to tradition, that he wrote *Stabat Mater*. Jacopone's Italian poetry although it has historical importance, as marking the time when the uneducated people had become of sufficient importance to be the audience of a popular poet, nevertheless has little or no literary merit; whereas the *Stabat Mater* is part of the world's literature and for centuries has held its place in the Roman Catholic Missal among the prayers of the greatest saints, the epistles of Paul and the chapters of the Evangelists. Long before the gifted French critic, Antoine Frédéric Ozanam, showed their beauty to a lukewarm generation, the Church had recognized the elemental power of these "monotonous strophes that fall like tears, so sweet that the grief thereof we feel to be divine and ministered to by angels, so simple in their popular Latin that women and children understand half the poem by its words and the other half either by the singing or by their hearts." Without Jacopone, Franciscan poetry would have told but a part of the working of religion in the human heart; it enters not always as the god of love, but often as the god of suffering and tears. *Stabat Mater* is both the crown and the end of Latin literature in our period.

CHAPTER XVIII

POPE BONIFACE VIII

> So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
> And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
>
> *King Richard III,* IV, 4.

In the last chapter that dealt with papal politics we left off with the brief pontificate of Celestine V, his resignation, and the election of Benedetto Gaetani, Boniface VIII. The episode of the elevation of an ignorant hermit to the papal throne reads as if the Muse of History had written it in a moment of buffoonery; or rather as if she had handed the pen to Victor Hugo, so grotesque a contrast does Celestine's story present to that of Boniface in every respect, until the end, when poetic justice closes the latter's pontificate in a manner that bears a sardonic resemblance to the close of Celestine's. Even after death poetic justice did not hold off its hands; Celestine was canonized, while a judicial process charged Boniface with an hundred crimes. Ever since his elevation to the papal chair, — during his life, after his death, and down through six hundred years, — Boniface has been assailed and defended. The hatred of Dante has pursued him like an avenging fury, and the adversaries of the Roman Church have hounded his memory. Even to-day, with no desire to blame or to excuse, it is hard to make out what kind of man he was; the contemporary records are all distorted by religious or political prejudice, and sometimes by deliberate falsehood.

There are four statues of Boniface; one on the outside of the cathedral at Anagni, a second in the duomo at Florence, a third in the museum at Bologna, and a fourth in the *grotte* at St. Peter's in Rome. The first is rather a decorative memorial than a likeness; but the other three were intended to look like him, at least as far as that might be consistent with conventional respect for his pontifical dignity. In the last three statues there is an expression of calm, of childlike serenity almost, which makes a curious comment on the Pope's stormy pontificate. The poet says that the meanest of God's creatures has two soul-sides; probably Boniface had two aspects, one which appeared to historians, of a high-spirited, wrathful old man, while the other, totally hidden from history, appeared to the sculptors, that of a man acquainted with the peace of religion.

On Boniface's accession the politics of Italy had scant satisfaction to offer. The affairs of the papal chancery were in disorder. In Sicily, despite all the efforts of the Papacy, Frederick, Manfred's grandson, more than held his own. In Romagna there was riot and civil war. Close to Rome, in their towns and fortresses scattered about the Campagna, the great house of Colonna, raised to the first place among the Roman nobility by Pope Nicholas IV, wore a moody brow. For various reasons these proud nobles were unfriendly: they remembered their own brilliant prosperity under Nicholas IV and now saw honours greater than theirs heaped on the Gaetani; they still felt a touch of their old sympathy with the Ghibelline cause, that in an earlier generation had carried a Cardinal Colonna over to the Emperor's side; they could not brook the proud dominance of an overbearing Pope. Jealousy and distrust swelled to hatred. Divers incidents aggravated the quarrel. The heads of the house, two of them cardinals, took themselves apart, intrigued with the Ghibellines of Sicily, and turned a simmering of discontent into revolt. Jacopone da Todi and members of the spiritual party that had clung to Pope Celestine, rallied about them.

Boniface summoned the Colonna to surrender their fortresses; the Colonna refused, drew into closer relations with King Frederick of Sicily, and issued a manifesto, that Celestine had had no power to resign and that therefore Boniface was not the legitimate Pope. Boniface, in a rage, excommunicated them, declared their property forfeit, degraded the two cardinals from their dignity, proclaimed a crusade, collected troops and plunged into war. His army captured various castles and towns belonging to the rebels, and then laid siege to Palestrina, the Colonna stronghold. The fortress made a stout resistance. It is then, according to Rumour, that Boniface did the deed that dragged to hell with him the soul of a repentant sinner.

Guido da Montefeltro, the famous Ghibelline captain, at the close of his military service in the employ of Pisa, had made submission to the Holy See, had been forgiven and reinstated in his rights. Humble and contrite, he asked permission of Pope

Boniface to withdraw from the world and enter an order; the Pope gave him leave. So Guido, with his wife's consent, separated himself from her, disposed of his property, bade farewell to the world in which he had played so notable a part, and entered the Franciscan Order. It seems probable that he spent the last year of his life in pious meditations, partly in the Franciscan monastery at Ancona, partly at Assisi, where he went in order to obtain the indulgence of the Portiuncula; but Rumour, upon whose "tongues continual slanders ride," using Dante as her instrument, has connected his name with the ill-fated quarrel between the Pope and the Colonna family. Dante tells the story in this way (*Inf.* XXVII): Guido hoping that present piety would make amends for past sins was in fruitful repentance, when the "Prince of the new Pharisees," disregarding his own sacred office and the brother's cord, consulted him about the war he was waging, not against Infidels or Jews across the seas, but against Christians hard by the Lateran Palace. Guido kept silent, for the Pope's words sounded drunk. Then the Pope said: "Let not your heart be suspicious; I absolve you now, and do you teach me what to do so that I may throw Palestrina to the ground. As you know, I am able to lock and to unlock heaven." Thus he overcame Guido's scruples, and the old soldier answered: "Father, since you wash me from the sin which I am about to commit, lunga promessa con l' attender corto ti farà trionfar, large promises with scant fulfilment will enable you to triumph." The story is probably false; perhaps it grew out of the fact that Boniface had consulted Guido, before he became a monk, concerning matters in the Romagna, perhaps it was made out of the whole cloth. Upon Dante's own view of the Pope's character it was not necessary for him to go so far as to a Franciscan cell in Ancona for counsel of treachery.

Whether Boniface made any promises or not, and if he did, what they were, is uncertain. The town surrendered. The Colonnesi, in penetential garb with nooses round their necks, threw themselves at the Pope's feet. He pardoned them, but decreed the demolition of Palestrina, and carried out his decree. "I have run the plough over it, like the ancient Carthage of Africa, and I have had salt sown upon it, so that it shall not have the state, nor the name, nor the title, of city." The frightened Colonna fled, some to Sicily, others to France. They accused the Pope of broken faith. They said that they had surrendered Palestrina upon the stipulated terms, that they were to retain possession, and that no further mark of surrender should be exacted than hoisting the papal banner on the walls. The Pope's friends deny this; they say that the Colonna accepted an unconditional surrender. But the accusation found ready credence in the ear of the Pope's Florentine enemies. Boniface little suspected that a young man of Florence, well known in Tuscany among those who cared for odes and sonnets, held in his hand the trumpet of fame to blow what notes he chose, and that it would be safer for his reputation to tweak the monarchs of Europe by the nose than to stir this trumpeter to anger. The reason for Dante's hostility lay in the Pope's meddling with Florence.

In his dealings with Florence, Boniface acted with a high-handed authority to which the Florentine Bianchi would not submit. He was indeed blind to the times; but he had one excuse. The success that attended the institution of the Jubilee might well have blinded a more open-minded man. In the Jubilee he established a memorial of himself that has triumphantly endured for six hundred years and seems still to proclaim the old man's defiance of his enemies. In early times before the crusades, while the Saracens held the Holy Places of Palestine, few Christians were so devout as to venture upon the dangerous pilgrimage over-sea, and the shrines of St. Peter and St. Paul had been the most visited in Christendom; but during the Latin dominion in the Holy Land, pilgrims naturally preferred to worship at the Holy Sepulchre itself. Now, however, the Kingdom of Jerusalem was overthrown, the last Christian possession on the sea-coast of Syria had been captured by the infidels; and the shrines of the two apostles had again become the holiest places accessible to pilgrims. The Pope, shrewdly, according to his enemies, piously, according to his friends, took advantage of this Rome-directed fervour, and proclaimed full forgiveness of sins to all those who, having repented and confessed, should visit the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul once a day, for thirty days if Romans, or for fifteen days if strangers, in the year of our Lord thirteen hundred or in any hundredth year thereafter. Christendom answered the Pontiff's call, at least the humbler part of Christendom; for kings and great nobles had drunk of the secular spirit and were suspicious that political motives might enter into the giving or withholding of indulgences. Thousands and thousands of pilgrims flocked to Rome day by day, Germans, Slavs, Hungarians, Englishmen, Spaniards, Frenchmen and Provençaux, as well as Italians. Men and women, old and young, came down on foot along the old Roman roads, Via Cassia, Via Flaminia, Via Salaria, across the Campagna to the sacred city, singing as they came: —

> O Roma nobilis, orbis et domina,
> Cunctarum urbium excellentissima,
> Roseo martyrum sanguine rubea,
> Albis et virginum liliis candida:
> Salutem dicimus tibi per omnia,
> Te benedicimus: Salve per sæcula.
>
> O noble town of Rome, mistress of all the world,
> More than all cities else art thou in excellence,
> Red with the roseate bloodshed of martyrdom,
> White with the virginal lilies of maidenhood,
> Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Say we all everywhere,
> Praise we thee, bless we thee, always and evermore.

Such a show of piety could not but bind a bandage over the eyes of a haughty, self-willed old man, bred upon Hildebrand's ideas of papal supremacy. His heart was puffed up, and he acted toward Florence as if that independent city were a papal fief.

The Pope's dealings with Florence have an especial interest, because a few months before his accession, Dante Alighieri, having attained the age of thirty, entered political life. Florence was in a state of unrest. The aristocrats had just caused the downfall of the reformer, Giano della Bella, and though all Florence was practically Guelf, politics were very unsettled. Pope Boniface, thinking that he spied his opportunity, began to interfere with the internal affairs of the city. The crisis was reached in 1300, when the aristocracy, the *grandi*, who, under the influence of a common opposition to Giano della Bella, had been for the moment united, let their mutual animosities break out in brawls and public frays. The fatal moment arrived when the factions took names, got by chance from the two quarrelling parties in Pistoia, and Whites and Blacks hated one another as much as ever the Guelfs and Ghibellines had done. The Whites were the more moderate party of the two, the more democratic, as well as the more patriotic; Viero de' Cerchi, a rich merchant, was their acknowledged head. The Blacks were the extreme aristocrats supported by the populace; their leader was Corso Donati. The Donati were a very distinguished family; Corso was a man of high temper and great ambition, vainglorious, unscrupulous as Catiline and more cruel, an accomplished speaker, shrewd, sly, and haughty. Handsome in person, of high-bred manners, he was a good type of the unyielding aristocrat. He was brother to Dante's friend Forese Donati and to Lady Piccarda (*Par.* III).

Boniface's right to take part in Florentine affairs depended upon his general claim of papal supremacy over all Christian peoples and kingdoms, and upon a special claim of temporary authority; for, according to him, there was an Imperial interregnum inasmuch as he had not recognized Albert of Habsburg, Rudolph's son, though Albert's rival, Adolph of Nassau, the former Emperor-elect, had been defeated and killed, and Albert had been acknowledged by all the electors and crowned at Aachen. Therefore Boniface asserted that he, as Pope, possessed the right to administer the affairs of the Empire; in order to give permanence to such jurisdiction in Tuscany, he even tried to induce Albert to renounce, in favour of the Holy See, all imperial rights in that province. There was another and more specious pretext for meddling in Florentine affairs. Boniface was asked by the Guelf Society, the *Parte Guelfa*, to intervene, for there was danger, so the Society said, lest the Ghibellines take advantage of these dissensions to come back. The Blacks, too, saw their advantage in the Pope's coming.

In pursuance of his plans, but under the guise of a policy of reconciliation, Boniface sent his official peacemaker, Cardinal Matteo d' Acquasparta, to Florence, at the very time that Dante, who like most moderate men belonged to the Bianchi faction, was one of the Priors. The cardinal was instructed to follow the policy, adopted by Gregory X and Nicholas III, of keeping the two parties evenly balanced so that the Pope might easily hold control; to that end he demanded that the offices of the government be divided between them, half to one party and half to the other. The Priors refused the cardinal's demands; the cardinal put the city under an interdict.

The Priors then resorted to strong measures themselves; they banished the heads of both factions, Blacks and Whites, including Corso Donati, *il barone* (as the populace called their hero), and Guido Cavalcanti, the poet, who adhered to the Whites. In the mean time Boniface had turned to France, as his predecessors had done, and had summoned Charles of Valois, younger brother to King Philippe le Bel, for aid against revolted Sicily. This prince, whose self-conceit far exceeded his deserts, hoped to play some such part in the world as his redoubtable great uncle, Charles of Anjou, had done. Once already he had accepted the papal offer of a throne and had been disappointed. Aragon was not for him; but he entertained high hopes, as many a poorer French cavalier had done, of fortune and glory in the East. A special motive urged him on. The titular heiress of the lost Latin throne of Constantinople was unmarried. He was a widower, he might marry her and use conquered Sicily as a stepping-stone to imperial estate. Quite ready to try his luck, he got together what troops he could and came. When he reached Anagni, Boniface, in close relations with the Neri, especially Corso Donati and some rich Florentine bankers, the Spini, decided to send him to Florence with the old title of Peacemaker, which Clement IV had conferred on Charles of Anjou thirty years before. Indeed, Boniface was as much interested in laying his hands on Tuscany as in recovering Sicily: "The Province of Tuscany," he said, "is shaken by the waves of scandalous things; cities, towns, and boroughs subject to their Mother the Church are in rebellion, pouring out the poison of wickedness and labouring with the vice of ingratitude against her; and unless their insolence is taken down, their rebellion will grow great and swell to dangerous size."

There is a story that Dante went upon an embassy to the Pope to protest against his policy and prevent the French prince from going to Florence; if there was any such embassy, it was of no avail. On November 1, 1301, Charles of Valois, armed with "Judas's spear," at the head of some twelve hundred horsemen, entered the city after giving solemn pledges to the Seigniory that he would stand impartial between the two factions and maintain peace. The Seigniory, on the strength of his pledges, gave the Prince authority to pacify the city; but he, in flat violation of his oath, permitted the banished Neri to return, and restored them to power; Corso Donati and his friends burst upon the frightened Bianchi, and, as if they were in a conquered city, burned and pillaged at pleasure.

The Pope had no mind to let Florence pass into the hands of Charles of Valois, or in any way to let matters get beyond his control; or, as he put it in the language of the Roman chancery: "Since the noble province of Florence — now that the reins of license have been loosed by civil strife — is seamed with many a grief, upset by the discords of war, and made ugly by confusion, it is our duty, in order to avert these dangers to soul, body, and property, to tread the path of peace and bring discordant members back to unity, lest they wrongfully rend, attack, and harm one another." He therefore sent Cardinal

Matteo d' Acquasparta back again; but the Neri, now raised to power by Prince Charles, were as deaf to his commands as the Bianchi had been. They refused to divide the offices with a beaten foe, and the discomfited cardinal again withdrew, and again put the city under interdict. The Neri proceeded with the proscription of their enemies. On January 27, 1302, sentence was passed against Dante Alighieri and four others, all Bianchi and opponents of the Pope's policy. Dante was accused of fraud and corruption both in office and out. The real offence, covered up by some makeweight charges, was that of having resisted the Pope and Prince Charles. All five were away from the city; probably they had anticipated their danger and escaped. On March 10, a further sentence condemned these men and others to be burned to death should they be caught. Other persecutions followed; more than six hundred of the Bianchi were banished, their goods confiscated, and their houses burned. The city — "having cast out the best part of thy flowers from thy breast, O Florence" — was now wholly in the power of the Neri; and Prince Charles, his object attained, dreaming idle dreams of conquering Sicily and the Greek Empire, with his purse full of gold, and with *peccato ed onta,* sin and shame, took his departure.

There is no doubt that the charges against Dante were trumped up for political reasons; he had always opposed Pope Boniface and his plans to get possession of the city, and therefore he was accused of fraud. Giovanni Villani says: "Dante was one of the chief magistrates of our city, and was of the

White party and a Guelf withal; and on that account, without any other fault, together with the said Whites he was driven out and banished from Florence." Dino Compagni also speaks of Dante's condemnation, with that of many Ghibellines, as purely political. Dante himself says: —

> L'esilio, che m'è dato, onor mi tegno,
>
> The exile, that has been given me, I hold an honour.

Among the consequences of the Pope's interference were these: that the banished Whites were driven to make common cause with the Ghibellines; that Dante Alighieri from that time forth was an exile from his dear native city; and that Boniface suffers eternal dishonour in the *Divine Comedy*. But even Dante's indignation pales before the punishment that was meted out to this headstrong old man by the avenging power that punishes those who do great wrong, commit acts of folly, or, whether through blunders or ignorance, fail to read the writing upon the wall.

CHAPTER XIX

THE OUTRAGE AT ANAGNI

La Chiesa di Roma,
per confondere in sè due reggimenti,
cade nel fango, e sè brutta e la soma.
Purg., XVI, 127–29.

The Church of Rome,
For confounding two jurisdictions in herself
Falls in the mud, and befouls both herself and her burden.

In Italian affairs all had gone pretty well with Boniface. Romagna had quieted down under the soothing hand of Cardinal Acquasparta; Florence had been handed over to the Pope's friends, the Neri; the Colonna had been crushed. The politics of Italy were matters with which the Papacy, through its prestige, its riches, its ecclesiastical influence, its ability to play one faction off against another, could cope with success. The politics of Europe were on a different scale; in that field the resources of the Papacy might well prove ineffectual, and Boniface's character and qualities less of an advantage than a detriment.

Boniface was a creature of the papal system; all his life he had fed upon the ideas that prevailed in the papal chancery. He was in a way highly educated, but his education had been as narrow as if it had been in a nunnery; and though he had been on embassies to England, France, and Germany, he had learned no more of the fermenting world than if he had never left the precincts of the Lateran Palace. The canon law was his undoing. Bred wholly upon the law, he believed that the theory of ecclesiastical government constructed by canon lawyers was the fundamental substance of the Europe in which he lived; he trod upon their assumptions and deductions as if they were the firm earth beneath his feet. Unsuspicious of any change since the days of Innocent III, he fancied that he had succeeded to that great Pope's prerogatives and powers. The world about him looked like the world that had obeyed Innocent. Naples, Aragon, and England were still vassal states. Latium, Umbria, the March of Ancona, and Romagna were more firmly established under pontifical jurisdiction than in Innocent's day. The Empire no longer attempted to assert a secular supremacy over the Papacy; on the contrary, it meekly acknowledged its inferiority. The canon law, enlarged by the decretals of Gregory IX and by his own, was more fully developed, more thoroughly studied, and more firmly established, than it had been three generations earlier. But the outward sameness that met the eye covered far-reaching changes within.

The Holy Roman Empire continued merely in name; its real existence had ceased. The nations of Europe had become more conscious of nationality. The civil law was busy arranging temporal affairs by temporal means. But the change that had been taking place between the pontificates of Innocent III and Boniface VIII is not to be measured by alteration in the world of politics, nor by the growing power of the civil law, but by the change in the state of men's minds. Wealth had been increasing fast all through the century, and wealth had given men new interests and new curiosities; it had turned their thoughts to material concerns. Poverty, insecurity, ignorance, had kept men superstitious, and as they grew in wealth, security, and knowledge, they became less superstitious and also less interested in religion and things ecclesiastical. Wealth was not the only dissolvant of the old order; reason, cultivated by the civil lawyers and the religious philosophers, had not confined itself to law and religious philosophy; it had affected educated society; it had not only encouraged the processes of reasoning in independent minds like Dante's against the pretensions of the Church, in skeptical minds like Cavalcanti's against religious dogmas, or in inquisitive minds like Boncompagno's against old ways of doing things; but, much more than that, it had shifted, imperceptibly to themselves, the whole mental attitude of men towards life. It was felt, dimly but strongly, that religion, and especially ecclesiastical religion, ought not to dominate the whole of life, that it had its province, its boundaries, and that secular interests could claim, if not equal, at least subordinate provinces for themselves. So, like changes in the terrestrial atmosphere, the intellectual atmosphere changed, and Boniface was left in a world which he did not realize. Nevertheless his glory, his title to the epithet "magnanimous" which the historians give him, is that he refused, with the whole strength of his passionate heart, to accept these changes, that he, however imperfectly, however unworthily, and with whatever unspiritual motives, endeavoured to judge the world, its kings, and its princes, as Innocent the Great had done, and to act as the vice-regent of God on earth.

The awakening came to Boniface in dealing with the King of France. The French monarchy had been steadily gaining in solidity; Philippe Auguste, by his shrewd cunning, St. Louis, in spite of his noble fanaticism, had increased the royal power. St. Louis's son, Philippe III le Hardi, had not been a man of political capacity, yet during his reign the monarchy continued to advance in power faster than before. The government was less in the hands of the King than of a group of lawyers who, bred upon the civil law, pursued with singleness of aim the exaltation of the royal power at the expense of the feudal nobles and of the Church.

Boniface's quarrel with the Florentine Bianchi arose out of covetousness, that with the Colonna out of pride and bad temper on both sides, but his quarrel with the French monarchy sprung from the fundamental antagonism between the civil and the ecclesiastical conceptions of society. Their controversy was the inevitable clash between any two powers, joint owners of a kingdom or a patch of land, seized (as lawyers say) *per mie and per tout* of one domain, where each would rule alone. The French Monarchy wished to be sole master in its own house; the Pope had no mind to be pushed aside as a mere shepherd of souls. History, which usually reports the progress of change in human society in a matter-of-fact, monotonous log, here breaks suddenly into a romantic mood, slaps on her colours like young Delacroix, and on a garish page writes down, in an incident that no man can forget, the result of Time's slow-moving steps during the three generations that had passed since the great Lateran Council under Innocent III.

The quarrel between the King of France, Philippe le Bel, and Boniface is the old quarrel that set King Henry II against Thomas Becket, and the Emperor Henry IV against Hildebrand. This time the breach arose over a question of taxation. Boniface's bulls expound more clearly than ever the old doctrines of ecclesiastical rights, laid down by Hildebrand, but to us who have the close of Boniface's reign in our minds, they squeak and gibber like ghostly things. Philippe le Bel taxed the French clergy. Boniface published the bull *Clericis Laicos:* "Towards the Clergy the laity wax hostile, so it was of old (tradition says), and the experience of present times makes it manifest, since not content within their own boundaries they struggle towards forbidden things: they let loose the reins for what is unlawful, and do not mark, as would be prudent, that power over the clergy, over persons or property ecclesiastical, is prohibited to them. Upon the prelates of churches, upon churches, upon persons ecclesiastical both regular and secular, they lay heavy burdens. We, therefore, in order to prevent these wicked doings, with the advice of our brethren and of our apostolic authority, do decree that Emperors, Kings, Princes, Dukes, Counts, Barons, Podestàs, Captains, or Rectors, or whoever else, whatever his rank, condition or station, shall impose, exact, or receive any such taxes, or arrest, seize, or presume to take, or give command to take, property of churches deposited in sacred places, or of ecclesiastical persons anywhere and all who shall in these matters aforesaid knowingly give aid, counsel, or favour, publicly or privily, shall by the very act incur the sentence of excommunication."

This was no new doctrine. The Third Lateran Council (1179) had imposed ecclesiastical censures upon laymen who should tax Church property; the Fourth Lateran Council (1215) had confirmed the enactment, and forbidden that any subsidies should be taken from churches even in cases of necessity without papal license. But in those days the Church was like a teacher in his prime directing a boy what to do; now the Church, having passed the meridian of its strength, wished to maintain the same control over a youth conscious of his arrival at manhood. It made little difference what the matters in question might be, the Constitutions of Clarendon in England, the rights of investiture in Germany, or the taxation of Church property in France; the civil and ecclesiastical conceptions of society are doomed to conflict until finally, as in our own country, the division between things secular and things ecclesiastical shall be definitely made. The secular spirit was embodied in the lawyers who stood about the French throne; counselled by them Philippe le Bel forbade the export of money from the kingdom. This act was aimed at the offerings and revenues sent to

Rome. It was a palpable hit; the Pope, fully occupied at home with the Colonna and the Sicilian Ghibellines, gave way and virtually retracted his words. But the quarrel was soon renewed. The King exercised high-handed authority over ecclesiastical persons and property; in especial he, or rather his counsellors, made a savage attack upon a bishop of Languedoc, took him from his see, and charged him with all sorts of crimes. Boniface was unable to brook this insolence; he espoused the bishop's cause, and issued the bull, "*Ausculta fili*, Hearken my Son," which rebuked the King, asserted that the Pope had received from God power over kings and kingdoms, "to root out and to pull down, to build and to plant," and bade the French prelates come to a council in Rome, at which the King's conduct would be investigated. The bull was audacious, and the French lawyers of the King's court made the most of it; they made more than truth warranted, for a false document purporting to come from the Pope was cried about, and stories spread that he asserted supreme sovereignty over the kingdom. At a great assembly of nobles, clergy, and burgesses, held in Notre Dame de Paris, the King's lawyers asserted the absolute independence of the French monarchy. The nobles answered that they would support the King, come life, come death; the burgesses assented. The clergy, who halted between two contrary commands not knowing what to do, were forbidden to go to Rome. In brief, the French monarchy defied the Pope.

The old Pope, at bay, drew himself up despite his eighty-six years, and, undaunted by the dangers before him, proclaimed to the young world of new ideas, and of a secular acceptation of life, the old political creed, which Hildebrand had formulated and Innocent III enforced, and which, in his studious youth, he had learned as a commonplace of the canon law. It was the last great utterance of the mediæval Church: "Unam Sanctam — One Holy Church, Catholic and Apostolic, by the compulsion of Faith, we are obliged to hold and to believe in, and we firmly believe in her, and unfeignedly acknowledge our belief; outside of her there is no safety, nor remission of sins, as the Bride in the Song of Songs proclaims: 'One alone is my dove, my perfect one, one alone is the elect of her mother.' One was the ark of Noah in the time of the flood, prefiguring one Church, which had one helmsman and captain, Noah; and outside of it, as we read, all living things upon the earth were destroyed. Therefore of the Church, one, and one only, there is one body, and one head (not two heads like a monster), who is Christ, and the vicar of Christ, Peter, and the successor of Peter. And in his power, as we are taught by the Gospels, there are two swords, to wit, the spiritual and the temporal. Each sword is in the power of the Church, both the spiritual sword and the material sword, the former is to be used by the Church, but the latter on behalf of the Church, the former by the hand of the priest, the latter by the hand of kings and soldiers, but at the will and discretion of the priest. And it is necessary that one sword be under the other sword, that the temporal authority be subjected to the spiritual power. For, by the witness of the Bible, it is for the spiritual power to institute earthly power and to judge it, if it be not good. If earthly power errs, it shall be judged by the spiritual power; and if a lesser spiritual power shall err, it shall be judged by its superior; but if the supreme spiritual power shall err it shall be judged by God only, not by man, according to the Apostle: 'He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man.' And this authority, although it is given to man and exercised by man, is not human but rather a divine power, given by God's word to Peter, to him and to his successors in Christ; for God said to Peter: 'Whatsoever thou shalt bind, etc.' Whosoever therefore resists this power so ordained by God, resists the ordination of God. Therefore we declare, assert, and definitely pronounce that it is necessary to the salvation of every human being to be subject to the Roman Pontiff. Dated, the Lateran, the 18th day of November, in our eighth year (1302)."

King Philip dramatically arrayed on his side the new forces of national life. To the ecclesiastical council of the Church he opposed a second assemblage of the notables of France. They met in the palace of the Louvre and declared loudly for the King. But angry passions had gone too far to rest content with resolutions of independence and denunciations of usurping popery. Sciarra and Stephen Colonna had fled to France, burning for revenge. Stephen was a man of high temper but of noble character; Sciarra was a sort of border ruffian, fierce and vindictive, a fit instrument for the plot spun by Guillaume de Nogaret and others of the King's counsellors. The plan was to lay violent hands upon the Pope and bring him to Lyons to be tried, condemned, and deposed. There were more than enough both in France and Italy ready to take part; Boniface had made many enemies, and gold raised up many more. All worked together: the French King and his minions; the house of Colonna, their retainers and dependants; more than half the barons of the Roman Campagna, dispossessed of their estates, and jealous of the sudden elevation of the Gaetani to complete pre-eminence; the chief men of Anagni, who in pride and place had been rudely jostled by Boniface; and, at the last, even members of the college of cardinals.

The Pope had decided to pronounce the excommunication of King Philip on September 8 in the cathedral of Anagni, on the very spot where Alexander III had excommunicated Frederick Barbarossa, and Gregory IX the second Frederick. In the early morning of Saturday, the day previous to the date fixed for the excommunication, the conspirators without marched to the city gate and were admitted by the conspirators within. There were six hundred horse and about a thousand foot. They marched in, crying, "Hurrah for King Philip," "Death to the Pope." The militia of the town, under the captaincy of one of the barons of the Campagna, at once made common cause with the invaders. The cathedral stands at the north end of the town; the episcopal palace adjoined the cathedral and connected with it; hard-by were the houses of the Pope's nephew, Count Pietro Gaetani, of the Count's son, and of three loyal cardinals. This quarter held by the Pope's friends is at the top of the hill and, if one may indulge in conjecture, probably embraced that whole end of the town; it was protected on three sides by the city walls; as it was impossible to storm these mighty walls, the assailants were obliged to fight their way through the city, up the steep street that ran along the ridge of the hill. Their numbers were overwhelming. The houses were carried, and only the inner citadel of palace and cathedral was left. At the Pope's request, a truce was had. The Pope tried to detach the men of Anagni from the invaders by large promises, and offered to make amends to the Colonna for any wrong he might have done them, — in vain; Sciarra Colonna demanded not merely that the house of Colonna be restored to its own in both temporal and spiritual things, but also that Boniface resign the Papacy. The Pope refused the terms; and the battle was renewed. This time the assailants attacked the cathedral. Immediately in front of the façade they were probably safe from missiles. There they set fire to the doors and burst their way in; some of the defenders were killed, others surrendered. Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna forced their way into the palace. It was nearly night. The Pope prepared himself. He said to the two faithful cardinals with him: "Since now I am taken by treachery, as happened to Christ, and given into the hands of my enemies to be put to death, I will die like a Pope." He set his crown on his head, his pontifical mantle on his shoulders, took the keys and a cross in his hands, and seated himself on his throne. The rabble burst into the room. Nogaret cried out that they would carry him in chains to Lyons and have a council degrade him; Boniface replied: "Here is my head, here is my neck; I am Catholic, I am the lawful Pope, I, vicar of Christ, will gladly endure deposition and condemnation from heretics. I thirst to die for the faith of Christ and for the Church." Sciarra would have killed him on the spot, but Nogaret held his hand. The Pope's life was spared, but he was put under guard; and the freebooters sacked the palace and the cathedral.

> Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordaliso,
> e nel vicario suo Cristo esser catto.
> Veggiolo un' altra volta esser deriso;
> veggio rinnovellar l' aceto e il fele,
> e tra vivi ladroni esser anciso.
> (*Purg.* xx, 86–90.)

> I see into Anagni go the flower-de-luce,
> And in His vicar Christ made prisoner.
> A second time I see Him mocked;
> I see renewed the vinegar and gall,
> And between living thieves I see Him crucified.

The Pope was held a prisoner, while Sciarra and Nogaret disputed whether they should kill him or carry him to Lyons; and for two days everything was in doubt. Meantime the pillagers, having looted to heart's content and caring little for the wrongs done to the Colonna or the prerogatives of the French King, scattered with their booty. By Monday the townsfolk had undergone a revulsion of feeling; the women were touched by the old man's sufferings and dreaded the thought of further sacrilege, calmer heads had a chance to give counsel, many were frightened lest Sciarra should murder the Pope and the town be held responsible; so that, when Cardinal Fieschi, hurrying from Rome, rode through the town calling on the people to rescue the Pope, they rushed to arms and put Sciarra and his guard to rout. The poor old Pope, quite exhausted, was taken to the piazza where he addressed his rescuers, weeping: "Good people, you see how my enemies have come and taken away my property and that of the Church, and have left me poor as Job. I have had nothing to eat or drink; if any good woman will give me a little bread and wine for charity, or if not wine a little water, I will give her God's blessing and mine. And I will absolve from their sins and from punishment all who shall bring something to help me." The crowd shouted, "Live the Holy Father," and all the women ran to fetch bread and wine to the Pope's palace. It was well for Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna that they had escaped.

In a few days the Pope returned to Rome and lodged in the Vatican Palace. All was in frightful disorder; there was no law either within the city or without; banditti infested the Campagna so that it was not safe for a traveller to leave the city, even with an escort of sixty men. The Orsini, who had espoused the Pope's cause, less from love of him than from enmity to the Colonna, guarded the Vatican. Boniface was virtually their prisoner. He brooded over plans of revenge, of a general council, of laying his wrongs before an indignant Church; but nature in him could not long endure the strain to which it had been subjected. His mind gave way and harboured fearful apprehensions of further injury; he lived less than a month, but at his death his reason was sufficiently clear for him to make profession of the Roman Catholic Faith in the presence of several cardinals. His body was buried in a crypt of the Vatican.

The outrage at Anagni, soon to be followed by the captivity at Avignon, marks the end of the mediæval Papacy.

CHAPTER XX

EPILOGUE

> What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play. — *As You Like It.*

Now that we have come to the early years of the fourteenth century, we find a great change in our *dramatis personæ;* the two chief actors of our pages have left the stage.

The mediæval Empire virtually ended with the death of Frederick II. It will never again, as before, exercise imperial authority in Italy. Even in its most flourishing days it accomplished little good or none, except as prop and protector to the Church. When the political prestige of ancient Rome faded in the dawn of the modern world, there was no further excuse for the make-believe Empire. The imperial idea of re-establishing the *Pax Romana* throughout Europe was a mere fantasy. In the reign of Frederick II the power of the Empire in Italy depended upon the resources of The Kingdom; deprived of those resources it could effect nothing. The papal anti-emperors, put up by Innocent IV, and the subsequent claimants, Richard of Cornwall and Alphonso of Castile, could not pretend to a shadow of authority in Italy. Rudolph of Habsburg, though recognized by the Popes, did nothing there but confirm the papal claims to the provinces of central Italy. After his election he never crossed the Alps; neither did his successors, Adolph of Nassau (1292–1298) and Albert of Habsburg (1298–1308). Dreamers like Dante might desire these German Emperors to establish their authority in Italy (*Purg.* vi, 97–98), —

> O Alberto Tedesco, che abbandoni
> costei ch' è fatta indomita e selvaggia;
>
> O German Albert, why dost thou abandon
> Her who has become uncontrolled and wild; —

but the burghers of the trading cities did not share Dante's views.

The mediæval Papacy perished immediately after it proclaimed its own undiminished powers. It had descended into the political arena in order to conquer the Empire, and there in its turn had been conquered. Nevertheless, it had served an important function. During the dark ages, in which the young nations of the modern world were emerging from the barbarism that followed the fall of the Roman Empire, the Papacy had maintained the Christian unity of Europe; and its common sense had saved Europe from various fanatical heresies. But it had shown itself ready to sacrifice religion to ambition, and thereby lost the sympathies of Christendom. Boniface VIII put the papal power to the test; and in consequence the Papacy was taken captive to the banks of the Rhone and installed at Avignon (1309), leaving the Eternal City desolate.

With these two dominating powers out of the way, the kingdoms and principalities of Italy assume the rôles that they are to play during the coming century. The Kingdom is split in two; the House of Anjou remains on the throne of Naples, and the House of Aragon, descended from Manfred, on that of Sicily. Florence is becoming more than ever the *Donna di Toscana;* Venice begins to cast covetous eyes on the mainland and to scheme how she shall convert the March of Treviso into the province of Venetia; Milan, under the rule of the Visconti, reaches out to be mistress of Lombardy; the Scaligeri seat themselves firmly in Verona; the House of Este has brought Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio under its dominion; the marquises of Montferrat nurse their title to their lost kingdom in the East; the counts of Savoy, from their Alpine heights, dream of a greater future; Bologna maintains the high renown of her university, and the cities of Romagna quarrel in reckless disregard of their absent suzerain.

In the world of art we leave Dante, Giotto, Giovanni Pisano still mounting higher, like eagles, in the plenitude of their strength. Many lesser men are also at work building up Italian renown. In Siena, Duccio is painting his masterpieces; in Florence, Francesco da Barberino, Dino Compagni, and Giovanni Villani help make Tuscan the most courtly of all Italian idioms. In Venice, Marco Polo, in Padua, Mussato, in Bologna, the gentleman-farmer, Pier de' Crescenzi, and the professor of poetry, Giovanni del Virgilio, are winning permanent reputations in literature. In Arezzo, a Florentine mother, whose husband was banished at the same time with Dante, hushes the cries of her baby, who one day shall write sonnets that, take them for all in all, are the most perfect ever written.

We leave these harvests to ripen. And as we leave, we ask ourselves what it is in especial that we owe to Italy of the thirteenth century? The career of Innocent III was a very great career. There is none to compare with it from the time of Charlemagne to that of Napoleon. But his administrative genius made the Church so solid that it could not serve the needs of future generations, who needed flexibility instead of solidity; and the means he took to give reality to his ideal, of a world obedient to God, were such that the world has rejected both the means and the ideal itself. Frederick II, however wonderful he appeared to monks in England, such as Matthew Paris, who were pleased to have the Roman Curia undergo what they regarded as a just measure of persecution, appears upon closer view to have been a self-indulgent despot, enamoured of oriental usages, who, if he had had his way, would have led the world quite as much backward as forward. Charles of Anjou has left the memory of an ambitious, self-righteous, puritan, who, though he may be put into the same category with Oliver Cromwell, does not seem to have left the world better off because he lived in it. Lesser characters, though they have a marked individuality, Bro. Elias, Ezzelino da Romano, Jacopone da Todi, affect us less than characters in a play.

And if, in order to determine what Italy has done for us, we turn from the conspicuous historical figures and consider the works of art which the century produced, we find the basilica at Assisi, the cathedral at Siena, the church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence, and town halls of dignity and beauty scattered all about; we have Cavallini's Last Judgment in Santa Cecilia, Cimabue's Crucifixion in the upper church at Assisi, and Giotto's pictures of Bonaventura's Life of St. Francis; we have Niccola Pisano's, pulpits at Pisa and Siena, Giovanni's at Pistoia; there are the *Stabat Mater*, Cavalcanti's ballate, and Cino's sonnets. But other centuries in Italy can rival or surpass any of these. No, the great gifts of thirteenth-century Italy to the world are to be found elsewhere. They are the ideals which St. Francis of Assisi and young Dante Alighieri of Florence held up in word and deed.

Our world is very different from their world, in its outward aspect, its social constitution, its sum of knowledge, its modes of life, but in spite of these differences men remain very much as they were; and St. Francis and Dante owe their immense fame to-day, not to the services that they rendered to their own times but to the service that they render to ours. St. Francis conceived of deity in forms that are not the forms under which deity appears to most of us to-day, but his passionate belief that material things — luxuries, possessions — hide a meaning and a glory in the world that otherwise would be visible, strengthens our hope that there may be something higher and holier than is revealed by worldly success. The *Divine Comedy* belongs to the fourteenth century; but young Dante by his conviction of the divine revelation in the maiden passion for a maid, with its yearnings for what is holy, its scorn for what is base, its courtesy, its tenderness, and by the fulfilment of his high resolve to transmute his passion into a monument that should reveal to man the noble seriousness of life, also bears his witness to the reality of a divine presence in this world. Through these two men, Italy of the thirteenth century has given us a part of the best that we possess.

THE END

APPENDIX

APPENDIX A

CHRONOLOGY

1176. Defeat of Frederick Barbarossa by the Lombard League, at Legnano.
1182 or 1181. Birth of St. Francis (1182–1226).
1183. Peace of Constance, between Frederick Barbarossa and the Lombard League.
1186. Marriage of Prince Henry (VI) to Constance, heiress of Kingdom of Sicily.
1187. *Capture of Jerusalem by Saladin.*
1190. Death of Frederick Barbarossa.
1190–97. Reign of Emperor Henry VI.
1194. Birth of Frederick II (d. 1250).
" Birth of Ezzelino III da Romano (d. 1259).
1197. Death of Emperor Henry VI.
1198–1216. **Pontificate of Innocent III**, Lothario dei Conti, elected Jan. 8.
1198. Philip Hohenstaufen and Otto of Brunswick, rival claimants for the Empire.
" Death of the Empress Constance, widow of Henry VI.
1199. *Death of King Richard Cœur de Lion.*
1199–1216. *Reign of King John of England.*
1200 ? Birth of Sordello, the poet (d. 1270 ?).
1201. Fourth Crusade, agreement between the French barons and the Venetians.
1202. Death of Abbot Joachim.
1204. Fourth Crusade, French and Venetians capture Constantinople, Latin Empire established, Baldwin Emperor.
1205 ?–1240 ? Rome, cloisters of St. Paul's outside the walls, the Vassalletti architects, probably.
1208. Innocent III consecrates Gothic church at Fossanova.
" Murder of Philip Hohenstaufen.

1209. Otto IV crowned Emperor by Innocent III.
" Marriage of Frederick (II) to Constance of Aragon.
1210. Innocent III verbally sanctions the Franciscan Order.
" Quarrel between Innocent III and Otto IV.
" Innocent III excommunicates Otto IV, Nov. 18.
1212. Frederick (II) goes to Germany.
1214. Battle of Bouvines, defeat of Otto IV, July 27.
1215. Frederick II crowned King of the Romans at Aachen, July 25, and takes the cross.
" *King John grants Magna Charta.*
" Florence, murder of Buondelmonte, Easter day (or, according to R. Davidsohn, Easter Monday, 1216).
" Fourth Lateran Council.
" Azzo VII becomes Marquis of Este (d. 1264).
1215?–1232? Rome, cloisters of St. John Lateran, the Vassalletti, architects and sculptors.
1216. Death of Pope Innocent III, July 16.
1216–1272. *Reign of Henry III, King of England.*
1216–1227. **Pontificate of Honorius III**, Cencius Savelli, elected July 18.
1217. Honorius III consecrates Gothic church at Casamari, Sept. 17.
1220. Frederick II crowned Emperor by Honorius III, Nov. 22.
1221. Death of St. Dominic at Bologna, Aug. 6.
" Birth of St. Bonaventura (d. 1274). Birth of Bro. Salimbene (d. 1287?).
1222. Padua, University founded.
1223. *Death of Philippe Auguste, King of France.*
1223–1226. *Reign of Louis VIII, King of France.*
1224. Naples, University founded.
1225. Frederick II pledges himself to start on crusade in August, 1227; marries Iolanthe of Brienne.
" Birth of St. Thomas Aquinas (d. 1274). Birth of King Enzio (d. 1272).
1225?–1266? Sicilian School of Poetry — Jacopo da Lentino, Rinaldo d' Aquino, Guido delle Colonne, Emperor Frederick II, King Enzio, Pier della Vigna, et al.
1226–1270. *Reign of Louis IX, St. Louis, King of France.*
1226. Birth of Charles of Anjou (d. 1285).

1226. Lombard League, renewed ; quarrel with Frederick II.
“ Imperial diet at Cremona foiled by the Lombard League.
“ Quarrel between Lombard League and Frederick II submitted to Honorius III.
“ Death of St. Francis, Oct. 4.
1227 ? Franciscan Order, Bro. Leo's *Speculum Perfectionis.*
1227–1232. Franciscan Order, John Parenti minister-general.
1227. Death of Honorius III, March 18.
1227–1241. **Pontificate of Gregory IX**, Ugolino dei Conti, elected March 19.
1227. Frederick II starts on crusade, and turns back.
“ Gregory IX excommunicates Frederick II, Sept. 29.
1228. Bologna, first democratic revolution.
“ Frederick II starts on crusade, June 28.
“ Francis of Assisi, canonized by Gregory IX, July 16.
“ Assisi, basilica of St. Francis begun, July 17.
“ Birth of Jacopone da Todi (d. 1306 ?) and Jacopo de Voragine (d. 1298).
1228–1230. Gregory IX and Frederick II at war.
1229. Frederick II obtains Jerusalem by treaty, and crowns himself King (March 18).
“ Franciscan Order, Thomas of Celano's First Life of St. Francis.
1230. Peace of San Germano, between Gregory IX and Frederick II, July 23.
1231. Frederick publishes Code of Laws for The Kingdom.
“ Further differences between Lombard League and Frederick II ; Imperial diet at Ravenna foiled by the League.
1232. Birth of Manfred (d. 1266).
“ Anthony of Padua, canonized by Gregory IX.
1232–1239. Franciscan Order, Bro. Elias minister-general.
1233. Alleluia year, Bro. John of Vicenza and other revivalists.
1233 ? Death of Benedetto Antelami, sculptor.
1233 ? Lucca, Guidetto da Como, sculptor, at work on statue of St. Martin, façade of cathedral.
1235. Subiaco, Cosmati at work on cloister of Santa Scolastica.
1236. Bologna, church of San Francesco begun.
“ Frederick II makes war on the Lombard League.
1237. Ezzelino da Romano secures dominion of Padua.

1237. Battle of Corte Nuova, Frederick II defeats the League, Nov. 27.

1239. Gregory IX again excommunicates Frederick II, March 20.

" Franciscan Order, Bro. Elias deposed from office of minister-general.

1240. Ferrara, captured by the party of the Church.

" Rome, Frederick II makes vain attempt to capture the city.

1241. Ecclesiastical Council at Rome foiled by Emperor, prelates captured by his fleet.

" Death of Gregory IX, Aug. 22.

" **Pontificate of Celestine IV**, elected Oct. 25 (d. Nov. 10).

1243–1254. **Pontificate of Innocent IV**, Sinibaldo dei Fieschi, elected June 25.

1244. Flight of Innocent IV to Lyons.

1245. Council of Lyons, deposition of Frederick II.

" Siena, cathedral, begun (or perhaps, earlier).

1246. Franciscan Order, Life of St. Francis by the Three Companions.

" Empire, Henry Raspe set up as anti-emperor (d. 1247).

1246–1247. Franciscan Order, Second Life of St. Francis by Thomas of Celano, in two parts.

1247. Empire, William of Holland set up as anti-emperor (d. 1256).

1247–1257. Franciscan Order, John of Parma minister-general.

1247. Parma revolts from the Emperor.

1248. Parma, defeat of Frederick II, Feb. 18.

" Florence, Ghibellines get possession of the city.

1249. Death of Pier della Vigna.

" Capture of King Enzio by the Bolognese.

1249–1250. *Disastrous crusade of St. Louis in Egypt.*

1250. Death of Frederick II, Dec. 13.

1251. Florence, Guelfs regain control, establish *Primo Popolo.*

1252. Innocent IV offers crown of Sicily to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who declines it.

" Florence, coinage of the gold florin.

1252–1284. *Reign of Alphonso X, El Sabio, King of Castile.*

1253. Innocent IV offers crown of Sicily to Charles of Anjou, who declines it.

1253. Death of Bro. Elias, April 22.
" Assisi, upper church of San Francesco consecrated by Innocent IV, May 25.
1253–1259. Parma, Ghiberto da Gente Podestà.
1254. Innocent IV offers crown of Sicily to Prince Edmund of England, on whose behalf it is accepted.
" Death of Conrad IV, King of the Romans, May 21.
" Innocent IV makes a treaty with Manfred, Sept. 27.
" Manfred's flight from Capua to Lucera.
" Death of Innocent IV, Dec. 7.
1254–1261. **Pontificate of Alexander IV**, Reginald dei Conti, elected Dec. 12.
1254–1292. William Longsword, Marquis of Montferrat.
1255. Franciscan Order, *The Eternal Evangile*, of Bro. Gerard of Borgo San Donnino, condemned by Pope Alexander IV.
" Assisi, Santa Chiara canonized by Alexander IV.
" Bologna; constitution amended, first captain of the People.
1256. Birth of Marco Polo (d. 1323).
" Franciscan Order, *De Periculis novissimorum Temporum*, by William of Saint Amour, condemned by Pope Alexander IV.
1256–1258. War between Genoa and Venice.
1257. Richard, Earl of Cornwall and Alphonso X, King of Castile elected respectively King of the Romans by rival factions in Germany.
" Franciscan Order, John of Parma forced to resign as minister-general.
1257–1274. Franciscan Order, Bonaventura minister-general.
1258. Florence, Ghibellines expelled by the Guelfs.
" Manfred crowned King of Sicily, Aug. 10.
1259? Florence, birth of Dino Compagni (d. 1324).
1259. Siena, nave of cathedral finished.
" Crusade against Ezzelino da Romano, his death Oct. 8 (?).
1260. Year assigned by Joachimites for the New Dispensation, Flagellants.
" Franciscan Order, chapter-general at Narbonne.
" Pisa, Niccola Pisano completes his pulpit in the baptistery.

1260. Battle of Montaperti, victory of Siena and her Ghibelline allies over Florence and the Guelfs, Sept. 4.

1260–1294. Intermediate poets — Guittone of Arezzo (d. 1294), Brunetto Latini (d. 1294), Chiaro Davanzati, Monti and others; Guido Guinizelli (1230?– 1275?).

1260? Birth of Duccio di Buoninsegna (d. 1319).

1261. Death of Pope Alexander IV, May 25.

1261–1264. **Pontificate of Urban IV**, Jacques Pantaléon, elected Aug. 29.

1261. Fall of Latin Kingdom of Constantinople (Baldwin II), re-establishment of the Greeks under Michael Palæologus.

1263. Urban IV offers crown of Sicily to Charles of Anjou, who accepts it.

" Franciscan Order, Life of St. Francis by Bonaventura approved by the Order.

1264–1293. Obizzo II, Marquis of Este.

1264. Death of Pope Urban IV, Oct. 2.

1265–1268. **Pontificate of Clement IV**, Gui le Gros Fulcodi, elected Feb. 5.

1265. Florence, birth of Dante Alighieri, May (?).

" Charles of Anjou arrives in Rome; becomes Senator, June 21.

1266. Charles of Anjou crowned King of Sicily, Jan. 6.

" Battle of Benevento, defeat of Manfred by Charles of Anjou, Feb. 26.

" Florence, birth of Beatrice Portinari, June (?).

1266? Florence, birth of Giotto in the Mugello (d. 1337).

1267. Rome, Don Arrigo of Castile, Senator.

" Corradino enters Italy to assert his claim to the Kingdom of Sicily.

1268. Battle of Tagliacozzo, defeat of Corradino by Charles of Anjou, Aug. 23.

" Naples, execution of Corradino, Oct. 29.

" Death of Clement IV, Nov. 29.

" Siena, Niccola Pisano completes pulpit.

1269. Siena, defeat and death of Provenzano Salvani.

1270. *Death of Louis IX, King of France, at Tunis.*

1270–1285. *Reign of Philippe III, le Hardi, King of France.*

1271. Viterbo, Gui de Montfort murders Prince Henry of Cornwall.

1271–1276. **Pontificate of Gregory X**, Tedaldo dei Visconti, elected Sept. 1.

1272. Rome, Cimabue there.

" Bologna, death of King Enzio, in prison, March 14.

" Death of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, April 2.

1272–1307. *Reign of Edward I, King of England.*

1273. Rudolph of Habsburg, elected Emperor, Sept. 29.

" Perugia, fountain begun by the Pisani.

1274. Second Council of Lyons; relations with Empire settled; Greek Church acknowledges supremacy of Roman See; election of Popes regulated.

" Death of Thomas Aquinas, March 7.

" Death of Bonaventura, July 15.

" Bologna, Lambertazzi (including Guido Guinizelli) expelled by the Geremei, June 24.

1275. Victory of Ghibellines of Romagna under Guido of Montefeltro over Guelfs of Bologna, April 24.

1276. Death of Gregory X, Jan. 10.

" **Pontificate of Innocent V**, Peter of Tarentaise, elected Jan. 21, died June 22.

" **Pontificate of Hadrian V**, Ottobuono dei Fieschi, elected July 11, died Aug. 18.

1276–1277. **Pontificate of John XXI**, Petrus Hispanus, elected Sept. 18.

1276–1285. *Reign of Pedro III, King of Aragon.*

1277. Milan, the Visconti supplant the Torriani, Jan. 22.

" Death of John XXI, May 20.

1277 ? Rome, Arnolfo di Cambio goes there.

1277–1280. **Pontificate of Nicholas III**, Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, elected Nov. 25.

1278 ? Death of Niccola Pisano.

1278. Rudolph cedes Romagna to the Papacy.

" Nicholas III makes a constitution for the city of Rome, July 18.

" Nicholas III obliges Charles of Anjou to resign as Senator, Sept. 16.

1279 ?–1289 ? Assisi, frescoes by Cimabue, Cavallini, et al.

1280. Florence, Cardinal Latino Malabranca attempts to reconcile Guelfs and Ghibellines.

" Death of Nicholas III, Aug. 22.

1281–1285. **Pontificate of Martin IV**, Simon de Brie, elected Feb. 22.

1282. Sicilian Vespers (March 30 or 31).

" Victory of Ghibellines in Romagna under Guido da Montefeltro over Papal troops at Forlì, May 1.

" King Pedro of Aragon, proclaimed King of Sicily on Aug. 30(?).

1283–1300. Poets of the *Dolce Stil Nuovo* — Guido Cavalcanti, Lapo Gianni, Cino da Pistoia, Dante Alighieri, et al.

1283. Romagna, Guido da Montefeltro submits to Pope.

1284. Defeat of Pisan fleet by Genoese off Meloria, Aug. 6.

1285. Death of Charles of Anjou, Jan. 7.

" Death of Pope Martin IV, March 28.

1285–1287. **Pontificate of Honorius IV**, Jacopo Savelli, elected April 2.

1285–1314. *Reign of Philippe IV, le Bel, King of France.*

1285–1309. Reign of Charles II, King of Two Sicilies (mainland only, in fact), crowned in 1289.

1285 ? Rimini, murder of Francesca and Paolo by Gianciotto Malatesta.

1287. Death of Pope Honorius IV, April 3.

1288–1292. **Pontificate of Nicholas IV**, Jerome of Ascoli, elected Feb. 22.

1289. Pisa, Ugolino dies in the Tower of Hunger, March.

" Florentine Guelfs defeat Ghibellines of Arezzo at Campaldino, Dante in the Florentine army, June 11.

1290. Florence, death of Dante's Beatrice, June 8.

1292–1296. Reign of Adolph of Nassau, Emperor elect.

1292. Death of Pope Nicholas IV, April 4.

1293. Florence, Giano della Bella heads popular party, Ordinances of Justice.

" Rome, Cavallini's frescoes in Santa Cecilia.

" Azzo VIII, Marquis of Este (d. 1308).

1294–1299. Venice at war with Genoa.

1294. Florence, Santa Croce begun and the cathedral decreed; Arnolfo di Cambio architect.

1294. Death of Fra Guittone and of Brunetto Latini.
" **Pontificate of Celestine V**, Pietro da Morrone, elected July 5, abdicated Dec. 13.
1294–1303. **Pontificate of Boniface VIII**, Benedetto Gaetani, elected Dec. 24.
1296. Death of Celestine V, May 19.
" Bull *Clericis Laicos*, against Philippe le Bel and Edward I, Feb. 24.
1296?–1304? Assisi, Giotto's frescoes at.
1297. Venice, closing the Great Council.
1297–1298. War between Boniface VIII and the Colonna.
1298. Death of Guido da Montefeltro.
" Florence, the Palazzo Vecchio begun; Arnolfo di Cambio architect.
1298–1308. Reign of Albert of Austria, son of Rudolph, Emperor elect.
1300. Papal Jubilee, institution of.
" Florence, quarrels of Whites and Blacks; Dante elected Prior, June 15–Aug. 15; banishment of Corso Donati and others; death of Guido Cavalcanti Aug. 28(?).
1301. Florence, Charles of Valois sent by Pope Boniface, Nov. 1.
1301–1303. Second quarrel of Pope Boniface and Philippe le Bel.
1301. Bull, *Ausculta Fili*, against Philippe le Bel, Dec. 5.
1302. Florence, sentence of exile upon Dante, Jan. 27; sentence of death, March 10.
" Bull *Unam Sanctam*, against Philippe le Bel, Nov. 18.
1303. Outrage at Anagni, Sept. 7–9.
" Death of Pope Boniface VIII, Oct. 11.
1303–1304. **Pontificate of Benedict XI**, Nicholas Boccasini, elected Oct. 22.
1304. Death of Benedict XI, July 7.
1305–1314. **Pontificate of Clement V**, Bertrand de Goth, elected June 5; crowned at Lyons, Nov. 14.
1309. Clement V establishes Papacy at Avignon.

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INDEX

INDEX

Aachen, I, 66, 69.
Accursius, the Elder, career of, I, 228–29; tomb of, 355.
Accursius, Francis, I, 229, 230; tomb of, 355.
Acquasparta, Matteo, Cardinal, Lax Franciscan, II, 264; and Florence, 328, 331.
Adelasia, I, 263, 330.
Adolf of Nassau, Emperor elect, II, 328, 348.
Aimeric de Pehulgan, I, 14, 136.
Alberic da Romano, I, 252.
Alberich, rhetorician, I, 222.
Albert, Bro., I, 306.
Albert of Habsburg, Emperor elect, II, 328, 348.
Albertano, I, 221–22.
Albigensian crusade, I, 14.
Aldobrandeschi, the, I, 424.
Alessandria, I, 142, 180; II, 166, 169.
Alexander III, Pope; and Barbarossa, I, 7, 285.
Alexander IV, Pope, I, 285, 301; and *The Eternal Evangile*, 383–86; 398; crusade against Ezzelino, 402; 440; II, 35; situation at death of, 37; 124.
Alighieri, Dante. *See* Dante.
Al Malik al Kámil, Soldan of Cairo, I, 126.
Alphonso, King of Castile, I, 440; II, 12, 39, 82, 83; family marriages, 169.
Ambrogio, Sant', church of, I, 171; description of, 182–83; 274.
Ambrose, St., I, 7, 171, 182–84.
Amidei, the, I, 427–28.
Anagni, I, 12, 123; art in, 285–86; Cosmati, 297; Vassalletti, 299; crypt, 349; outrage upon Boniface VIII, II, 333–46.
Ancher, Cardinal, II, 241; tomb of, 243.
Ancona, city of, I, 3, 239.
Ancona, march of, I, 10, 63, 113, 128, 142, 240.
Angelo, Bro., I, 84, 88, 363, 367.
Anibaldi, the, I, 290.
Anibaldi, Riccardo, Cardinal, II, 66, 77, 92, 93.
Ansedisius, I, 255–56, 400.
Anthony, St., of Padua, church of, I, 355; career of, 356–57; 363, 369.
Antichrist, I, 39, 47, 120, 255.
Apocalypse, the, I, 25, 39; Joachim's study of, 41, 45–46; 97, 122, 141.
Apulia, I, 10, 142; poets of, 151–52; 164, 230, 263, 274, 340.
Apulians, the, I, 240.
Aquinas, St. Thomas. *See* Thomas, etc.
Arbia, river, I, 438–39.
Arezzo, I, 142, 210, 411; description of, 412–14.
Arezzo, Bishop of, murdered, I, 333–34.
Aristotle, I, 82, 101; studied, by Frederick II, 133–34; 221, 224; newly discovered treatises of, II, 106.
Arithmetic, I, 224–25.
Arnaut, Daniel, I, 135–36.
Arno, river, described by Dante, I, 411.
Arnolfo di Cambio, I, 352; II, 189, 228, 229; career as sculptor and decorator, 238–42.
Arrigo, Don, Senator, II, 63–64, 65; imprisonment, 66.
Arrigo Testa, I, 150–51; defeat at Parma, 321–22; 325.
Ars Dictaminis, I, 231, 235, 242–43.
Ars Loquendi et Tacendi, 221.
Art. *See* Painting, Sculpture, Mosaic, Fresco.
Art, Benedictine, I, 275–76, 286.
Art, Byzantine, history of, I, 271–75; 277, 283, 286–87.
Art, early, I, 268–77.
Art, Roman, mediæval, I, 272–73; 275, 277, 286–87; decorative, 292–99.
Arts, the decorative, I, 289–301.

Asinelli, tower, I, 174, 192.

Assisi, I, 20, 51, 79, 80, 83–84, 147; basilica in, 346–49, 350; frescoes at, II, 262–75; Franciscan chapter-general at, 264.

Assisi, Bishop of, I, 85,88.

Asti, I, 135, 341.

Astronomy, I, 224–25.

Ausculta Fili, papal bull, II, 339.

Averroës, I, 101, 132.

Avignon, I, 132, 136.

Aymon, Bro., I, 365–66.

Azo, jurist, I, 228.

Azzo VI, Marquis of Este, I, 186; his career, 248–50; 251.

Azzo VII, Marquis of Este, I, 250; takes Ferrara, 250; 259, 261, 323; campaign against Ezzelino, 404–05; employs painter, II, 25.

Azzo VIII, II, 164.

Babylon. *See* Cairo.

Baldwin, Count of Flanders, II, 31; Emperor of Constantinople, 33.

Baldwin II, Emperor of Constantinople, I, 307.

Barbarossa. *See* Frederick I, Emperor.

Barberino, Francesco da, on Cimabue, II, 254–55, 349.

Barisano di Trani, I, 182.

Bassano, I, 249, 251.

Beatrice (Portinari), II, 113, 114, 115; 204; 278; Dante meets her, 284–85; her death, 292; ode on, 292–93.

Benedetto Antelami, II, 220–22, 229, 233.

Benedict, St., I, 281.

Benedictine monks, I, 275–76.

Benevento, I, 182.

Beno da Gozzadini, I, 197–98.

Bergamo, I, 180.

Berlingheri, Bonaventura, I, 284; II, 249.

Bernadone, Francis. *See* St. Francis.

Bernadone, Pier, I, 51, 81, 341.

Bernard, Bro., I, 88, 361.

Bernard, St., I, 19; founds monastery at Chiaravalle, 343.

Berthold of Hohenberg, I, 392, 394.

Bertran de Born, I, 135.

Bianca Lancia. *See* Lancia.

Bianchi, the, II, 282, 295, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332.

Bible, significance of, I, 17–18; its effect, 21–27; importance of, 38–39; 53, 65, 75–76; authority of, 97–98; 221,

Blacatz, I, 139, 140.

Bocca degli Abati, I, 439.

Boccaccio, quoted, II, 161.

Boëthius, I, 140; tomb of, 185; 217, 221, 224.

Bohemia, I, 4.

Bologna, I, 2, 82, 115, 142, 166, 168, 172, 175, 180; chapter on, 182–93; constitution of, 194–209; university of, 210–26; some professors at, 227–44; 259, 263; capture of Enzio, 330–32; 334; Franciscan Order in, 353–55; 361; poets of, II, 21–22; defeat of, by Guido da Montefeltro, 159; statue of Boniface VIII, 321.

Bologna, University of, I, 14, 54, 191, 193; chapter on, 210–26; some professors at, 227–44; Boncompagno's plans for, 232–33.

Bonagiunta of Lucca, II, 1–3, 18.

Bonanno da Pisa, I, 182, 415.

Bonaventura, St., I, 386; II, 104, 105, 107; chapter on, 117–29; opposed to ecclesiastical decoration, 263–64; place in literature, 298; life of St. Francis, 305–06.

Boncompagno, Magister, I, 223; his career, 231–42; 244.

Boniface VIII, Pope, Benedetto Gaetani, his early career, II, 145; his election, 146; and Celestine V, 146–48; against *Zelanti*, 265; and Jacopone da Todi, 317–18; his pontificate, 320–32; statues of, 321; affair with Colonna, 321–24; Jubilee, 325–26; and Florence, 327–32; outrage upon, at Anagni, 333–46; death, 346.

Bonvesin, treatise on manners, II, 198–99; quoted, 207.

Book of Sentences, by Peter Lombard, II, Bonaventura's commentary on, 118–21.

Borgo San Donnino, Benedetto Antelami's art at, II, 221.

Bouvines, battle of, I, 69.

Brancaleone, Senator, II, 194.

Braye, de, Cardinal, tomb of, II, 242–43, 244.

Brescia, I, 115, 166, 180, 259, 263, 403.

Brindisi, I, 122–23.
Brunetto, Latini, I, 210; on rhetoric, 220–21; on logic and the quadrivium, 223–25; II, 10–15, 183.
Buonaguida of Siena, I, 437–38.
Buonconte da Montefeltro, II, 186.
Buondelmonte, I, 427–29.
Buoso da Dovara (Duera, Doera, etc.), I, 404–05, 439; II, 54, 154.
Burgundy, I, 3, 5, 16, 343, 357.

Cacciaguida, II, 210.
Cæsar of Spires, I, 363–64.
Cahors, I, 126–27, 163.
Calabria, I, 11, 39, 40, 46, 274.
Calabrians, I, 240.
Campaldino, battle of, II, 185.
Cancellieri, Foccacia dei, II, 282–83.
Canon Law, I, 214–15, 227.
Canterbury, archbishopric of, I, 55–57.
Captain of the People, at Bologna, I, 206, 208; at Florence, 432.
Capua, I, 160.
Capulets, I, 168, 186.
Casamari, I, 282, 344–45.
Casentino, as seen by Dante, I, 411.
Catalano dei Catalani, II, 177–78.
Cathari, I, 75–77.
Cavalcanti, Cavalcante, I, 138.
Cavalcanti, Guido, I, 138, 160; betrothal of, II, 178; as poet, 276, 277–79, 280, 286, 287, 289, 290, 291, 292; banished, 295; his last poem, 295–96; death, 296; 329.
Cavallini, Pietro, at Rome, II, 257–59; at Assisi, 268–69.
Cecco, Angiolieri, II, 207, 289.
Celano. *See* Thomas of Celano.
Celestine III, Pope, I, 15.
Celestine IV, Pope, referred to, I, 267.
Celestine V, Pietro da Morrone, election and pontificate, II, 142–46; last days, 147–48; 317.
Cervia, II, 160.
Cesena, I, 324.
Charlemagne, I, 3, 7, 8, 64, 128, 340.
Charles of Anjou, I, 391; II, 37; his importance, 43; appearance and character, 43–45; ethics of conquest of Sicily, 46–48; bargain with Papacy, 48; preparations for invasion, 52; terms of bargain, 52–53; expedition into Italy, 53–55; crowned, 55–56; victory at Benevento, 56–57; consequences of, 58; career as King, 60–80; resigns Senatorship, 61; receives permission to reassume it, 62; victory of Tagliacozzo, 64–65; cruel punishments, 67; position of, after battle, 68; acquires crown of Jerusalem, 68; follows example of the Hohenstaufen, 69; profoundly Christian, 70; taxes, 71; advocates Philippe III of France for Emperor, 83; mentioned by Dante, 84; makes friends with Rudolph, 95; story of poisoning Thomas Aquinas, 116; reappointed Senator, 133; oppressive rule in Sicily, 136; challenges Pedro of Aragon, 138; death, 140; and Florence, 183–84; and Arnolfo, 238–39; built Gothic churches, 242; 350.
Charles II, King of Naples, II, 140; and Celestine V, 144.
Charles Martel, grandson of Charles of Anjou, betrothed, II, 95; 137, 144.
Charles of Valois, II, 140, 296; and Florence, 330–31.
Chiaravalle, near Ancona, I, 345; near Milan, 343.
Chiaro Davanzati, I, 436.
Cholet, Jean, Cardinal, II, 240.
Church, the, I, 5, 6; ideas of Innocent III on, 17; 18, 19; and the Bible, 25–26; its condition, 36–38, 48; its jurisdiction, 49–59; its political situation, 60–62; and religious unrest, 74, 76–79, 80; 82, 89, 98, 114, 117, 129, 140, 167, 178; and serfs, 207–08; and University of Bologna, 213; and Empire, 245, 336; and Lombardy, 247; and Frederick II, 261; and art, 274; ambition of, 290; position of, 316; attitude of, towards Conquest of The Kingdom, II, 50–51; need of principality, 94; and Emperor, 151.
Cicero, I, 4, 217, 219, 220, 222, 239.
Cielo dal Camo, I, 146, 149.
Cimabue, II, 253–56; at Assisi, 266–68.
Cino da Pistoia, II, 276, 282–84.
Cistercian monks, their monasteries, 343–44; 347, 351, 358.
Cîteaux, I, 16, 341, 343.

City, mediæval Italian, the, II, 193–96.
Civil law, I, 214; taught at Bologna, 227–29, 230.
Clairvaux, I, 343–44.
Clare, St., I, 90, 111.
Clement IV, Pope, Gui Fulcodi, II, 37, 41; his election and character, 49–50; letter to Manfred, 55; 72; difficulties before, 73; and Gothic style, 241; tomb of, 242.
Clericis Laicos, papal bull, II, 337–38.
Cluny, I, 16, 19, 26, 343.
Colonna, the, I, 290; favoured by Nicholas IV, II, 141; and Jacopone da Todi, 317–18; quarrel with Boniface, 321–24.
Colonna, Jacopo, Cardinal, created by Nicholas IV, II, 100–01; patron of art, 257, 260.
Colonna, John, Cardinal, referred to as protector of Franciscan Order, I, 88–89; 90; 111, 264.
Colonna, Pietro, Cardinal, patron of art, II, 257, 260.
Colonna Sciarra, II, 341; attack on Boniface VIII, 343–45.
Colonna, Stephen, II, 341.
Como, Lake of, I, 140; town of, 184.
Conclave, procedure regulated, II, 88–89.
Concordantia discordantium Canonum. See The Decretum.
Concordat of Worms, I, 51.
Conrad of Antioch, II, 66.
Conrad IV, Emperor-elect, I, 333, 387; in Italy, 390–91.
Conscience, the papal, I. 55.
Constance, first wife of Frederick II, referred to, I, 104; death, 108.
Constance, Empress, wife of Henry VI, I, 8, 9, 41, 63, 100.
Constance, daughter of Manfred, I, 440.
Constance, Treaty of, I, 166, 176, 178, 246.
Constantine, Emperor, I, 6; and Pope Silvester, 61–62; 99, 184, 280, 312.
Constantinople, I, 8, 40, 62, 64, 272–73, 275, 279; and Venice, II, 24, 26; conquest of, by Venetians and Franks, 30–34.
Conti, the, I, 285, 290.
Conxolus, Magister, II, 248.
Coppo di Marcovaldo, I, 436; II, 249.
Cordova, I, 101–02, 132, 149.
Corpus Juris Civilis. See Civil law.
Corradino, son of Conrad IV, a baby, I, 391–92; 399, 440; career in Italy, II, 61–64; defeat at Tagliacozzo, 64–65; death, 67.
Corte Nuova, battle of, I, 262.
Cortona, I, 352, 366.
Cosmati, the, I, 296–97; Adeodatus, 296; II, 244; Cosmas, I, 296–97; James the Elder, 296–97; James Junior, 296; John (Giovanni), 296; II, 244; Lawrence, I, 296; Luke, 296–97.
Council, Fourth Lateran, I, 70–73; II, 338.
Council, Third Lateran, II, 338.
Council of Lyons, First, I, 307–10.
Council of Lyons, Second, II, 86–89; 97; Bonaventura at, 127–28.
Council at Rome, prevented, I, 265–67.
Creed of the Roman Church, I, 372–74.
Cremona, I, 2, 115–16, 166, 168, 171, 175, 179, 180, 185, 187, 222, 247, 262; volte-face of, II, 169.
Crescentius, Minister-General, I, 366; II, 304–05.
Crescenzi, Pier de', quoted as to villas, II, 190–92.
Crusades, of Frederick II, I, 107–08, 122, 126–27; Fourth, II, 30–34.
Cunizza da Romano, I, 137–39, 186, 253, 258; II, 178.
Curia, the Roman, I, 63, 110, 114, 117, 131, 241, 261; and proposed Council at Rome, 263–67; 304; on death of Clement IV, II, 74; good side of, 142–43.

Dante, on St. Francis, I, 81–82; on Bertran de Born, 135; on Folquet of Marseilles, 135; on Arnaut Daniel, 136; on Sordello, 137; on Cunizza, 138–39; on Italian dialects, 142–43; on Cielo dal Camo, 146; on the Sicilian poets, 150–51; on Rinaldo d' Aquino and Jacopo da Lentino, 151; on Jacopo da Lentino, 154; and Sicilian school, 160–61; on Lombardy, 177; *de Monarchia*, 181; his boundary for Lombardy, 192; cites dictionary,

218; refers to University of Bologna, 226; views on empire, 318; on Pier della Vigna, 329; on Manfred, 387–88; on Frederick II, 388; does not condemn Manfred, 399; on people in valley of the Arno, 411; on Pistoia, 418–19; on Siena and the *Brigata Spendereccia*, 420; on Brunetto Latini, II, 10; opening lines of Divine Comedy, 13; on Bonagiunta and Fra Guittone, 14–16; and Guinizelli, 21; on Manfred, 58; on Charles of Anjou, 61; on Provenzano Salvani, 66; on Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, 76; on murder of Prince Henry of Cornwall, 79; on King Ottocar, 83–84; on Charles of Anjou and negligent rulers, 84; on Rudolph of Habsburg, 84–85; on Pope Hadrian V, 90; on Pope Nicholas III, 98–99; and Thomas Aquinas, 113–15; and Prince Charles Martel, 137; on King Charles II, 140; on Celestine V, 146; on capture of Faenza, 159; on Ravenna, 160–61; on Francesca and Paolo, 162; on the tyrants of Romagna, 162; on Obizzo II, 163; refers to Jacopo del Cassero, 164; on Azzo VIII, 164; refers to William V of Montferrat, 165–66; on Ugolino and Archbishop Ruggieri, 174–75; on Pisa, 175–76; on Catalano and Loderingo, 178; 183; 185; on Florence, 186–87; on Buonconte, 186; sees Beatrice, 204; on old Florence, 210; on Giotto and Cimabue, 254; on Matteo d' Acquasparta, 264; poet of Dolce Stil Nuovo, 276; on Monna Vanna, 278; on Lapo Gianni, 280; rebukes Cino, 283; and Beatrice, 284–85; sonnet on his dream, 285–86; and Boniface VIII, 324; enters politics, 327; a prior, 328–29; story of embassy to Rome 330; banishment, 331; false charges against him, 331–32; on outrage at Anagni, 344.
De Contemptu Mundi, I, 20.
De Monarchia, I, 318.
Decretum, the I, 215.
Desiderius, Abbot (Pope Victor III), I, 222, 275, 279.
Dino Compagni, II, 349.
Dino Frescobaldi, II, 276.
Distichs of Cato, I, 217.
Divine Comedy (*See Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, *Paradiso*), I, 161, 218; II, 332.
Dolce Stil Nuovo, I, 138–39, 158; II, 14–15, 16, 21; chapter on, 276–96.
Dominic, St., I, 352.
Dominic, St., church of, Bologna, I, 192, 334, 354-55.
Dominicans, the I, 334, 356–57, 383.
Donati, Corso, II, 282, 295, 327, 329, 330.
Donati, Gualdrada, I, 427.
Drunkenness, II, 207.
Duccio of Buoninsegna, II, 250–52, 253, 256.

Edmund, Prince, I, 391, 440; II, 39.
Education, I, 215–25.
Edward I, King of England, I, 229.
Egidio. *See* Giles, Bro.
Elia Cairel, troubadour, I, 107.
Elias, Bro., I, 92; and basilica at Assisi, 348–49; 350; built church at Cortona, 352; and the Franciscan Order, 360–67; II, 262, 303, 304.
Empire, *See* Holy Roman Empire.
England I, 64, 69, 90, 122, 128, 264, 266.
Enzio, King, I, 144, 150, 263, 322; marriage, 330; capture, imprisonment, and death, 330–31; his poem in captivity, 332.
Erard de Valéry, at Tagliacozzo, II, 65.
Este, House of, I, 248, 250–51; Marquises of. *See* Azzo, VI, VII, and VIII; Obizzo II.
Everlasting Gospel (Eternal Evangile), I, 42, 382–85.
Ezzelino, House of, I, 250–51.
Ezzelino I, the Stammerer, I, 251–52.
Ezzelino II, the Monk, I, 249, 251–52.
Ezzelino III, I, 137, 139, 187; his youth, 253; his bad reputation, 253; his misdeeds, 253–58; 261, 322, 329, 330, 333–34; his ferocity, 400–01; crusade against, 402–04; death, 405.

Faba, Guido, I, 242–43.
Faith, I, 50, 372–74

Faenza, I, 79, 179, 180, 247, 324; II, 159.
Ferrara, I, 79, 142, 171, 193, 247–49; 250, 253, 323; II, 162.
Feudal System, I, 258–59.
Fieschi, the, I, 302.
Fieschi, Cardinal, II, 345.
Fieschi, Sinibaldo dei. *See* Innocent IV.
Filippo di Campello, I, 348.
Fioretti, I, 86–88.
Florence, I, 3, 79, 164, 231, 357; in Dante's opinion, 411; sketch of, 426–40; II, 177–89; in Cacciaguida's time, 210; in time of Secondo Popolo, 211; painters in, 253–56; Bianchi and Neri, 282, 283, 295, 296; statue of Boniface VIII, 321.
Foggia, I, 149.
Folco di Calabria, I, 130.
Folco Portinari, II, 183, 189, 285.
Folgore da S. Gimignano, II, 204, 206.
Folquet of Marseilles, I, 135, 139, 144.
Food, II, 197.
Forlì, I, 179, 324; battle at, II, 159.
Forlimpopoli, I, 324.
Forlivesi, speech of, I, 142.
Fossalta, battle of, I, 330.
Fossanova, I, 282, 344.
Four Kinds of Marriage, The, I, 24–25.
France, I, 60, 64, 69, 90, 128, 229, 230, 264, 266, 338, 341; power of, II, 336; and Boniface VIII, 336–41.
Francesca da Rimini, II, 161–62.
Francis, St., I, 20; life of, 74–85; first disciples, 86–96; and Innocent III, 88–89; and his Order, 90, 92–95; death, 96; and Gregory IX, 111; canonization, 111; his canticle, 147–48; 149, 163; portrait of, 282–84; his views on simplicity, 347; basilica of, 348–50; at Bologna, 352–53; and progress of the Order, 360–63; and poverty, 367–68; 371; story of him and Bonaventura, II, 118; father of Italian art, 274; biographies of, 302–06.
Francis, St., Order of (Franciscans), I, 86–96; 334, 346, 348; St. Anthony, 356–57; progress of 359–70; 371; quarrel with University of Paris, 383–84; election of Bonaventura, II, 124; criticised by Bonaventura, 125–27.
Franciscan Architecture, 350–55, 357.
Frangipani, the, I, 290.
Frederick I, Barbarossa, Emperor, I, 7–10, 41, 68, 115–16, 130, 140, 165–66, 176–78, 184, 211, 213, 239, 251, 285.
Frederick II, Emperor, I, 9, 11, 47, 63; Innocent III discusses his claims to Empire, 66–69; his early life, 97–108; physical appearance, 105; his promises to the Popes, 106; takes the cross, 106–07; occupied with Germany and Sicily, 197–08; his crusades, 108; and Gregory IX, 109–30; his eulogy of Gregory IX, 110; and Sicilian clergy, 113; and Lombard League, 115–18; contrasted with Gregory IX, 119; his reputation among his enemies, 120; his blasphemies, 121; false start on crusade, 122; excommunicated by Gregory IX, 123; his excuses, 123–24; his appeal to Europe, 124; reviles the Church, 125; goes to Syria, 126; obtains Jerusalem, 127; war with Pope, 128–29; peace of San Germano, 129; his cultivated court, 131–34; 144; and Sicilian School of Poetry, 149–52; his poetry, 158; and Lombardy, 162–65; and Lombard League, 177–80; and Bologna, 193; 209, 225; and the Lombard question, 245–47; Lombard League again, 260–63; Corte Nuova, 262; menaces Rome, 264; prevents council at Rome, 265–67; imprisons clergy, 266; 280, 285; and Innocent IV, 303–06; trial and deposition by Council of Lyons, 307–10; 314; his mistakes, 315–17; revolt of Parma, 319–20; siege of Parma, 322–23; defeat, 324; alleged treason of Pier della Vigna, 328–29; capture of Enzio, 329; marries Bianca Lancia, 334; death of, 335; burial, 335; and Bro. Elias, 365–66; predictions about, 376–81; Dante on, 388; and Arezzo, 412; and Florence, 431; II, 350.

Frederick of Antioch, son to Frederick II, I, 322, 333, 431.
Frederick of Aragon, King of Sicily, II, 40; ally of Colonna, 322.
French, the, I, 240; and Fourth Crusade, II, 30–34; arrogant behaviour in Italy, 135–36.
Fresco, I, 270; in Italy, 278–88; at Assisi, II, 262–75.
Fulke of Este, Marquis, I, 248.
Funerals, II, 302.
Furniture, II, 496–97.

Gaetani, Benedetto. *See* Boniface VIII.
Gaetani, Pietro, II, 343.
Galen, I, 225, 286.
Games, II, 202–06.
Garisenda, the, I, 174, 192.
Gebhart, Count, I, 254.
Genazzano, II, 65–66.
Genoa, I, 135, 142, 164, 263, 266; wars with Venice, II, 35–36; war with Pisa, 172–73.
Genoese, the, I, 142, 303.
Geometry, I, 224.
Gerard, Bro., of Borgo San Donnino, I, 382–84.
Geremei, of Bologna, I, 168, 202; II, 20.
Germans, the, I, 164, 177, 240, 246, 338–39.
Germany, I, 3, 4, 5, 9, 16, 64, 69, 90, 106–07, 114, 116, 261, 266, 333.
Ghibellines, the, I, 99, 167, 193, 250, 264, 334, 429.
Ghiberto da Gente, of Parma, II, 154–57.
Giacomino Pugliese, I, 150.
Gianni Alfani, II, 276, 296.
Giano della Bella, II, 187–88, 327.
Giles, Bro. (Egidio), and St. Louis, I, 86–88, 367.
Gimignano, San, bones of, I, 188–90.
Gimignano, town of, I, 174.
Giotto, II, 266; at Assisi, 270–71; his art, 271–75.
Giovanni di Muro, II, 270.
Giovanni Pisano, II, 228, 229; his career, 233–36; influence on Giotto, 273.
Giraut de Bornehl, I, 135–36.
Giunta Pisano, I, 415; II, 249, 266.
Giuseppe Toschi. *See* Joseph the Tuscan.
Gospels, the, I, 97, 368.
Gothic architecture, I, 338–58; affects church furniture and tombs, II, 238–44.
Grammar, I, 216, 233.
Gratian, I, 214–15.
Greeks, I, 10, 11, 60, 164, 239; accept Latin creed, II, 87–88.
Gregory VII, Pope. *See* Hildebrand.
Gregory IX, Pope (Cardinal Ugolino), I, 93; and Frederick II, 109–30; his character, 109–10; protector of Franciscan Order, 111; writes to Frederick II, 121–22; excommunicates Frederick II, 123; war with Frederick II, 128–29; 149, 215; political attitude, 245–56, 263, 265; death, 267, 282; portrait of, 284, 285, 287; canonizes Francis, 348; interest in basilica, 349–50; and Franciscan Order, 356, 360, 362–63; and Bro. Elias, 365–66; II, 303, 304.
Gregory X, Pope, Tedaldo dei Visconti, election, II, 79–80; character, 81; and Empire, 82–84; 115; 127–28; sanctions Celestini, 142; and Gothic style, 241.
Gregory of Montelungo, I, 263, 321, 323.
Guala Bicchieri, Cardinal, I, 346.
Guelfs, the, I, 9, 65, 68, 99, 167, 193, 250, 334, 429; triumph after battle of Benevento, II, 58.
Guglielmo, Fra, sculptor, II, 236–38.
Gui Fulcodi. *See* Clement IV.
Guidetto of Como, sculptor, II, 223–24, 229.
Guido delle Colonne, I, 145, 150–51, 153–54.
Guido Guerra, Count, I, 436.
Guido of Montefeltro, at Rome, II, 63; career, 158–60; at Pisa, 174, 176; and Boniface VIII, 322–23.
Guido Novello, Count, I, 439; II, 177–78, 186.
Guido Orlandi, II, 276.
Guido of Siena, II, 250.
Guidotto, Fra, I, 219.
Guilds of Florence, II, 181–82.
Guilhem Figueira, I, 136.
Guilielmus Durandus, Cardinal, II, 242; tomb of, 244.
Guinizelli, Guido, I, 160; II, 16–21, 276.

Guittone, Fra, I, 413; II, 5-10; and Guinizelli, 16-17.

Hadrian V, Pope, Ottobuono dei Fieschi, II, 77, 89; mentioned by Dante, 90-91; tomb of, 242.
Henry III, King of England, I, 133, 140, 261, 391, 440; II, 39.
Henry IV, Emperor, I, 7, 51, 130.
Henry VI, Emperor, son to Barbarossa, I, 8; his career, 9-11; 17, 42, 68, 100, 112, 114, 140, 164, 339.
Henry, Prince, son of Frederick II, I, 114, 116, 177, 253, 261, 333.
Henry, Prince, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, II, 79.
Heresy (Heretics), I, 60, 75-79, 117.
Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII, I, 7, 15, 18-19, 51, 188.
Hippocrates, I, 225, 286.
Hohenstaufens, the, I, 8, 9, 47, 65, 69, 144, 338; attitude of Papacy towards, II, 41.
Holy Ghost, theory of new dispensation, I, 43-45.
Holy Roman Empire, I, 3, 5, 7, 8, 60, 63; and Papacy, 64-65; and Innocent III, 65-69; 79, 118, 125-26, 166-67, 178, 247-48, 260, 262, 318-19, 336, 408; Dante's belief in, II, 82; and Church, 151; had ceased to be a reality, 334, 347.
Honorius III, Pope, Cencio Savelli, I, 106. 108; death, 109; on Gregory IX, 110; inefficient, 111-12, 114; relations to quarrel between Frederick II and Lombard League, 116-17; 128, 261; and St. Paul's basilica, 278-79; 280, 294; and architecture, 298-99; 345.
Honorius IV, Pope, Jacopo Savelli, II, 141; tomb of, 243.
Horace, I, 217, 255.
Hugo, Bro. of Digne, I, 375-81.
Humble Men (Humiliati), I, 89.

Ibn Sab'in, I, 133.
Ile-de-France, I, 172, 342, 357.
Imola, I, 193, 324.
Ingelberg, Queen, I, 52.
Inferno, the; XXVIII, *74-75*, I, 180; XX, 187; XXXIII, *61*, 218; XIII, 324-25; XXIV, *124-26*, 419; XXV, *10-11*, 419; XXIX, 420; XIII, 420; XV, *82-87*, II, 10; I, *1-3*, 13; XXVIII, *18*, 65; XII, *119-20*, 79; XIX, 98-99; II, *52-58*, 113; III, *60*, 146; XXXII, *123*, 159; XXVII, *40-42*, 160; V, *97-99*, 161; V, *133-36*, 162; XXVII, *45-51*,. 162; XXXII, *125-29*, 174; XXXIII, *46-49*, 175; XXXIII, *79-84*, 175-76; XXIII, 178.
Innocent III, Pope, Lothair dei Conti, his election, I, 12; portraits of, 13; description of, 14; his ideas, 15-19; *de Contemptu Mundi*, 20; *Mystery of the Altar*, 21-23; *On the Four Kinds of Marriage*, 24-25; attitude towards the Bible, 26; sermons, 27; tolerance, 31; integrity, 31, almsgiving, 31; virtues, 32; inaugural sermon, 32-34; wish to judge the world, 34-35; ecclesiastical ruler, 48; 52, 54; quarrel with King John, 55-58; 60; relations with city of Rome, 61-62; with papal provinces, 62-63; with The Kingdom, 63-64; with the Empire, 64-69; with Europe generally, 70; Fourth Lateran Council, 70-73; death, 73; 74; sermon denouncing sins of clergy, 77-78; his dream about St. Francis, 80; first dealings with Franciscans, 88-90; 97; and Frederick II, 106; 132, 141, 239, 248; and art, 278-79; 285, 287; art in his time, 291-94; 301; and churches at Fossanova and Casamari, 344-45; and Fourth Crusade, II, 30, 32.
Innocent IV, Pope, Sinibaldo dei Fieschi, I, 267, 301; his pontificate, 302-14, dealings with Frederick II, 303-06; flight to Lyons, 305; Council of Lyons, 307-10; deposition of Frederick II, 309-10; his justification, 310-14; 321, 354, 367, 386; dealings with Conrad IV and Manfred, 390-93; death, 398.
Innocent V, Pope, Pierre Tarentaise, II, 128; and Gothic style, 242.
Intermediate poets, the, II, 1-22.
Investiture, I, 51.
Iolande, second wife of Frederick II, I, 108, 178.

Irnerius, I, 214, 227.
Isabella, third wife of Frederick II, I, 261, 325.
Italian language, I, 63, 141, 216.
Italy, I, 2, 4, 5, 6, 16, 63, 90, 128, 141, 143–44, 273–74, 276, 340–41.

Jacob of Meran, I, 348.
Jacopo del Cassero, II, 164.
Jacopo da Lentino, the Notary, I, 145; and the Sicilian school, 150–52; his poetry, 154–58; 160, 325.
Jacopo Mostacci, I, 150, 160, 325.
Jacopo da Voragine, II, 308–09.
Jacopone da Todi, II, 145; on lax brethren, 269–70; *Stabat Mater*, 312-13; life of, 313–19.
Jacques de Vitry, I, 110.
Jerusalem, I, 40, 42, 108, 125–27, 129; fall of, II, 167.
Joachim, Abbot, I, 26; his life, 36–47; 48, 80, 89, 97, 120, 140, 372; a discussion of prophecies attributed to him, 377–78; his disciples, 371–86.
John XXI, Pope, Pietro Ispano, II, 89, 91–92; tomb of, 243.
John, King of England, I, 52; and Innocent III, 56–58.
John of Brienne, I, 108, 128, 178.
John the Moor, I, 393; and Manfred, 395–97.
John of Parma, and Bro. Elias, I, 366; elected minister-general, 367; 370; forced to resign, 385–86; beloved by Nicholas III, II, 102; 123; and Bonaventura, 124; opposed to ecclesiastical decoration, 263, 305.
John of Penna, I, 349.
John of Procida, II, 138.
John of Vicenza, I, 240–41.
Joseph the Tuscan, I, 200–01.
Jubilee, the, II, 325–26.
Justinian, Emperor, I, 214, 271–72.

Kingdom, The (The Two Sicilies), I, 3, 8, 60–61; and Innocent III, 63–64; 68, 145, 165, 178, 245; its relations with Frederick II and his sons, 389–90; and Innocent IV, 391–92; and Manfred, 392–99; conquest by the French, II, 37–59; under Charles of Anjou, 60–80; revolt of Sicily, 134–40.

Lambertazzi of Bologna, I, 168, 202; II, 20.
Lancia, Bianca, I, 160, 322; marries Frederick II, 334.
Lancia, Marquis, I, 323, 329, 333.
Lanfranc, architect, I, 189–90.
Langton, Stephen, I, 57.
Languedoc, I, 75, 132, 135–36, 138, 162.
Lapo Gianni, II, 270, 280–81, 296.
Lateran Council. *See* Council, etc.
Lateran, the, baptistery, I, 6; palace, 31; church, 80; baptistery doors, 182; basilica, 291; cloisters, 298–99; II, 244, 259.
Latin Language, I, 141, 216, 220; II, 297.
Latin Literature, II, 297–319.
Latin Poetry, I, 140.
Latino Malabranca, Cardinal, II, 100, 141, 183, 187, 276.
Legenda Aurea, II, 308–09.
Leo, Bro., I, 360, 361, 363; II, 269; life of St. Francis, 302–03, 304.
Liberal Arts, the, I, 216.
Livres dou Trésor, I, 220–21, 223–24, II, 11–12.
Livy, I, 217, 239.
Loderingo degli Andolò, II, 177–78.
Lodi, I, 180, 184, 191.
Logic, I, 216, 223–24.
Lombard, Architecture, I, 171–73, 342.
Lombard Communes (cities), I, 8, 10, 79, 114; chapter on, 162–81; 190–91, 209, 245, 259, 316.
Lombard League, I, 68; rebel against Frederick II, 116–18; revived, 177; its defective union, 179–80; 187, 193, 205; its position, 246–47; 251, 253, 254, 262.
Lombardy (the Lombards), I, 75, 79, and Frederick II, 114–15; importance of Lombardy, 129; Provençal poetry in, 136, 138, 140; 142; champion of liberty, 164–65; 170, 188, 192, 240, 247, 261, 263; II, 54, 61; chapter on, 149–70.
Lothair, Emperor, I, 68.
Louis the Pious, Emperor, I, 3.
Louis VIII, King of France, I, 140.
Louis IX, St., King of France; and Bro. Giles, 86–88; 125, 133, 264, 391, 440.
Lucca, I, 3, 416–17, 439; II, 173;

statue of St. Martin, 223; Niccola Pisano at, 224; 227.
Lucera, Manfred's flight to, I, 393–95; Manfred at, 396–98.
Lyons, I, 76, 305–06.
Lyons, Council of. *See* Council, etc.

Mainardo Pagano, II, 162.
Malatesta da Verruchio, defeat of, II, 159.
Malatesta, Gianciotto, II, 161–62.
Malatesta, Paolo, II, 161–62.
Manfred, King, I, 144, 150–51, 322, 334–35; his early career, 387–407; appearance, 388; dealings with Innocent IV, 392–93; flight to Lucera, 393–98; crowned, 399; and Florence, 434–36; good fortune of, 440; position after battle of Montaperti, II, 38; and Urban IV, 42–43; appeal to Clement IV, 55; defeat and death, 56–58.
Manfredi, the, II, 162.
Manners and customs, II, 190–218.
Mantua, I, 115, 180, 187, 261, 323.
Marchisio, I, 396–98.
Marco, San. *See* Mark's, St. Basilica.
Marco da Brescia, I, 354.
Margheritone, I, 413; II, 249.
Mark, St., II, 24–25.
Mark's, St., Basilica (Venice), I, 7, 102, 183, 271, 279, 342; II, 25–26.
Martin IV, Pope, Simon de Brie, II, 41, 48; pontificate of, 131–34; and Sicilian Vespers, 139–40; death, 141; and Romagna. 159–60; 240; 241–42; tomb lost, 242.
Masseo, Bro., I, 363, 367.
Matazone, poet, Poem of the Serf, II, 215–18.
Matilda, Countess, I, 188–89, 408.
Matteo, Spinelli, II, 298.
Matthew Paris, I, 66; II, 299.
Matrimony, I, 51–52.
Mazzeo di Rico, I, 150.
Medicine, I, 225.
Melano, Fra, I, 422.
Meloria, battle of, II, 173.
Milan, I, 66, 79, 115, 142, 166, 170, 172–73, 175–76, 178, 180; Sant' Ambrogio, 182–85; 191, 197, 259; defeat at Corte Nuova, 262–63; 274, 323, 406; and French invasion, II, 54; under Pelavicini, 153; under della Torre family, 157; under Visconti, 157; under William of Montferrat, 169; taverns in, 207; future of, 349.
Modena, I, 79, 166, 168, 173, 180; cathedral, 188–91; Ghibelline, 247; finally subject to House of Este, 248.
Molière, quoted, I, 156–57, 159.
Monarchia, De I, 181.
Monreale, cathedral of, I, 103, 182–83.
Montagues, the, I, 137, 168, 186, 249.
Montaperti, battle of, I, 407, 438–39; poem upon, II, 8–9.
Monte Cassino, I, 159, 222; art at, 275–76; 279, 294.
Montferrat, House of, I, 247; II, 165–69; Boniface, 32–34, 168; Conrad, 167; Rainerius, 167; William III, 166–68; William, son of William III, 166; William IV, 167; William V, 165, 166, 167–69.
Montfort, Gui de, II, 64–65.
Montfort, Philippe de, II, 178.
Montfort, Simon de, I, 144.
Mosaics, I, 270–80, 294–95, 298.
Music I, 224.

Naples I, 193; University of, 210; II, 69.
Narbonne, Franciscan chapter-general at, II, 263–64.
Neri, the, II, 282, 283, 295, 296, 327, 329, 330, 331.
Niccola Pisano, at Lucca, II, 224; career, 225–30; his art, 231–33.
Niccolò di Jamsilla, II, 298–99.
Nicolas de Rocca, on Pier della Vigna, I, 326–27.
Nicholas III, Pope, Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, II, 73; early career, 77–78; as cardinal, 92–93; as Pope, 94–102; dealings with Empire, 94–95; with Charles of Anjou, 95–96; alleged project of four kingdoms, 96–97; charges of simony, 98–99; nepotism excused, 100-02; death, 102; interest in art, 265.
Nicholas IV, Pope, Jerome of Ascoli, II, 141; patron of art, 257, 259; in favour of ecclesiastical decoration, 264; cardinal, 265; favours Colonna, 321.
Nino dei Visconti, II, 173–74.
Nobles of the North, I, 245–67.

Nogaret, Guillaume de, II, 342; attack on Boniface VIII, 343–45.
Normans, the, I, 10, 100–01, 164.
Notary, The. *See* Jacopo da Lentino.

Oaths, I, 53.
Obizzo II, II, 163–64.
Odofredus, I, 228, 238, 241, 355.
Ordelaffi, the, II, 162.
Orsini, I, 290; and Boniface VIII, II, 345.
Orsini, Giovanni Gaetano. *See* Nicholas III.
Orvieto, I, 79, 168.
Otranto, I, 122, 124.
Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, Cardinal, I, 324; character, II, 74–76; uncle to Ruggieri, 173.
Otto IV, Emperor, I, 58, 64, 66, 68–69, 106, 128.
Ottobuono dei Fieschi. *See* Hadrian V.
Ottocar, King of Bohemia, II, 83–84.
Ovid, I, 217, 255.
Ozanam, quoted, II, 318–19.

Padua, I, 180; University of, 210; 231; under Ezzelino, 253–57; 261, 334, 355, 403.
Painting (*see also* Art, Frescoes), I, 278–88; in latter part of century, II, 246–61; at Assisi, 262–75.
Palæologus, Michael, II, 87, 133–34; and Sicilian Vespers, 137; son's marriage, 169.
Palermo, I, 102–04; Royal chapel, 103; 274, 277, 325, 342.
Pantaléon, Jacques. *See* Urban IV.
Paolo Malatesta. *See* Malatesta.
Papacy, I, 7, 8; under Innocent III, 12; 61–62; attitude towards Empire, 64–65; 79; and Frederick II, 106; its danger from Frederick II, 113; and Lombard League, 116–18; 166, 248, 263, 280, 288, 290, 300; suzerain of The Kingdom, 311–12; 408; and Charles of Anjou, II, 72; obstacle to a united Italy, 170; and Florence, 182–83.
Papal Chancery, I, 7, 223, 242.
Papal jurisdiction, I, 49–59; over Emperor, 310; over The Kingdom, 311–13.
Papal provinces, the, I, 7, 49, 61, 63, 68, 113, 128, 245.
Paradiso, XXXIII, II, 114; VIII, *67–75*, 137; XV, 210; XII, *124*, 264.
Parenti, John, Bro., I, 360, 363.
Paris, University of, I, 14, 54, 383; II, 103–04.
Parma, I, 142, 166, 171, 180, 188, 192, 319; revolt of, 319–24; under Ghiberto da Gente, II, 154–56; Benedetto Antelami at, 220, 221; frescoes in baptistery, 247–48.
Passagieri, Rolandino (Roland), I, 332, 355.
Patarini, I, 77, 341.
Patois, Italian, I, 142.
Patrimony of St. Peter, I, 3, 113, 264.
Pavements, mosaic, I, 292.
Pedro (Peter), King of Aragon, marriage to Manfred's daughter, I, 440, mentioned by Dante, II, 84; and Sicilian Vespers, 137–38; excommunicated, 140.
Peire Vidal, I, 136.
Pelavicini, Uberto, I, 323, 329, 333, 401–06; 439; II, 54, 58; career in Lombardy, 153–54.
Percivalle Doria, I, 137, 150–51, 400.
Perla Balducci, I, 433–34.
Perugia, I, 84, 291.
Peter of Aragon. *See* Pedro, etc.
Peter, Bro. (Dominican), I, 376–82.
Peter, Bro. (Franciscan), I, 88.
Peter of Catania, I, 92.
Peter Lombard. *See Book of Sentences.*
Peter, St., I, 5, 6, 18, 32–34, 53–54, 58, 63, 65, 327.
Philip, Bro., I, 88.
Philip, Emperor-elect, I, 60, 64; and Innocent III, 66–69.
Philip Augustus, King of France, I, 52, 60; II, 336.
Philippe III, le Hardi, King of France, II, 79, 83, 336.
Philippe IV, le Bel, King of France, quarrel with Boniface VIII, II, 337–46.
Philosophy at Paris, II, 105–06.
Piacenza, I, 2, 79, 115, 142, 166, 170, 171, 180, 187, 188, 191, 259, 263, 323.

Piazza, the, I, 170; II, 195–96.
Piedmont, II, 149–70.
Pier della Vigna, I, 119; as poet, 145, 150–51, 154; 262, 264, 323; his tragic career, 324–29.
Pier Giovanni Olivi, II, 264, 269.
Pietro Ispano. *See* John XXI.
Pietro da Morrone. *See* Celestine V.
Pietro Oderisio, II, 242.
Pipin, Bro., II, quoted, 213.
Pippin, King, I, 3, 7, 128, 340.
Pisa, I, 3, 164, 183, 410–11, 414–16; II, 172–76; pulpit at, 225; Campo Santo, 233–34; Giovanni Pisano at, 233–34; Giovanni's pulpit at, 236.
Pistoia, I, 3, 193, 418–19; Giovanni Pisano's pulpit at, II, 235; Bianchi and Neri, 282–83.
Pliny, I, 217.
Po, river, I, 2, 79, 137, 140, 187, 188, 191, 226, 247, 337.
Podestà, office of, I, 176, 197.
Poetry. *See* Latin poetry, Provençal poetry, Sicilian school, Intermediate poets, *Dolce stil nuovo.*
Poor Catholics, I, 89.
Poor Men of Lyons, I, 341.
Popes, the (*see* Papacy, Church, etc.), I, 5, 18, 54–55, 59, 62, 64–65, 275.
Portiuncula (Santa Maria degli Angioli), I, 93, 362.
Poverty, Lady, I, 20, 85, 367–68.
Prato, I, 79.
Primo Popolo, in Florence, I, 431–32, 434.
Priscian, I, 216–17.
Professors at University of Bologna, I, 213–14, 227–44.
Prostitution, II, 207–08.
Provençal language, I, 84, 132, 147.
Provençal Poetry, I, 131–43, 341; effect upon *Dolce stil nuovo*, II, 286–87.
Provenzano Salvani, 424, 434, 436; ransoms a friend, II, 66; death, 67; defeat, 176.
Proverbia super Natura Feminarum, II, 4–5.
Ptolemy, I, 225.
Punishments, II, 208.
Purgatorio; XVI, *115*, I, 177; III, *107*, 387; XXIV, *52–60*, II, 14–15; XXVI, *124–26*, 15; III, *122–23*, 58; XI, *136–38*, 66; VII, 83–85; XIX, *103–20*, 90–91; XXX, *28–33*, 113–14; XX, *80–81*, 140; V, *77–78*, 164; VII, 134–36, 165–66; VI, *133–51*, 186–87; XI, *94–96*, 254; XXIV, *52–54*, 291; XX, *86–90*, 344.

Quadrivium, I, 216, 224–25.

Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, I, 136.
Ranieri di Palermo, I, 150.
Raspe, Henry, I, 333.
Ravenna, I, 3, 261, 274–75; under the Polentani, II, 160–61.
Raymond, VI, Count of Toulouse, I, 58.
Raymond Gaudefroi, II, 269–70.
Reading-desks, I, 293–94.
Reggio, in Emilia, I, 188, 210, 247–48.
Reno, river, I, 192.
Revelations. *See* Apocalypse.
Rhetoric (*see also* Ars Dictaminis), I, 216, 219–23, 233.
Riccardo da San Germano, II, 298.
Riccobaldi, quoted, II, 212.
Richard Cœur de Lion, I, 52, 60, 125.
Richard, Earl of Cornwall, I, 120, 391, 440; II, 39, 79, 82, 83.
Rimini, I, 79.
Rinaldo d' Aquino, as poet, I, 145, 150–53, 160.
Ristoro, Fra, I, 414–15.
Rolandino of Padua, chronicler, cited, on Ezzelino, I, 254–56, 257; on Ezzelino's cruelty, 400–01; on Ezzelino's end, 403–05; as to fête, II, 203–04; his chronicle, 300–02.
Rolandino dei Romanzi, I, 355.
Romagna, I, 10, 62, 192, 247, 324; cession to Papacy, II, 85, 94–95; chapter on, 149–70; submits to Papacy, 160; families in, 160–62.
Roman Campagna, I, 60, 63.
Roman Church. *See* The Church.
Roman Curia. *See* The Curia.
Roman Empire. *See* The Holy Roman Empire.
Roman Empire, ancient, I, 4, 6.
Rome, city of, I, 6, 56; and Innocent III, 60–62; 66, 68, 88; Gregory IX driven out, 128; 142, 164, 216; Frederick II about, 264–65; art in and about, 272–73, 275–77; 280, 289, 290–91, 294; 342, 365;

II, 62-63; Don Arrigo Senator 63; welcomes Corradino, 64; constitution of, 95-96; painting at, 256-61.
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, quoted, I, 146, 150, 153-54, 155-56, 158; II, 204, 294.
Rosso da Messina, I, 150.
Rudolph of Habsburg, Emperor-elect, election, II, 84; mentioned by Dante, 84-85; and Italy, 85-86; cedes Romagna, 95; and Charles of Anjou, 95.
Rufino, Bro., I, 84; II, 304.
Ruggero de Amicis, I, 150, 152.
Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, II, 173-75.
Ruggiero di Loria, II, 138.
Rusuti, Filippo, II, 261.

Saba Malaspina, II, 299.
Sabbatinus, Bro., I, 88.
Sacred Mystery of the Altar, I, 21.
Sacro Speco, I, 13, 297, 349.
Saladin, I, 42, 126.
Salerno, I, 225.
Salinguerra, I, 137, 247, 250.
Salimbene, Bro., I, 226; on Bro. John of Vicenza, 241; 244; on Bro. Hugo of Digne, 375-81; on Pisa, etc., 415-16; on Bro. Vita, 417; on the Florentines, 426; on Guelfs and Ghibellines, 429; on Cardinal Ottaviano, II, 74-76; on Gregory X, 81; on Pope's "milking" Emperor-elect, 85; on simoniacal popes, 101; on Nicholas III, 101; on French in Italy, 135-36; on Ghiberto da Gente, 155-57; on devastation of Romagna, 160; 163, 164; at feasts, 212; life, 306-08.
Salimbene dei Salimbeni, of Siena, I, 438.
Sallust, I, 217, 239.
Salza, Hermann von, I, 264.
Sampieri, the, I, 252.
Sant' Andrea, church, Mantua, I, 187.
Sant' Andrea, church, Vercelli, I, 345-46.
Sant' Antonio, church, Padua, I, 355-56.
Santa Balbina, church, Rome, II, 244.
San Bonifazio, Louis, II, 163, 202.
San Bonifazio, Riccardo (Richard), I, 137, 186, 250, 258, 323.
San Bonifazio, father to Riccardo, I, 249, 250.
Santa Cecilia, bones of, I, 185.
Santa Cecilia, church, Rome, II, 239-40.
Santa Chiara, church, Assisi, I, 349.
San Clemente, church, Rome, I, 276, 280, 292-93.
Santa Croce, church, Florence, I, 352.
Santa Fiora, town, I, 424.
San Frediano, church, Lucca, I, 416.
San Galgano, church and monastery, I, 345, 422.
San Germano, treaty of, I, 108, 123-24, 245.
San Gimignano, tomb of, I, 188-89, 190.
San Gimignano, town, I, 174.
San Giorgio in Velabro, church, Rome, I, 292, 295.
Santa Maria, church, Palermo, I, 102.
Santa Maria degli Angioli. *See* Portiuncula.
Santa Maria in Aracœli, church, Rome, I, 296; II, 257.
Santa Maria in Cosmedin, church, Rome, I, 292-93; II, 244.
Santa Maria Maggiore, church, Rome, II, 244, 259, 260, 261.
Santa Maria Novella, church, Florence, I, 357.
Santa Maria sopra Minerva, church, Rome, I, 357; II, 244, 257.
Santa Maria in Trastevere, II, 257.
San Martino, cathedral, Lucca, I, 416.
San Michele, church, Pavia, I, 171, 184, 342.
St. Paul's basilica, Rome, I, 278-79, 280, 295, 298; II, 239.
St. Peter's basilica, Rome, I, 66, 128, 278, 291; II, 257; statue of Boniface VIII in, 321.
St. Peter's Patrimony. *See* Patrimony, etc.
San Pietro, cathedral, Bologna, I, 192.
San Pietro in Ciel d'Oro, church, Pavia, I, 184-85.
San Saba, church, Rome, I, 276.
Santa Scolastica, monastery, Subiaco, I, 297.
San Silvestro, church, Rome, I, 280.
San Spirito, hospital of, I, 31.

San Zeno, church, Verona, I, 186, 342.
Saracens, the, I, 100–01, 108, 132–33, 164, 178, 393.
Savelli, the, I, 290, II, 141.
Savoy, Counts of, I, 247; II, 164–65, 349.
Scaligeri, the, Martino, II, 157; 349.
Schools, I, 216.
Scott, Michael, I, 134.
Sculpture, chapters on, II, 219–30, 231–45.
Selvaggia, daughter of Frederick II, I, 253.
Selvaggia, celebrated by Cino da Pistoia, II, 282–84.
Serfs, I, 207–08; Florentine servile act, II, 188; condition, 213–18.
Sicilian school of poetry, I, 144–61; II, 1–3.
Sicilian Vespers, II, 134–35; causes of, 135–38.
Sicily, I, 8, 9, 10; description of, 100–04; 107, 113–14, 145, 164, 178, 266, 273, 294, 339; Sicilian Vespers, II, 134–35; causes of Sicilian Vespers, 135–38.
Siena, I, 3, 142, 164; account of, 420–25; war with Florence, 434–36; battle of Montaperti, 438–39; cathedral of, 420–23; II, 176–77; pulpit at, 227–28; Giovanni Pisano at, 234; painting at, 249–52.
Silvester, Pope and St., I, 6, 62, 280.
Simon de Brie, Cardinal. *See* Martin IV.
Simony, I, 53; charges of, against Nicholas III, II, 98–100.
Sordello, I, 137–40, 186–87, 258; goes back to Italy, II, 69.
Spain, I, 90, 128, 266.
Speculum Perfectionis, I, 360; II, 302.
Spoleto, I, 3, 10, 62, 113, 128, 143.
Stabat Mater, I, 141; II, 312–13, 318–19.
Stefaneschi, Bertholdo, II, 302.
Stefaneschi, Jacopo, Cardinal, II, 302,
Subiaco, I, 281–84, 287, 297; II, 248.
Summa Theologiæ, II, 108–13.
Sumptuary laws, II, 200–02.
Syria, I, 90, 122, 126, 272.

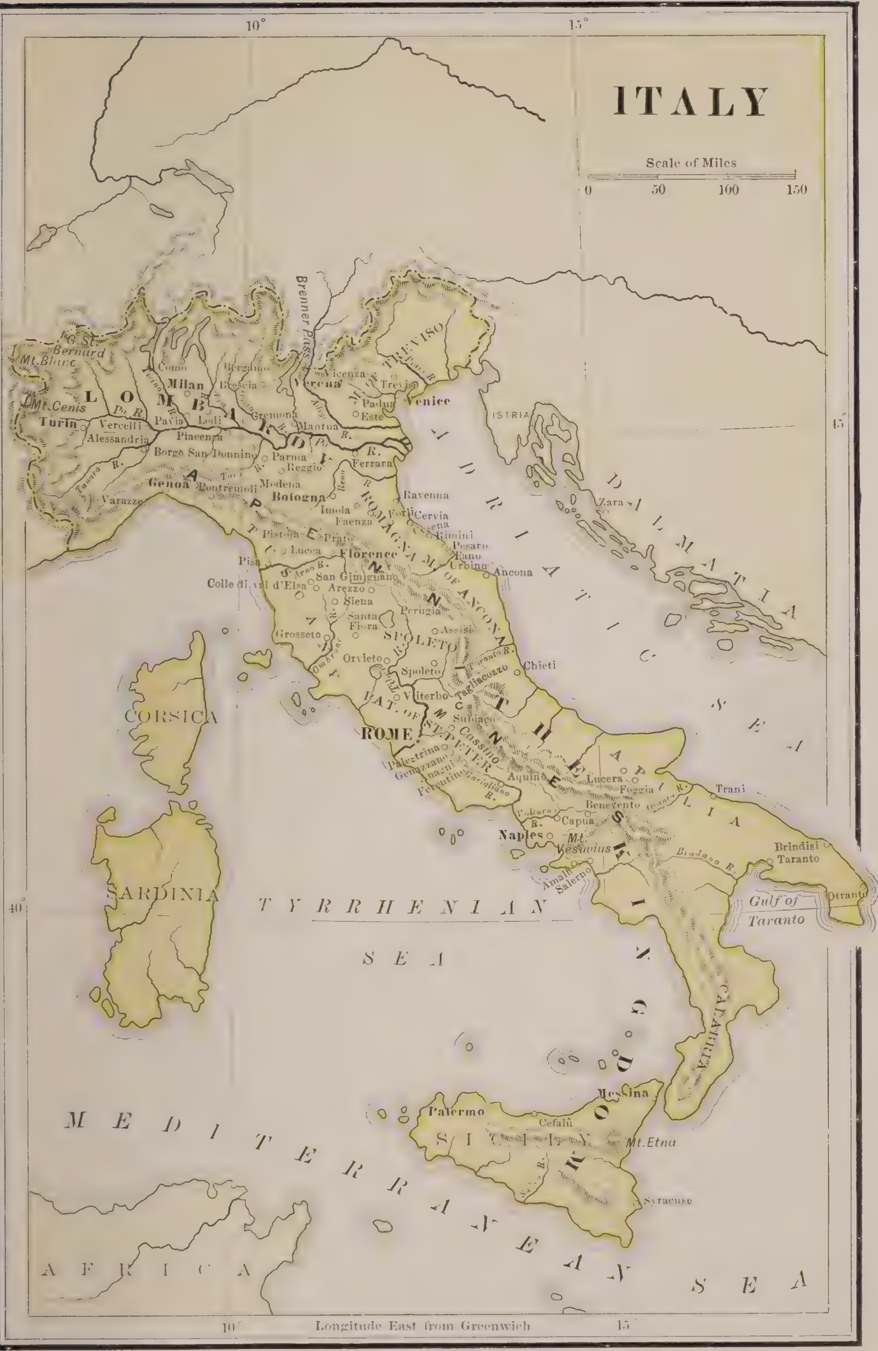
Tagliacozzo, battle of, II, 64–65; effects of, 68.
Tancred, I, 10.
Tebaldello Zambrasi, II, 159.
Tegghiaio Aldobrandini, I, 436.
Tesoretto, il, II, 12–13.
Thaddeus of Suessa, at Council of Lyons, I, 307–08; 313; death of, before Parma, 323–24.
Theodosius, Emperor, I, 7, 183.
Thomas Aquinas, St., I, 152, 201; II, 45; chapter on, 103–16, 117; place in literature, 298; hymn of, 312.
Thomas of Celano, writes life of St. Francis, I, 360, 361; his biographies of St. Francis, II, 303–05; *Dies Iræ*, 309–12.
Tiberto Galliziani, I, 150, 152.
Toledo, I, 132.
Torre, della, family, II, 157.
Torriti Jacopo, II, 259–60.
Toulouse, I, 14, 136, 144, 229.
Trade, I, 167, 169.
Trainbands of Bologna, I, 196, 203–05, 206.
Trent, I, 142.
Treviso, city of, I, 142, 261.
Treviso, march of, I, 79, 142, 180, 186, 247, 249, 251, 253, 258.
Triplice Via, de, II, 123.
Trivium, I, 216.
Tunis, King of, I, 433–34.
Turin, I, 135, 142, 180; II, 164, 165.
Tuscan League, I, 68.
Tuscany, marquisate and province, I, 10, 60, 63, 68, 139, 142, 145, 351; years 1200–1260, 408–25; years 1260–1290, II, 171–189.

Uberti, the, I, 339, 427, 429, 431, 434.
Uberti, Beatrice, II, 178.
Uberti, Farinata degli, I, 436, 439.
Uberti, Schiatta degli, I, 429.
Ubertino of Casale, II, 264, 269, 316.
Ugolino, Cardinal. *See* Gregory IX.
Ugolino della Gherardesca, II, 172–75.
Uguccione of Pisa, I, 218.
Umbria, I, 62, 80–81, 83, 163, 239, 351.
Unam Sanctam, papal bull, II, 340–41.
University of Bologna, of Paris, etc. *See* Bologna, Paris, etc.

Urban IV, Pope, Jacques Pantaléon, II, 37–43; death, 48; 115; and Gothic style, 241; tomb lost, 242.
Usury, II, 209.

Vanni Fucci, I, 419.
Vassalletti, I, 297–300.
Vaudois, I, 77.
Venice, I, 164, 183, 242, 250, 263, 274, 277, 279, 295, 407; chapter on, II, 23–36; constitution of, 27–28; conquest of Constantinople, 30–34; wars with Genoa, 35–36.
Vercelli, I, 80, 210, 341, 345–46.
Verona, I, 79, 115, 137, 142, 168, 171, 180, 186–87, 191, 249, 253, 255, 258; under the Scaligeri, II, 157.
Via Emilia, I, 171, 188, 191, 322.
Vicenza, I, 180, 210, 253–54, 261.
Viero dei Cerchi, II, 282, 295, 327.
Villa, described, II, 190–93.
Villani, Filippo, on Cimabue, II, 255; on Guido Cavalcanti, 278.
Villani, Giovanni, I, 430; on Brunetto Latini, II, 13–14; on Martin IV, 133; on fêtes in Florence, 204; on chess, 206; on old Florence, 211; on Dante, 331–32.
Villehardouin, Geoffroi de, II, 31, 299.
Virgil, I, 4, 137, 187, 217.
Visconti, Otto, Archbishop of Milan, II, 79.
Visconti, Tedaldo dei. *See* Gregory X.
Vita Nuova, II, 292–94.
Viterbo, I, 79, 113, 291; II, 64.
Vows, I, 53.
Vulgari Eloquentia, De, I, 151, 153–54; II, 15–16.

Waldo, Peter, I, 76, 80, 88.
Walter of Brienne, I, 340.
Walther von der Vogelweide, I, 66.
Weddings, II, 201.
Wheel of Venus, the, I, 236–39.
William II, the Good, King of Sicily, I, 8.
William, Count of Holland, I, 333, 387.
William of Saint Amour, I, 383, 385; II, 123, 124.



ITALY

Scale of Miles
0
50
100
150
10°
15°
45°
40°
Longitude East from Greenwich
G. St. Bernard
Mt. Blanc
Mt. Cenis
LOMBARDY
Como
Milan
Bergamo
Brescia
Verona
Vicenza
Treviso
Padua
Venice
Este
Cremona
Mantua
Turin
Vercelli
Pavia
Lodi
Alessandria
Piacenza
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Parma
Reggio
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Pontremoli
Varazze
Bologna
Imola
Faenza
Ravenna
Forlì
Cervia
Cesena
Rimini
Pesaro
Fano
Urbino
Ancona
Pistoja
Prato
Lucca
Florence
Pisa
San Gimignano
Colle di val d'Elsa
Arezzo
Siena
Santa Fiora
Perugia
Assisi
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Tagliacozzo
Chieti
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ROME
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Cassino
Aquino
Lucera
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Benevento
Capua
Naples
Mt. Vesuvius
Amalfi
Salerno
Trani
Brindisi
Taranto
Otranto
Gulf of Taranto
Messina
Palermo
Cefalù
Mt. Etna
Syracuse
Brenner Pass
MARCH OF TREVISO
TUSCANY
ROMAGNA
MARCH OF ANCONA
SPOLETO
PAT. OF ST. PETER
APENNINES
APULIA
CALABRIA
ISTRIA
DALMATIA
CORSICA
SARDINIA
SICILY
ADRIATIC SEA
TYRRHENIAN SEA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
AFRICA
KINGDOM
Po R.
Tanaro R.
Taro R.
Reno R.
Piave R.
Adige R.
Arno R.
Ombrone R.
Tiber R.
Turano R.
Garigliano R.
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